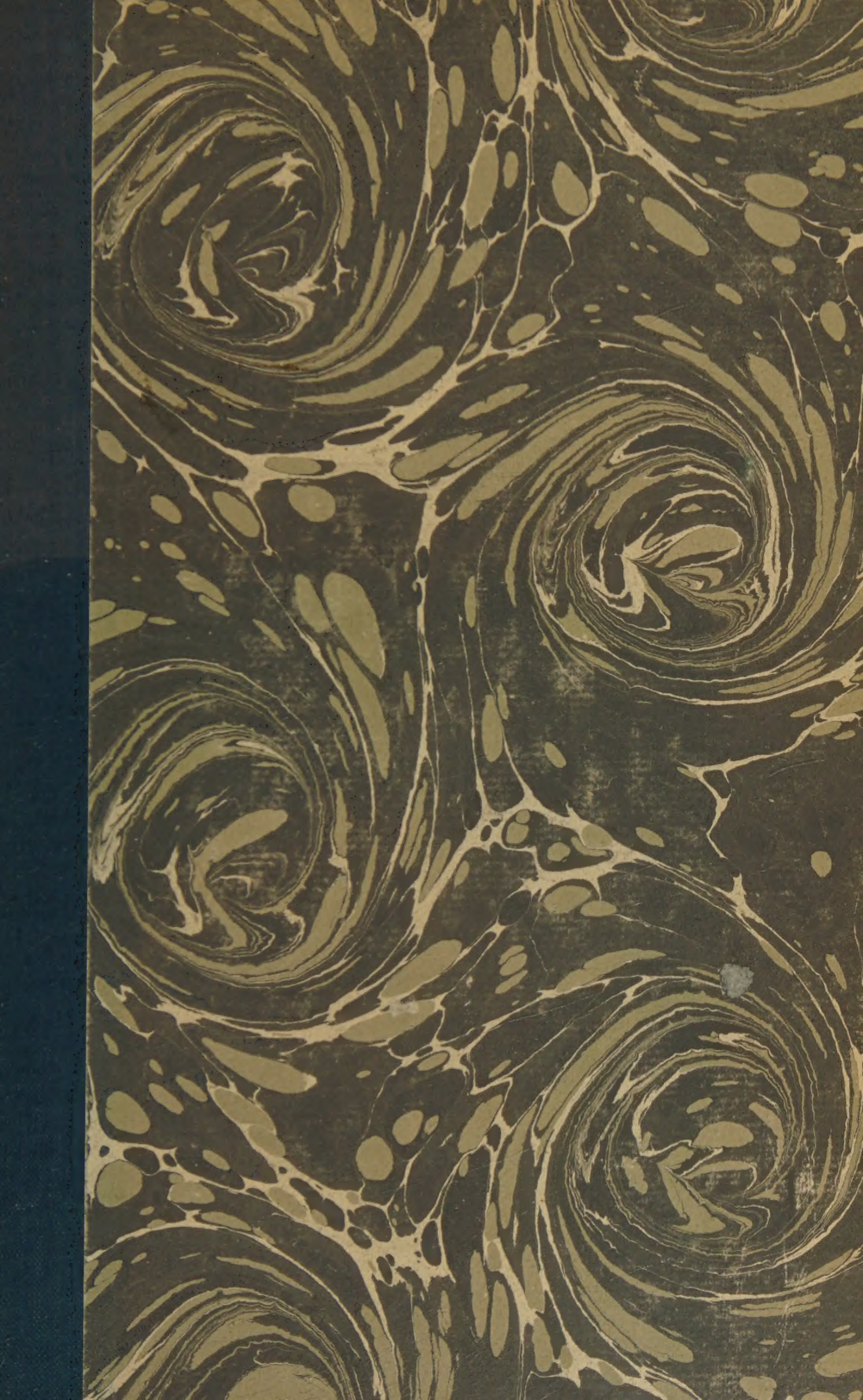

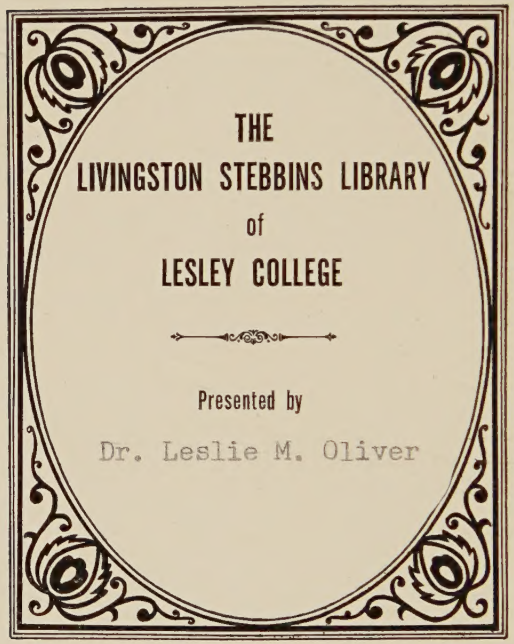
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The Pepys Ballads

VOLUME IV

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The Pepys Ballads

EDITED BY

HYDER EDWARD ROLLINS

VOLUME IV

1688–1689 Numbers 164–253

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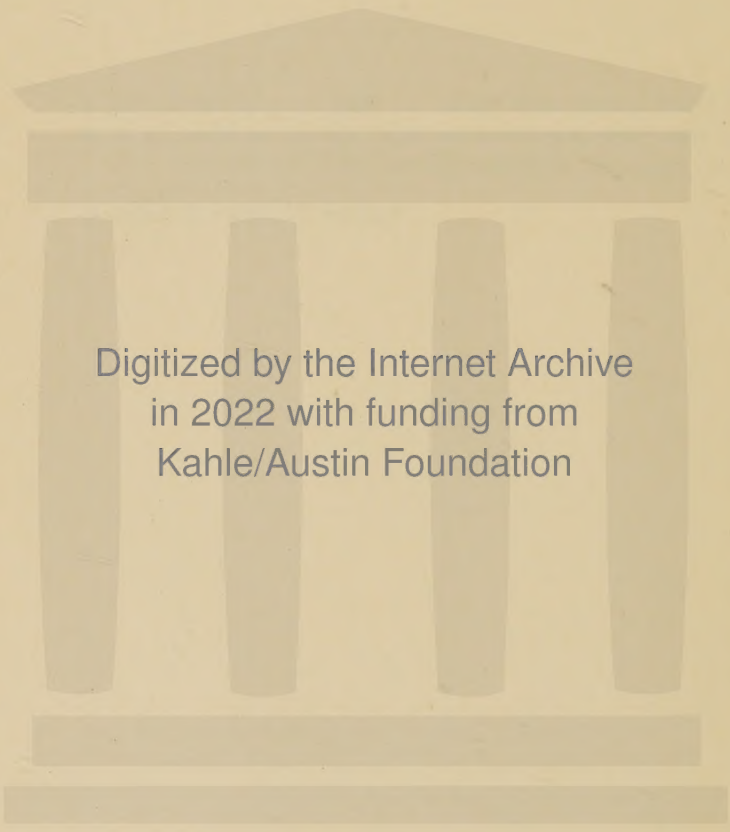
I knew a very wise man . . . that . . . believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.

Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun.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PREFACE

THIS fourth volume of *The Pepys Ballads* contains ninety ballads which cover in some detail the more important historical events from December, 1688, when William of Orange entered London, to August, 1689, just after Major-general Kirke had raised the siege of Londonderry. As a record of what the street-poets thought of the epoch-making events of the "glorious revolution," the ballads — the accuracy of which the majority of readers accepted without question — have no small value, and as contemporary journalism many are documents hardly less important than the official *London Gazette*. Only four are signed by their authors — No. 203 by Thomas Sibley, gentleman, Nos. 183 and 219 by Richard Rigby, shoemaker, No. 237 by J. P.

Most of the ballads are journalistic news-stories. Especially numerous are scandalous attacks on the "sham" Prince of Wales; on the exiled papal nuncio, Count d'Adda; on the ex-king's confessor, Petre, and other Jesuits; on the Earl of Tyrconnel and his Irish rebels; on James II and Mary Beatrice of Modena. Twice in his own person James II is represented as lamenting his misdeeds and misfortunes (Nos. 205, 206), while ex-Queen Mary in the same manner (No. 207) confesses her errors and crimes, threatening dire vengeance on her enemies. Naturally the ballad-writers favored the new powers that were; but a loyal Jacobite evaded the eyes of censorship in No. 209, which ostensibly eulogizes William and Mary, but actually sings the praises of the exiled royal family.

Other events covered are the Princess of Orange's arrival in London on February 12, 1689 (Nos. 196, 197); the proclaiming on February 13 of the Prince and Prin-

cess of Orange as William III and Mary II (Nos. 198–203); the supposed capture of the French fleet and James II on February 28 (No. 212). Eleven ballads (Nos. 221–231) tell of the coronation ceremonies of April 11, five (Nos. 232–236) savagely attack Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, who died on April 18. Several others deal with military affairs in Ireland and Scotland. A great deal of information (some of it incorrect) is given about the siege and the relief of Londonderry (Nos. 248–250), while one song (No. 247) describes the battle of Killiecrankie.

Among the domestic subjects treated are the repeal of the harsh chimney tax (Nos. 214, 238) and the birth of Princess Anne of Denmark's son, the Duke of Gloucester (No. 246). Rumblings from the poor, who find themselves oppressed in the midst of plenty, become articulate in Nos. 165 and 166; and the poverty-stricken weavers have their case presented in No. 170. Satires of contemporary styles in women's head-dress enliven three ballads (No. 167–169), while two sentimental tragedies of thwarted lovers (one a warning against "spiriting" damsels to Virginia) are dolefully recounted (Nos. 171, 172). No. 219 in conventional fashion recites the praise of shoemakers.

The whole series of ballads has a chronological and historical unity, reflects the opinions held by ardent anti-Jacobites and pope-baiters, but lacks the wide variety of themes that distinguishes my third volume. Apparently the ballad-writers were so impressed by the great events of their time that they allowed the old subjects of balladry — murders, executions, prodigies — to go by default; though, of course, this limitation of subject-matter may be due to Pepys himself. But in subsequent volumes those engaging topics will reappear.

H. E. R.

Harvard University,
February 25, 1930.

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The Pepys Ballads

164

Rebellion given over housekeeping

II, 209, black letter, four columns, one woodcut. Other copies: British Museum, 18-6. f. 1 (55); Bodleian, Wood E. 25 (21), Wood 417 (154). The last is entitled merely "A General Sale of Rebellious Houshold-stuff," has no woodcut, is printed in roman and italic type, and bears the date 1688 (which Wood changed in manuscript to the old-style date 168-). It also omits stanzas 10–11, and has several verbal variants. Copies exactly like that just described, except that they were printed by Allen Banks in 1682, are in Sir Charles Firth's collection, in one of Ashmole's volumes (G. 16[195]) in the Bodleian, and in the Huntington Library. Other versions appear in Nathaniel Thompson's *A Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, 1694, pp. 149–152 (with music), and Percy's *Reliques*, 1765 (ed. Wheatley, II, 332–336). A broadside copy dated 1712, "With a Second Part to the same Tune by a Modern Hand," is in the British Museum (1850. c. 10 [33]).

The ballad was originally published in 1660 to celebrate the downfall of Cromwell's Commonwealth (see stanzas 10–12) and the restoration of Charles II. It was reissued in 1688 to rejoice at the overthrow of James II and popery, but no attempt was made to bring it up to date or to improve its rhymes.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 262–266.

Rebellion given over House-keeping:
OR, *A General Sale of Rebellious Houshould stuff.* **Being a Pleasant New Song.**

To the Tune of, *Old Simon the King.*

1 REbellion hath broken up House,
and hath left me Old Lumber to sell:
Come hither and take your choice,
I'le promise to use you well.
Will you buy the Old Speaker's Chair,
which was warm, and easie to sit in,
And oftentimes hath been made clean,
when as it was fouler then fiting:
Says Old Simon *the King,*
says Old Simon *the King,*
With his thread-bare Cloaths, and his Mamsey Nose,
sing hey ding, ding, a ding ding.

2 Will you buy any bacon flitches?
they'r the fattest that ever were spent;
They'r the sides of the old Committees,
fed up with th' long parliment.

Here's a pair of bellows and tongs,
and for a small matter i'le sell 'em;
They 'r made of the Presbiters Lungs,
to blow up the Coals of Rebellion,
Says old Simon *the King*, &c.

3 I had thought to have given them once
to some Black-Smith for his Forge;
But now I have consider'd on't,
I for them have found other use:
For i'le give them to some Choir,
to make the Organs to roar,
And the little Pipes squeek higher
then ever they did before,
Says old Simon *the King*,
says Old Simon *the King*,
With his Thread-bare Cloaths, and his mamsey Nose
sing hey ding, ding, a ding ding.

4 Here's a couple of Stools for sale,
the one square and t'other is round;
Betwixt them both the Tail
of the Rump fell unto the Ground.
VVill you buy the States Council Table,
which was made of the good wain-Scot;
The frame was a tottering Bable
to uphold th' independent plot;
Says old Simon *the King*, &c.

5 Here's the Beesom of Reformation,
which should have made clean the Floor;
But it swept the wealth out of th' Nation
and left us Dirt good store.
VVill you buy States Spining wheel,
which spun for the Ropers Trade?
But better it had stood still,
for now it [1] has spun a Fair Thred?
Says old Simon *the King*, &c.

[1] *Text* in.

6 Here's a very good Clyster Pipe,
which was made of a Butchers stump?
And oft-times it hath been us'd
to cure the Colds of the Rump.
Here's a lump of Ignorance,
which once was a Iustice of peace,
Who Nol and the Deuil did serve;
but now it is come to This,
Says old Simon *the King*, &c.

7 Here's a Role of States Tobacco,
if any Good Fellow will take it:
It's nither Virginia nor Spanish,
but i'le tell you how they do make it;
Tis Covenant mixt with Engagement,
with an Abjuration Oath;
And many of them that did take it
complain it was foul in the Mouth,
Says Old Simon *the King*, &c.

8 Yet the Ashes may happily serve
to cure the Scab of the Nation,
VVhen they have an itch to serve,
a Rebellion by Innovation,
A Lanthorn here is to be bought,
the like was scarce e're begotten:
For many a Plot 't has found out,
before they ever were thought on,
Says old Simon *the King*, &c.

9 Will you buy the Rumps great Saddle,
which once did carry the Nation;
And here's the Bitt and the Bridle,
and Curb of Dissimulation?
Here's the Breeches of the Rump,
With a fair dissembling Cloak,
And a Presbiterian Iump,
with an Independent Smock,
Says old Simon *the King*, &c.

10 Will you buy a Conscience ne'r turn'd,
which served the High Court of Iustice?
And stretch'd until *England* it mourn'd,
but Hell will buy that if the worst is:
Here's *Ioan Crumwels* Kitching-stuff-Tub,
wherein is the Fat of the Rumpers,
With which she Old *Noll's* Horns did rub,
when he was got drunk with full *Bumpers:*
Says Old Simon *the King*, &c.

11 Here's the Purse of the *Publique Faith*,
here's the Model of Sequestration,
Here are the old wives who on good troth,
lent Thimbles to ruine the Nation:
Here is *Dick Crumwel's* Protectorship,
and here is *Lambert's* Commission,
And here is *Hugh Peters* his Scrip,
cram'd with the Tumultuous Petitions.
Says Old Simon *the King*, &c.

12 Here's Olivers Brewing Vessels,
and here's his Dray and his Slings:
Here's Hewsons Aul and his Bristles,
with divers other odd things.
And what doth the price belong
to all these matters before ye?
I'le sell them all for an old song,
and so I do end my story
Says old Simon *the King*,
Says old Simon *the King*,
With his thread-bare cloaths, & a Mamsey Nose
Sing hey ding, ding, ading ding.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. W. J. C. W. T. T. P.* and *M. C.*

165

The present state of England

11, 77, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

As a mere guess, this ballad is assumed to have been written about December, 1688 — a time when trading very naturally seemed dead. In it we are informed that food is scarce because engrossers are hoarding corn for higher prices, or merchants are sending it for sale across the ocean, or else distillers are buying it to make liquors while poor people starve. These troubles, it is contended, would soon be over if the land were loyal — to James II, I suppose, although the ballad may be later than 1688.

On the tune, which was originally called *Bragandary*, see my *Pepysian Garland*, p. 283.

Plomer, in his *Dictionary of Printers*, 1668–1725, p. 26, mistakenly gives Bates's publishing-dates as 1709–1714. His name appears in the colophons of Nos. 307, 333, 339, 340, 399, 411.

The Present State of England:

CONTAINING The Poor Man's Complaint in a Land of PLENTY, *Occasioned by the many Abuses offer'd by the Ingrossers of Corn, and likewise Brandy-Stillers, which makes a Scarcity in a time of Plenty.*

To the Tune of, *O Folly, desperate Folly*, &c.

1 AS I was musing all alone,
with sorrowful heart of care,
To see how hard the times was grown,
it carry'd me to despair;
I sigh'd to my self, and shed many a tear,
To think of poor people who live far and near,
Who could not get money, yet ev'ry thing dear.
O England, *sorrowful* England,
When will thy troubles end?

2 I fear the times grow worse and worse,
in Country and in Town,
Too many wears an empty purse,
like wanderers up and down,
Because they have little or nothing to do,
Their trading now dead, and provision dear too
It makes them with sorrow look pitiful blew.
O England, *restless* England,
When will thy troubles end?

3 A restless people we have been,
which never are satisfi'd,
This makes our griefs come flowing in,
like billows on ev'ry side:
With war, want, and poverty we are opprest,
Yet were the land loyal we soon should be blest,
But we are a people that ne'er are at rest.
O England, *restless* England,
When will thy troubles end?

4 Each Meal-man is a cunning elf,
the corn they engrose and buy,
Thus ev'ry man is for himself,
the poor they may starve and dye;
For tho' they might buy at a moderate price,
They lay up the same in hopes of a rise,
And let the poor perish and starve in a trice.
O Meal-men, covetous Meal-men,
You are this day to blame.

5 Sometimes I have been at a stand,
when hearing the poor complain,
As knowing this a fruitful land,
In every sort of grain:
I thought to my self there was knavery us'd,
By which the whole Kingd. was grosly abus'd,
Now this is a crime which cannot be excus'd.
O Villains, covetous Villains,
Why would you starve the Poor?

6 I do not blame the Farmers, no,
who bringing their Corn to Town,
Will sell it there as prises go,
soon after they set it down;
'Tis those that I blame who do keep it in store,
In hopes they shall sell it *for twice as much more*,
'Tis these that endeavour to starve up the poor.
O Villains, covetous Villains,
What do you mean to do?

7 Another thing I have been told,
which causes the Corn to rise,
They say in Markets it is sold,
to carry as Marchandize
Across the wide ocean, but I know not where:
Yet here is one thing which is true I declare,
The poor are incumber'd with trouble and care.
O England, *sorrowful* England,
When shall we see good days?

8 There is another gross abuse,
which makes our good Corn so dear,
Rich Stillers buy it for their use,
in making of Brandies here:
And thus they destroy all the best of our wheat,
To make drunkards tumble & roul in the street,
When some han't a morsel of bread for to eat.
O Stillers, desperate Stillers,
Are you not much to blame?

9 Sure Conscience now is from us fled,
which we did of late injoy,
For though men sees the want of bread,
our Corn they do still destroy;
Hot liquors they make with the staff of our food,
To please old drunkards, the Brandymens brood
For which I declare they deserve to be su'd.
O Stillers, covetous Stillers,
Are you not much to blame?

10 If men had honest hearts indeed,
and brotherly love also,
The poor they might in plenty feed,
As well as the rich I know;
But if the whole truth I must tell you in brief,
Base covetousness is the cause of our grief,
And the poor they do languish for want of relief.
O England, *covetous* England,
What do you mean to do?

Printed for *C. Bates*, at the *White Hart* in *West-Smithfield.*

166

The poor man put to a pinch

IV, 299, black letter, three columns, three woodcuts.

Joshua Conyers printed approximately from 1662 to 1690. The hard times described in his ballad belong nearer to the end than the beginning of his career, and a date of December, 1688, may be assumed to be accurate. "Our good King" of stanza 15 is, I suppose, James II.

For the tune of *Aim not too high* see No. 109.

The Poor Man put to a Pinch: OR, A DECLARATION of these hard Times.

The Times are bad, we all do see,
Pray God mend it now, if it may be;
Both in Countrey and in Town,
Trading is very sore gone down;
Which makes great Poverty to be,
In City, and in Countrey:
And there's little Money to be had,
The Times are grown so very bad.

To the Tune of, *The Description of this Age*, or, *Aim not to high.*

1 POor people are over-charged sore with grief,
And the Aged sort, alass! they are the Chief;
And many others that has a Charge to maintain,
God comfort those that has so little gain.

2 For Trading's down, and there's little to be got,
A Poor Man scarcely can get Meat to th' Pot,
Or Bread to serve his Children in their need;
To see them want, would make ones Heart to bleed.

3 There are many Shop-keepers about the City,
Has nothing to doe; Alass! the more's the pity.
What will this World come to! Can any tell?
It is the Lord that can make all things well.

4 There are many lusty people walks up and down,
There's no Imployment they can have in Town;
Which makes so many to be so void of Grace,
That they fall to Wickedness, and so do transgress.

5 Pray God again we may see these times to mend,
And every one to be carefull to the end;
It is our Sins that causeth all the same,
Let us fear God, and praise his Holy Name.

6 If a Poor Man has a Charge of Children small,
If he has no Work to relieve them therewithall,
It is a Grief for Parents to endure,
To see their Children starved with hunger sore.

7 Pray God that Trading may be good again,
And every one that hears now, say Amen;
That Poor nor Rich may have cause for to complain,
Let us serve God, and we shall see good Times again.

8 But, Alass! alass! the Poor has all the smart,
There's many are pinched to the very heart:
Poor Peoples wants has been so very sore
In many a place, I say amongst the Poor.

9 But if Work and Trading do come in again,
There will be some help for all sorts of Men:
If Rich Men would but imploy the Poor, I say,
To Labour for their Living, to give them pay.

10 But, alass, these Times we see is nothing, so
They have enough themselves, they feel not the Poor mans Woe.
The House-Mouse little understands the same,
What the Field-Mouse endures in Cold and Rain.

11 Remember what our Saviour Christ did tell,
To Love one another, and all things will be well:
But that thing is wanting in this Nation sore,
Which makes such Misery amongst the Poor.

12 But yet, good People, let us be content,
And Praise the Lord that hath all things to us sent;
He in good time for us will take a care,
When he is pleased we shall have better share.

13 The Times again I hope will better be,
Amongst us all, we then may live to see:
In the mean time let's have a special care,
That by no means we fall into despair.

14 Now to all People that do's live but poor,
God in his Goodness will encrease their store:
He evermore will stand the Poor Man's friend,
If we but serve the Lord unto the end.

Now at the last, let's ever mind that thing,
For to fear God, and honour our good King;
That God may keep this Nation still in Peace,
Then Trading and Plenty will with us increase.

Printed for *J. Conyers* at the *Black Raven* a little above St. *Andrews Church* in *Holborn*.

167

The maidens' resolution

IV, 366, black letter, three columns, one woodcut.

A top-knot, or commode, according to John Evelyn's *The Fop-Dictionary* (added to *Mundus Muliebris*, 1690, pp. 16–17), was "A Frame of Wire, cover'd with Silk, on which the whole Head-Attire is adjusted at once upon a *Bust*, or property of Wood carved to the Breasts, like that which Perruque-makers set upon their Stalls." In *Mundus Muliebris*, 1690, p. 7, Evelyn writes satirically that

> Where decent Veil was wont to hide
> The modest Sex Religious Pride:
> Lest these yet prove too great a Load,
> 'Tis all compris'd in the *Commode*;
> *Pins* tipt with Diamond Point, and head,
> By which the Curls are fastened,
> In radiant *Firmament* set out,
> And over all the Hood *sur-tout*:
> Thus Face that *E'rst* near head was plac'd
> Imagine now about the Wast,
> For *Tour* on *Tour*, and *Tire* on *Tire*,
> Like Steeple *Bow*, or *Grantham* Spire,
> Or *Septizonium* once at *Rome*,
> (But does not half so well become
> Fair Ladies Head) you here behold
> Beauty by Tyrant Mode controll'd.

Richard Ames, in *The Folly of Love*, 1693, p. 6, says that no pen is equal to the task of describing "the Rise and Pedigree Of *Monumental Top Knot Gallantry*."

In the ballad a woman is represented as defending her sex against the slanders of men who hate the popular head-dress. Very sensibly she points out that women have always blindly followed the fashion, — as when in Elizabeth's days they wore expensive and uncomfortable ruffs, — and that all the jeers and sneers of the satirical male have failed to change style one iota. For man's opinion, says she, we care not at all: Dame Fashion alone influences us. Her reply is directed specifically against "Advice to the Maidens of London: To

forsake their Fantastical Top-knots. Since they are become so Common with Billings-gate Women, and the Wenches that cryes Kitchin-Stuff: Together with the Wanton Misses of the Town" (*Bagford Ballads*, II, 934–937; Pepys, IV, 365), a ballad beginning "Now you young Females that follows the Mode." Cf. also Nos. 168, 169.

For the tune see No. 149.

The Maidens Resolution;
OR, An ANSVVER to the ADVICE against TOP-KNOTS.

Tune of, *Ye Ladies of London.*

This may be Printed, *R. P.*

1 VVHat is the matter you make such ado,
come tell us we now do require?
Must we young Damsels be ruled by you,
concerning our Youthful Attire?
Are we not brisk and just in our prime,
then what is the cause we should spare it?
Though we wear *Top-Knots*, I hope 'tis no Crime,
for if we win Gold we will wear it.

2 As for the Women of Old, which you say,
might learn us a modest Behaviour;
They, I declare, was as proud in their way,
as we in our flourishing Favour:

Had they not Gold and other rich Stuff?
to us they were no ways inferior,
She was no Woman that had not a Ruff,
the which was a thousand times dearer.

3 Dragel'd-tayl'd Girls, you are pleased to call
the Country Damsels at pleasure,
Are they not often the best of us all
in *London*, well furnisht with Treasure?
Is not the best of Citizens Wives,
from Country-Cities descended?
Here they do flourish and lead happy lives,
then why should you Fools be offended?

4 EVery Damsel of Beauty so bright,
you say they'l make Shipwrack of Credit,
For a *Top-Knot*, which is all their delight,
but he is a Rascal that said it:
For I protest you're something too rude,
since under a Scandal you laid us,
Count us and call us the *Billings-gate* Crew,
you do what you can to Degrade us.

5 Why should not *Kate* the Cook-Maid have a *Knot*,
if she has wherewith to afford it?
Is't not to Fame, pray, a far fouler blot,
for Maidens like Misers to hoard it?
If in their Dress, which gallant they went,
a Wealthy good Husband they Marry,
Then has the *Top-Knot* brought perfect content,
when other poor Gillians may tarry.

6 *Towers* and *Top-Knots*, it seems you have said,
we often take up by the Tally,
Yet the poor Creditor seldom is paid,
but do you suppose that we value
What you can say, degrading of these,
and telling the world of our failing,
We'l have our *Top-Knots* as long as we please,
and care not a fig for your Railing.

7 *Top-Knots* I tell you, we prize and adore,
and therefore pray leave off this rumour;
What if we Women wear seven times more,
pray who can controul our humour?
Therefore a fig for what you can say,
the *Top-Knots* we are not for hating,
But are resolv'd to go Gallant and Gay,
therefore pray leave off your prating.

8 Here at the last, the whole truth to express,
we'l have both a *Top-Knot* and *Tower*,
I'm sure there was ne'r a more aimable Dress,
therefore you may frown, fret, and lower:
These we will wear, although upon force,
we value not though they may grieve you;
Now I will hold you no longer Discourse,
and therefore farewel, I must leave you.

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Blare*, at the Sign of the *Looking-Glass* on *London-Bridge*.

168

The women's and maidens' vindication

IV, 367, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

Pocock licensed ballads from late in 1685 to 1688, so that a date of about 1688 for this and the preceding ballad (No. 167) seems close enough. The publisher, J. Gilbertson, is credited in Plomer's *Dictionary of Printers*, 1668–1725, with only one production, which is dated 1684.

Satirizing women's fashions is as old as time itself — and in the twentieth century men continue to attack the fashions which women continue to follow. Here a rather witty balladist represents the irate women of London as holding a formal parliament, where they pass a law authorizing the greatly maligned top-knot head-dress. For similar ballads see Nos. 167, 169.

For the tune see No. 149.

The VVomen and Maidens Vindication OF TOP-KNOTS: At a Parliament Holden by them near *Pimlico.* Shewing the great benefit they bring to thousands in City and Country, Charging Men to Affront them no more therewith, least they incur their greatest displeasure.

To a Pleasant New Tune; Or, *The Ladies of London.*

This may be Printed, *R. P.*

1 SInce Women and Maidens have been abus'd,
we think it's high time to break silence;
For wearing *Top-Knots* it is we're accus'd,
but now we can do't with a License;
To th' praise of our Sex, a Law it is made,
which e'ry Female doth impower,
That none of us all need now be afraid,
to wear a *Top-Knot* or a Tower.

2 A Sessions was held ne'r to *Pimlico*,
where Ladies and others resorted,
The Acts and Speeches of those that did go,
you will find here truly reported;
First thing they did, a Speaker they chose,
it was one well suited their Fancy,
But they cast Lots least time they should lose,
and it fell on Nimble-tongu'd *Nancy*.

3 She was no sooner placed in the Chair,
but made a most pithy Oration,
Extolling *Top-Knots* and other Attire,
that are worn in City and Nation:
Said she (indeed she spoke like a Saint)
young Maidens, and those that are grieved,
Make no delay, but let's hear your Complaint,
'pon Honour you shall be relieved.

4 'Twas a brisk Lady first open'd the case,
it's said she belong'd to the *Temple*.
Who exprest her self with a very good Grace,
and shew'd how Men on them do trample:

Madam Speaker, 'tis my greatest care,
that some wholsome new Laws you'l provide;
Or *Top-Knots* in quiet we never shall wear,
as we trip it up along *Cheapside*.

5 For Men of late are so very rude grown,
at Noon-day they plainly do show it,
A Lady to them's no more then a *Joan*,
incens'd by the Lines of a Poet:
Another stood up with a fierce look,
said, Madam, you're right in your guesses,
For he's a Villain, I'll swear on a Book,
that hath made those Paper of Verses.

6 The third that spoke was a Milliners Wife,
who seem'd to be in a great passion,
And said she had rather loose her sweet life,
then *Top-Knots* should grow out of Fashion:
A Weavers Wife the cause would maintain,
for *Top-Knots* she shew'd a great pitty;
By Ribbons there's thousands good livings gain,
not only in Subburbs but City.

7 Then *Bridget*, *Mary*, kind *Nelly* and *Joan*,
with *Sue* and *Doll* unanimously,
In all there was an hundred and one
of Maids, which caus'd a very great cry:
Top Knots we'l have, and *Top-Knots* we'l wear,
since it hath occasion'd so much good,
Let Men speak against us now if they dare,
we'l spend the dearest drop of our blood.

8 The Clerk was order'd to write this Law down,
before they made a Prorogation,
That *Top-Knots* be wore in City and Town,
throughout the Kingdom and Nation:

Therefore we strictly charge and Command,
that Men no more shew themselves such Sots,
Or else they shall feel the weight of our hands,[1]
when ever they catch at our *Top-Knots.*

FINIS

Printed for *J. Gilbertson*, at the *Sun* and *Bible* on *London-Bridge.*

[1] Rhyme requires *hand.*

169

The weavers' request

IV, 355, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts. Other copy: Douce, II, 238[v] (Bodleian).

The weavers, whose trade (as No. 170 tells us) had been ruined by too much trusting, here applaud the new top-knot style of head-dress (see Nos. 167, 168) because it has brought them prosperity. Let the top-knot flourish in spite of the rude rabble's complaint, for it brings money to our pockets!

The ballad was licensed by Richard Pocock, and so must have appeared about 1688.

For the tune see No. 149.

The Weavers Request.

OR, Their Just *COMPLAINT* against the *Rude Rabble*, that revile against the Gentile Mode now in *Fashion*.

To the Tune of, *Ladies of London.*

This may be Printed. *R. P.*

1 WE the brave Weavers of ancient renown,
whom Fame has for ever recorded,
Would know the reason we thus are run down
instead of our being rewarded:
Top-Knots of late the Rabble contemn,
to ruine us is their endeavours;
Let some strict Order be taken with them,
for why should they run down the Weavers?

2 It is well known we have been dismay'd,
although we did patiently take it;
Seven long years we have serv'd for the Trade
and yet have been forc'd to forsake it,
Put to our shifts, and daily contriv'd
by labour we did our endeavours;
But now since *Top-Knots* are wearing, we thrive,
and therefore they run down the Weavers.

3 Formerly Weavers their work was in haste,
when Gallants did wear on their Breeches
Ribbons at knees, nay, and all round the waste,
O then the brave Weavers got Riches:
But since, alas! Dame Fortune doth frown,
affording us none of her Favours,
Top-Knots are made the scoff of the Town,
and all for to run down the Weavers.

4 Women and Damosels they daily offend,
and makes a most horrid Narration;
Nay, and the Rabble does likewise pretend
that this is the Pride of the Nation:

Fain would they keep their Betters in awe
by flouting, which is their endeavours;
Let them be punish'd according to Law;
for why should they run down the Weavers?

5 Yet the Mechanick will hector and brag,
enough to make any admire;
Yet we may see them as proud in a Rag
as Ladies in sumptuous attire:
Wearing of *Knots* they counted a Pride,
to end it they do their endeavours,
And wou'd have Women now lay them aside,
in order to run down the Weavers.

6 But let them all be as mad as they will,
that seem to be highly offended;
Women their *Top-Knots* I'd have them wear still
then shall they be highly commended.
Never regard what any shall say,
for they are but sorry deceivers;
I would have Women go gallant and gay;
for why should they run down the Weavers?

7 Had it not been for the Women indeed,
our Trade had been utterly fallen;
But by the making them Ribbon and Breed,
it was a great help in our Calling.
Therefore we ought to speak in their praise
from whom we received such favours;
Long may they flourish with happy good days,
for being so kind to the Weavers.

8 Those that does offer abuse are to blame,
to Weavers, who never offended;
Let Gallants go still like Persons of Fame,
since they are most Nobly descended:

And as for those that will be so rude
for Ruin they make their endeavours,
By some strict Order let them be subdu'd:
This is the Desire of the Weavers.

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Blare* at the Looking-glass on London-Bridge.

170

A warning to the weavers

IV, 356, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

The ballad may be assumed to date about 1688. In it a weaver tells other members of his guild that in Norfolk (long noted for its cloth trade) they have brought ruin upon themselves and their apprentices by selling too much material on credit. Trade in general is bad; merchants are going bankrupt on every side, thus adding to the misery of the weavers.[1] The latter have particularly erred by selling so much on credit to over-sea buyers. But James II tried to put a stop to this practice when in April he issued a proclamation giving force to the laws against exporting wool, sheep, fuller's earth, and fuller's clay (cf. No. 153). Laws regulating weaving and the like, especially those prohibiting the importation of silk, agitated the weavers for many days, and brought further hard times upon them (Luttrell, I, 436, 458, 568 f.). See also Nos. 169 and 264.

For the first tune see No. 148. I have not found the second tune.

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[1] Cf. "The Valiant Weaver: Or, The *London Prentices* most Sad and Dreadful Complaint against the *French*, by reason they under-rate their Works," 1685 (British Museum, 1870. d. 1 [94]), which declares:

> "Our Weaving Trade is grown so dead,
> We scarcely can get us Bread,
> Our hungry Bellies for to fill,
> Because the *French* are grown so ill,
> In selling their work at an under price,
> Which makes the tears run from our Eyes.
> *And Weavers all may curse their fates,*
> *Because the* French *work under-rates.*"

A Warning and good Counsel to the WEAVERS.

Tune of, *The Country Farmer.* Or, *The Devonshire Damosels.*

This may be Printed, *R. P.*

1 YOu Gentlemen all come listen a while,
I'll sing you a jest that will make you to smile,
How the Weavers in *Norfolk* is grown very poor,
Some work Iourney-work, and some shut up the door,
The wholesale Men breaks, and to *London* makes way:
For that the poor Weavers full dearly do pay,
If they bite them agen, they have learn'd them the way,
'Fore they part with their stuffs, in their hands to have pay.

2 I'de have all the Weavers be ruled by me,
And unto my Ditty now soon to agree,
And trust no more stuff then their trade will maintain,
If they cann't have their Money bring ware back again:
That is the way for the Weavers to live,
To have of their own and be able to give,
If they trust any more they will themselves slave,
For a sprat at a meal, and no more they must have.

3 The spinners have vowed they will spin no more,
The Wool-man has vowed he must shut up door,
Let them think of me in these excellent charms,
If they can't have mony keep their stuff in their arms:

The Women cry out both in City and town,
Their trade won't afford them a new Mantua Gown,
Also the poor Wool-men begin for to frown,
The Weavers have pulled the spinning trade down.

4 There was some brave Weavers that had an Estate,
And prodigal was as long as they ha't,
They jeer'd the poor Weavers that could not set up,
'Cause they were good fellows and loved a Cup.
They have pulled the Iourneymens wages down,
And sent in their stuffs so fast to next town,
The Merchants have broke that were of high renown,
And the money for the Weavers is red out of town.

5 The Weavers do say they will take up in time,
And since they've drank small beer they'l go & drink wine,
Good victuals to their Prentices allow,
The Merchants shall live with the sweat of their brow:
And now they'r resolv'd to leave trusting again,
And leave all the Merchants themselves to maintain.
For if they get in debt they to *London* make way,
And poor Weavers Prentices for it must pay.

6 I'de have all the Weavers both great and small,
Take warning by me, and be ruled all,
Now trading is dead, i'd have you hold your hand,
And trust no more stuffs to go out of the Land:
You have trusted so much you your selves have undone,
Some Merchants have spoil'd you as sure as a Gun
You have fed them so fat they are ready to burst,
Whilst poor weavers Prentices sit with a crust.

7 Now this is the thing I needs must declare,
For trading is down both in Market and Fair,
Not only with Weavers, but other Trades too,
With their families they know not how for to do:
The poor Husbandman he works day and night,
For to Till his ground it is all his delight,
With his Oxen and Horses he plows all the Land,
So let us all pray for the good Husband-man.

8 Now all ye Weavers I bid you adieu,
I hope I have penned no more then is true,
If ye had but these verses but two years before,
You had kept the great woolf away from the door:
You have your stuffs so far over the Sea,
And for it full dearly you Weavers must pay,
For to work again it is the best way
And er'e you part with your stuffs in your hands take pay.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, in *Pye-Corner.*

171

The two unfortunate lovers

III, 350, black letter, three columns, three woodcuts.

This ballad, licensed by Richard Pocock, appeared about 1688. Pepys owned another copy (v, 326), which was printed about 1692 by T. Moore (on whom see the notes to No. 139) and entitled "An Excellent New Song, Call'd, The Unkind Parents, Or, The Unfortunate Lovers. Being a Relation of a young Gentleman and a Lady, who had promised to Marry one another, but the Lady's Father and Mother forc'd her to Marry an old Man for the sake of his Riches, which unfortunate Marriage was the occasion of the young Man's being cast away at Sea, and the Lady's stabing her self. Tune of, *Fond Boy*." Moore — who printed it in two columns with roman and italic letter — made various changes in the text, as I have pointed out in foot-notes. The most important, however, occur in his eighth stanza, which runs thus:

> A storm did arise and the Ship run a ground,
> Where *Almander* & most of the *Seamen were drownd*,
> There escaped but 3 which on Hogsheads did get,
> And floated oth Sea till a Ship they did meet,
> Which brought *them to Engl. where they did relate*
> The loss of the Ship and *Almander*'s hard fate.

This sentimental love-ditty must have pleased many readers and singers.

For the tune see No. 107.

The two Unfortunate Lovers;

Or, The Unhappy Marriage. Being a New Song of the Untimely Deaths of the two Unhappy Lovers; caused by her cruel Parents, in forcing her to Marry contrary to her Vows.

When Parents they their Children Wed
against their own Consent;
That is the cause by which is bred
such fatal Discontent.

To the Tune of, *My Life and my Death.*

This may be Printed, *R. P.*

1 O Where's my *Rosinda?* shall I never more
Behold that bright Beauty whom I did adore;
I wait at her Window both early and late,
To see her as usual, but ah! my hard [1] Fate,
Denys me that Bliss, which makes me to fear,
That some sad mishap hath befallen my Dear.

2 In this silent Grove my *Rosinda* and I,
Did vow to each other to love constantly;
My heart is surprized, for sure I do see
My dearest lamenting so near unto me:
O tell me Rosinda, *the cause of thy* [2] *Tears,*
Thy absence hath filled my heart with sad fears.

3 Alas! my *Almador*,[3] my heart is opprest
With sorrow, so much, that can scarce be exprest:
My Friends hath enforc'd me my vows for to break,
Which often to thee in this Grove I did make;
That I would ne'r Marry with none but my Love,
But now I am forced unconstant to prove.

4 My Parents regardless of all my sad tears,
Have caus'd [4] me to Marry with one that [5] in Years
Exceeded [6] mine far, but his Riches was great,
Which caused my Parents *Almador* to hate:

[1] oh my sad. [2] my. [3] *Almander* (so throughout). [4] forc'd.
[5] that's. [6] Exceeding.

Since that I did love you so dearly, that I
Did hate the Old Miser, and him did deny.

5 BVt oh, all in vain, since the Knot it is [1] ty'd,
Till Death doth come [2] ease me, and us shall divide;
For since that I cannot *Almador* enjoy,
Kind Death will befriend me my Life to destroy:
Farewel then Almador, my dearest so true,
Rosinda *must bid you* [3] *for ever adieu.*

6 Oh! since that my hopes are by Fortune thus crost,
And I my *Rosinda* for ever have lost;
I'le range o're the World, for my heart is opprest,
With sorrow so great, I can no where find rest:
Farewel my Rosinda, *these words then he spoke,*
Remember the vows that thy Marriage hath broke.

7 And then in a Ship that [4] was ready to Sail,
Aboard straight he went, for they [5] had a fine Gale
Of Wind, and on [6] Waves they so swiftly did glide,
That soon they did Sail in the Ocean so wide:
But Fortune that seemed at first for to smile,
Did soon in a moment their [7] *hopes all beguile.*

8 A Storm did arise, and the Ship it was Stav'd,
Almador was Drowned, there's none could be sav'd;
Except three poor Seamen i'th Long-Boat did get,
And Row'd on the Sea till a Ship they did meet;
which brought them to England *where they did relate*
The loss of their Ship, and Almadors *sad fate.*

9 But when this sad News to *Rosinda* they bear,
She beat her fair Breasts, and she tore her fine [8] Hair:
Thus crying, *Almador* lies deep in the Sea,
O would that *Rosinda* was Bury'd with thee:
And thus in sad sorrow she still did complain,
Since Almador *is dead I my Life do* [9] *disdain.*

[1] is once. [2] come and. [3] thee. [4] which.
[5] On Board went *Almander* who. [6] no. [7] his. [8] gold.
[9] now my life I.

Then taking a Dagger, she held out [1] the same,
And with a full stroke, at her heart [2] she did aim:
When [3] life was departing, ah! now cryed she,
I come my *Almador*, I come unto thee:
Let this be a pattern of rare Constancy,[4]
Rosinda [5] *for love of* Almador *did Dye.*

FINIS.

Printed for *C. Dennisson*, at the Sign of the *Stationers-Arms* within *Aldgate.*

[1] fast. [2] Breast. [3] As.
[4] Being dead by her wound, in her blood she did ly.
[5] Thus Rosinda.

172

Constancy lamented

v, 353, roman and italic type, two columns.

Only too many cases of "spiriting" young men or young women to the American colonies against their wills are known, as a mere glance at the index of the fourth volume of J. C. Jeaffreson's *Middlesex County Records* will show. On May 23, 1682, in the course of a trial at London it was proved (Luttrell, I, 187; cf. 233, 244) that "there was in generall such a trade as kidnapping or spiriting away children," and witnesses testified that "there had been above 500 sent away in two years at Christmas last." A royal proclamation of March 26, 1686, was directed against "the frequent Abuses of a lewd sort of People, called *Spirits*, in Seducing many of His Majesties Subjects to go on Shipboard, where they have been seized, and carried by force to His Majesties Plantations in *America*."

In the ballad a heavy mother who disapproves of her son's engagement to a "poor and serving maid" manages to have the girl spirited and sold to Virginia. Thereupon the son dies of a broken heart, and the mother goes almost mad; not so mad, however, as to prevent her moralizing on the theme, "Do not contend against true love." Compare No. 459. The date of the ballad may be assumed to be about 1688.

On the tunes see No. 139.

The publisher, Charles Barnet, is not named in Plomer's dictionaries of printers. He appears in the colophons of Nos. 445, 459, 482, 483, 485, 488, 494.

Constancy Lamented:

OR, A Warning for Unkind Parents, Not to seperate those who are joyned in Love: Being a full and true Account of a Wealthy Tradesman's Son in the *Strand*, who died on *Friday* last, for the Grief he conceived in the Absence of his dearly beloved *E. H——ks* (a *Hereford-shire* Damsel) who was by his Hard-hearted Mother, sold to *Virginia;* and of the many Arguments the Mother used to perswade this Young-Man to fix his love on some more Wealthy Maiden: With the Mothers sad lamentation, and almost Raving Distraction for her Son's Death, and her own most Unworthy Action.

The whole Published from the Relation of a Worthy young Gentlewoman, a daily Visitant of the said young Man's, and a sorrowful mourner for his great mishap.

To the Tune of, *All happy times*, &c. Or, *Languishing Swain.*

1 ALas! my dearest Dear is gone,
And *I* am left to sigh and moan,
To weep and wail, to sigh & cry,
O Betty, Betty, I must die.

2 There is no pleasure *I* can find,
Now she is gone: Perplex'd in mind
I'm rowling on my love-sick bed;
The thoughts of her does strike me dead.

3 Physicians they do come to try
Their Doses with great industry:
But I tell 'em all it is in vain,
Since *Betty*'s sailing on the main.

4 Nought in the world but sweet *Betty*,
Can ease my mind, or set me free
From those distractions which I bear,
Her absence for my heart doth tear.

5 There is no pleasure, O my Dear,
That I can find, no comfort here!
But 'frightened Dreams do me surprize,
When that dull sleep has shut my eyes,

6 Methinks, my dearest Dear, I see
What cruel Frights attendeth thee:
How that thou too and fro art tost,
And in great Hazards to be lost.

7 O cruel Mother, and Unkind,
Which brought this grief unto my mind,
By banishing my dearest Joy,
'Tis only this doth me destroy!

8 Why should'st thou love, his mother said
A silly poor and serving maid,
Whose birth is of some mean degree,
Which would bring Scandals unto me.

9 Behold, my Son, there's Virgins store,
Most beautiful, and yet not poor;
Of birth and breeding most compleat:
My Son, it's these will make thee great.

10 I'd rather surely see thee dead,
Then that thou should'st my Servant wed,
To make her equal unto me,
Whose birth is of some poor degree.

11 Wealth! birth! (the Young-man cries)
Alas, alas, are foolish Toys:
They do indeed perplex the mind,
True Love alone doth comfort find.

12 O cruel mother hear I pray,
And listen unto what I say;
For your desire you'll surely have
To lay me in the silent Grave:

13 For why, I feel now at my heart,
Such cruel pain, such bitter smart
That long I'm sure I cannot bear
Such cruel Tortures as they are.

14 O *Neptune*, let me thee implore
To guard my Love safe to the shore:
And tho' I never must her see,
Heavens grant her Felicity.

15 And now, Farewel Mother unkind,
You have ruined body and mind;
For to this world I bid adieu,
And Dying cry, *'Tis long of you.*

16 But when his mother she did see
That he was dead assuredly,
Like one distracted she did run.
Still crying, *O my Son, my Son.*

17 For thee, alas, my heart doth bleed,
Accursed be my wretched Deed:
Could I but have thy life again,
I'd send for *Betty* o'er the Main.

18 Therefore you Parents every where,
Whose chance it is these lines to hear,
Do not contend against True Love,
For fear you such like Tryals prove.

London, *Printed for* Charles Barnet.

173

Great Britain's delight

II, 242, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts. Reproduced in Sir C. H. Firth's edition of Macaulay's *History*, III, 1239.

William of Orange entered London on December 18, 1688; but this ballad of welcome was written early in January, 1689, as its colophon with new-style dating shows. It deals, as usual, with the overthrow of the Jesuits and the setbacks given to all other Roman Catholics in England, expressing contempt for the pope, the Earl of Tyrconnel, and Louis XIV. Various stanzas reappear in No. 183.

Music for *The Prince of Orange his delight* is given in Henry Playford's *Apollo's Banquet*, 1690, No. 24. It is also printed on "The Troy Ballad" (1682) in the Bodleian (Ashmole G. 16 [136^{v}]).

Great Britains Delight,
OR, A Health to his Royal Highness the Prince of *Orange*.

When as a Mist, or Cloud of Grief
Did overspread the Land,
In[1] *order then to our relief,*
He took this cause in hand.

Tune of, *The Prince of Orange his Delight.*

1 BRave English boys, now
We'l make Papishes bow,
And rid all their Iesuits hence;
Then let the Bells ring,
While we merrily sing,
For to welcome the Protestant Prince.

2 Let the Bonefires burn,
The Papists all turn,
And their wooden Gods all be pul'd down
Let the Churches all flourish,
The Gospel to nourish,
With great Ioy to the Princes Renown.

3 The Nation he'l clear
From all trouble and fear,
And drive all our Enemies hence;
We'l stand by his side,
To pull down their pride,
For he is a brave Protestant Prince.

4 When we were run down,
And the *Romans* did frown,
He had of our sorrows a sence,
Preparing a Fleet,
Our Ioys to compleat,
He is a brave Protestant Prince.[2]

5 He came not to Reign,
But our Rights to maintain,
And has been at a vast expence,

[1] Text *n*. [2] *Text* Prin.

And Heaven does bless
His hand with success,
For he is a brave Protestant Prince.

6 Then you *Irishmen* all,
In Country and Town,
Repent for the time that is past;
May *Tyrconnel* be taken,
And his Laws quite forsaken,
And your Roguery be found out at last.

7 But let me advise you
The best way I can,
As I stand near Related to you;
Your old Coats for to turn,
And your Altars to burn,
And to hang up your Iesuite Crew.

8 For your Downfal is come,
And you shall receive Doom,
For we Protestants now do advance;
And our brave Prince and we
Will unite and agree
For to drive *Lewis* King out of *France.*

9 His haughty high words
Does but sharpen our Swords,
We'l fight in our Nations defence;
For we would not fear
The Great *Turk* nor Monsieur,
While we have a brave Protestant Prince.

10 Let Shoomakers all
Pack up Knives and Heel-Awl,
To joyn to an universe sum;
Let's charge, and let's prime,
for we hope in God's time
For to give the deaths wound unto *Rome.*

11 But first let the glory
And praise be to God,
Who hath wrought such a miracle great;

Their Delusions to spoil,
And their plots all beguile,
Then rejoice both in Church & in State.

12 And now to the Instrument
Of this great Work,
Which the like was ne'r before nor since,
Let's drink his Health round
With our knees to the ground,
For to welcome this Protestant Prince.

13 And now to conclude
This my Protestant song,
Pray remember these Verses of mine;
For Popery is pulled down
Both in Country and Town,
And the Gospel in splendour shall shine.

14 With peace, mirth and plenty
Our land will abound,
And the Papists they all must go hence;
For search the world round,
There will scarcely be found
Such another brave Protestant Prince.

15 If any one questions
Who made these few lines,
Tis my self if I may you convince;
Then let's merry be,
And I'll drink unto thee
A good Health to this protestant Prince.

16 Then fill up the glass,
About let it pass,
All our sorrows in Wine we will drown
Here is a good Health
To that Common-wealth
Whose *Prince* is come lately to Town.

London, *Printed in the Year* 1689.

174

A full description of these times

II, 257, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts. Reproduced in Sir C. H. Firth's edition of Macaulay's *History*, III, 1217. Other copy: Bodleian, Wood E. 25 (115), dated in manuscript "Jan. 1688" (old style).

Here is a rapid, incomplete summary of the Prince of Orange's activities, which by no means lives up to its title, — a criticism that can often be made of modern newspaper head-lines. The ballad was written soon after William entered London (that is, sometime in January), expresses great joy at the discomfiture of the Roman Catholics and at the prospect of a free Parliament, but reveals a complete ignorance of all that pertains to the disposal of the crown. No doubt many other people than the balladist felt bewildered by the rapidity of the Revolution.

For *Packington's pound* and *The country farmer* see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 123–125, II, 562; for *Digby's farewell*, No. 104.

On the publisher A. B. see No. 163.

A Full Description of these Times,
Or *The* Prince of ORANGE's March from *EXETER* to *LONDON;* And Father *PETERS* and the rest of the Jesuites put to flight.

The Pope and Jesuites are undone,
They could not England *overcome*
To bring it into Popery,
Though very boldly they did try;
Until a Prince came o're the Main,
And blasted all that they had done;
And now there is no more to be sed,
They run all away and hide their heads.[1]

Tune of, *Packingtons Pound, Countrey Farmer,* Or, *Digby's Farwel.*

1 NOw let all true Protestants ever Rejoyce,
And render thanksgiving with heart and with voice,
The Brave Prince of *Orange* has been our best friend,
And Routed all Popery out of the Land,
The blessing of God be upon him I say,

[1] Rhyme demands *head.*

And let every Protestant heartily pray,
That would take upon him to do that great work,
Now a Figg for the Devil the Pope and the Turk.

2 Now, now the true Church it will flourish again,
In *England* there will be no cause to complain,
The Brave Prince of *Orang* he takes such great care,
Secures all the Passages every where,
He'l have no Idolitry us'd in this Land,
For the Gospel of Christ he will ever more stand,
Let Pope and the *Jesuits* stay all at *Rome*,
He will not allow them in *England* to come.

3 They have us tormented this three or four year,
Since this course of *Rome* did in *England* appear;
But now they are gone to the *Pope* to Complain,
If they can pass safely but over the Main;
Our *Protestant* Ships they may be in their way,
They'l ask them some Questions, and cause them to stay;
They may be prevented from seeing the *Pope*,
And *Tyburn* may Nooze them at last in a Rope.

4 The fair *Londons* Tower the Prince doth Command,
And all the *Sea-Ports* that in *England* doth stand;
Now he is in *London* with his Noble Train,
The Bells they did trowl it again and again:
The Bone-fires did blaze, and the People rejoyce,
For joy of this Prince they did strain up their voice:
The Lord he did bless him along in his way,
To save and secure our Religion this day.

5 The *Protestant* Army that came with the Prince,
The Lord gives a Blessing to them ever since:
The *Catholick Irish* are put to the Rout,
And brave *English* Men they do Hallow and Shout:
The Prince his own Soldiers are Men of Renown,
And they are made much on in every Town:
Let all *English* People then evermore pray,
The Lord he may bless them by Night and by Day.

6 They pay all their Quarters most honest and brave,
They charge not the Country for ought that they have;
This Army with God it is blest to be sure,
And that Prince their Leader, may with them endure:
God grant him long life the true Church to maintain:
And true Government be in *England* again,
For the Popes a deceiver and Iesuites too,
In Pardoning of Sins is more then they can do.

7 The *Irish* Bravadoes did fight it is said,
But our *English* Souldiers away from them fled;
They said they'd fight in our Religions defence,
And so they marched away to the Prince,
And sed for the Church of *England* they'd stand,
As long as they could hold a Sword in their hand;
They'll not be drawn in for to fight the Popes Cause,
Against their Religion the Church and the Laws.

8 And now a free Parliament's that we do crave,
For the Prince and the Nobles they say we shall have,
To settle the Laws, and will give all content,
It cannot be done but by a Parliament:
Then every poor man will be kept in supply,
It will fill all the Nation with Mirth and with Ioy;
Then a fig for the Iesuits and Pope of *Rome*,
That has lost there Mass-houses in *England* so soon.

9 When the Laws are well settled, and peace does remain,
In *England* we shall have brave trading again;
Our Religion's secur'd, and the Church is set free,
It will be a great comfort for all men to see.
That the Gospel may flourish and have its full course,
And not be indangered by the French Force,
And the true Church of *England* to stand its own ground,
That the Gospel of Christ may have its full sound.

FINIS.

Printed for *A. B.*

175

The famous orange

II, 260, black letter, four columns, one woodcut.

This hymn of hate was written early in January, 1689, that is, shortly after the "crazy and old" king and his family had been frightened to France by "the smell of an orange." [1] It lays great stress on the imposture of Mary of Modena in trying to palm off a tiler's brat on the nation as a lawful Prince of Wales, praises the Princess Anne for deserting her own father's cause, depicts the distress of Irish and English papists, and ends, peculiarly enough, with a plea for liberty.

The subject-matter is displeasing, but the tune of *The pudding* (cf. No. 162), later to be called *An orange*, involves a lilting and pleasing movement.

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[1] "A New Song of the French King's Fear of an Orange" (British Museum, 1871. e. 19 [93]) says of Louis XIV,

> "Yet he fears if an *Orange* approaches too nigh,
> The gay Flower-de-luces will wither and dye."

THE FAMOUS ORANGE:
Or, an Excellent Antidote against Romish Poison.

Tune of *the Pudding.*

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

1 THere's none can express,
Your great Happiness,
The like was ne're seen since the Days of Queen *Bess*
A Nation enslav'd,
And *Justice* outbrav'd,
To be thus redeemed, and gallantly sav'd,
By an Orange.

2 O who can declare,
A thing that's so rare,
To be thus delivered from *Lion* and *Bear:*
VVas the like ever seen,
That both *King* and *Queen*,
And the counterfeit *Prince* too, should thus lose [t]heir [1]
Skreen,
By an Orange.

3 The Guns in the Tower
Have desperate power,
To fright all the City in less than an Hour;
But tho Powder and Shot
Be cursedly hot,
[I]t [1] may yet be cool'd, pray why may it not,
With an Orange.

4 The King was so bold
To march through the Could,
Tho he was so weak, so crazy and old;
To carry his Train,
To *Salisbury* Plain,
But soon was he frighted to turn back again,
By an Orange.

[1] The bracketed letter is trimmed off.

5 Our terrible Guns,
And *Catholick* Sons,
Did march with their Bullets, in Barrels and Tuns;
But as People say,
They kept Holi-day,
Till most of their Keepers were frighted away,
By an Orange.

6 Our *Queen* in a Fit,
Did storm up her VVit,
To fight with as many, as she did think fit;
But *G*—— and his *N*——,[1]
VVith many a brave Man,
To cure her Madness will do what they can,
With an Orange.

7 VVhat brave gallant Tales
Of our Prince of *Wales*
Might easily be told, if it were not for Iails;
But time may evince
This wonderful Prince
May prove but a *Peasant*, if once he but mince
Of an Orange.

8 All which to prevent,
Our *Queen* was content,
That he into *France*, should straightway be sent;
His birth to conceal,
And Grandeur to steal,
Till he is sufficiently able to deal,
VVith an Orange.

9 Our *Catholicks*[2] rare
Do bid very fair,
To stand by the *Dad*, & his new fashion'd *Heir;*
Some say they do well,
But yet who can tell?
They all may sing backwards, because they do smell,
Of an Orange.

[1] Prince George and Princess Nan (Anne). [2] Text *Cathloicks.*

10 Our *Friers* and Devils
And such kind of Evils,
That pester'd our Nation, has now got the Snivils;
Yet still they can croak,
And keep on their Cloak,
But thinking to *swallow*, they meet with a Choak,
From an Orange.

11 Our *Irish Dear-Joys*,
And such *Tory-Boys*,
That lately disturb'd all our Nation with Noise;
and gave out their Votes,
For cutting of Throats;
There's nothing against them, can make Anti-dotes,
Like an Orange.

12 Alas what cursed Fate,
Brought *Teague* and his *Mate*,
To be thus exposed to Fury and Hate;
When they come to fight,
For young *Tyler's* Right
They should be thus shamefully put to the Flight,
By an Orange?

13 *Alloo*, *Allagone*,
Faith had we but known,
The Tricks the damn'd English to us here have shown;
We'd taken up our Dwell,
In St. *Patricks* Well,
So had we escaped this damnable Smell
Of an Orange.

14 What scampering play
Do we see e'ry day?
What *Monshish*[1] Devices, to run clear away?
Our *Jesuits* now
Do both swear and vow,
They'd run far enough, if they did but know how,
From an Orange.

[1] *I. e.*, monkish.

15 O the Buck and the Doe,
With many knows who:
The *King*, and the *Queen*, and the *Counterfeit* too,
Do strangely incroach
By *Boat* and by *Coach*,
As not being able to abide the Approach,
Of an Orange.

16 Now ye Protestants all,
That so your selves Call,
Where ever you dwell, tho it be at *VWhite-Hall:*
It doth you behove
Your time to improve,
And whilst 'tis in Season learn quickly to love
A Dutch Orange.

17 For if you delay
And trifle away
Your time (that is given to work in) at play;
You'l surely be crost,
And dreadfully tost,
And sadly repent, you so foolishly lost,
A Brave Orange.

18 If you Love your lives,
Religion and Wives,
Then turn out these *Hornets*, that lurk in your Hives:
Don't let Dirt and Mud
Run thorow your Blood;
For *Protestant* Stomach there's nothing so good
As an Orange.

19 This bold *Roman* Witch
Has been digging a Ditch,
And long time advancing with Spur and with Switch:
Till your Fetters were fast,
And your hopes were ev'n past;
But Providence sent you a Med'cine at last,
In an Orange.

VVhen you have got Power,
O do not devour,
Your Brethren (as formerly) every Hour:
But let's all agree,
To give *Liberty*,
And bless God Almighty, for setting us free,
By an Orange.

Printed for A. Milbourn, *in* Green-Arbour-Court, *in the* Little-Old-Baily.

176

The glory of the north of England

II, 262, black letter, three columns, three woodcuts.

The date of 1689, given in the colophon, is evidently new style, and the ballad must have been written early in January. It celebrates the rising in the North for the Prince of Orange that was headed by Henry Booth, Lord Delamere and Earl of Warrington, in November, 1688. Delamere secured Cheshire for the prince, and his following on Bowdon Downs should have warned James II that the end was near. Other nobles soon emulated Delamere: William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire; John Grenville, Earl of Bath; Philip, Baron Wharton; Charles Gerard, Viscount Brandon, Earl of Macclesfield; John, Baron Lovelace. Caryll Molyneux, the papist lord-lieutenant of Lancashire, seized Chester and held it awhile for James II; but he was soon constrained to give up the city (stanza 8). The balladist ends with the threat that his next song will be written on Devonshire, Wharton, Macclesfield, and Lovelace.

A True Account of the Lord Delamere His Reception and Welcome in Cheshire, and at the City of Chester (1689) remarks that "the People became possessed with a Conceit, that *England* could not be rescued from their Oppressions, *England* could not be Saved, unless my Lord *Delamere* had an Hand in their Deliverance." He was in enforced retirement with "his Country Friends and Enjoyments . . . when the Nation all over rung with an Invasion by the Prince of *Orange;* a Design that then seem'd too great to be believed, and only too good to be true. But we had not long been convinced by the Fact, before our Letters and Prints were full of my Lord *Delamere*, his Tenants and Friends, and their Rendezvouz at *Bowden-Downs*. His March and Motions were presently concerted with the Prince; and according to the Measures then taken, he joyned the Prince afterwards; and had the Honour and Satisfaction to wait on him to *London*, and there see him possessed of the Seat of our Empire." Delamere then "returned to his Country, where his Wellcome was so Extraordinary, the Expressions from all sorts of People, and the Joy so Immoderate, that the like has not been observed in any Age." Anthony Wood, however (*Life and Times*, ed. Clark, III, 284–285), wrote on November 25,

1688, that "Lord Delamere rides like a mad man about the countrie, taks away all horses belonging to papists, dispoyles their chappells, burns all the stuff belonging to them tho' the indulgence be not yet called in. He that is a native hath done 20 times more mischief [than the foreigner!]."

The tune is evidently connected with Thomas Stucley, or Stukely (†1578), the Elizabethan hero who is celebrated in a broadside reprinted in J. P. Collier's *Old Ballads*, pp. 72–77 (Percy Society, 1840), and H. L. Collmann's *Ballads & Broadsides*, No. 81 (Roxburghe Club, 1912).

The initials B. I. (or B. J.) appear also in the colophons of Nos. 375 and 376.

The GLORY of the Northern parts of England. Shewing the Readiness of the Gentry and Commonalty of the Counties of *Chester* and *Lancaster*, in joyning with the Prince of *Orange*, at his Highnesses first Landing, &c.

Make use of time, Delays are dangerous things,
Defend your Faith from whence all Blessings springs:
Since they our Laws did strive to Sacrifice,
And fill the Nation with Romes *Bloody Flyes;*
Unmask this Romish *Crew, who Reign in Knavery,*
Secure your selves from Popery *and Slavery.*

To the Tune of, *Valiant Stutely.*

1 BRave News and Tydings here we bring,
And of rare Sparks and Souldiers sing,
which in our Horizon do now appear;
For pure Religion they will Fight,
And to maintain the Countries Right,
assisted by the brave Lord Delamere.

2 Our Worthy Lords did all agree,
To set this Land at Liberty,
though some base Spirits in the world appear,
Which did refuse for to consent
To stand or fall by *Parliament*,
united with the brave Lord Delamere.

3 To give account of every thing,
Which hapned since Great *Charles* our King,
would terrifie each honest heart to hear,
How *Protestants* of each Degree,
Have been opprest with *Popery*,
excus'd was not the great Lord Delamere.

4 The Noble-hearted sober Men,
By *Papists* was secured then,
and with Oppression vex'd this Land each year,
Till by Divine appointment, came
That Royal Prince, *William* by Name,
and with him joyn'd the brave Lord Delamere.

5 And since in mercy God hath sent
An *Orange* here to our content,
the Prince of *Wales* is fled I know not where
And with him *Petres* has his Lot,
Who Fathered the *Popish* Plot,
discover'd by the brave Lord Delamere.

6 This Noble valiant *Cheshire* Lord,
With whom the Country do accord,
his very name doth make the *Papists* fear:
The Earl of *D——y* [1] doth agree,
To prove the *Jesuits* Enemy,
and stand for Orange *with brave* Delamere.

7 Thus now brave Noble-hearted Boys,
I have writ a Line in *Cheshire* praise,
blest by the presence of so brave a Peer.
And *Lancashire* thou art not behind;
Who didst in every thing Combine,
propos'd for publique good by Delamere.

8 *Manchester* Town I have in mind,
Since they to *B——d* [2] did prove so kind,
their fervent love and zeal did pass all fear;
Though danger stood on every side,
And *M——x* [3] advanc'd his pride,
they vow'd to venture all with Delamere.

9 How brave they met on *Boden-Plain*,
To see Great *B——h* [4] and *B——d* [2] them twain,
embrace each other without *popish* fear;
The Country rose them to defend,
And thus my Story I shall end,
and pray for the brave Lord of Delamere.

[1] Danby (1631–1712). [2] Brandon. [3] Molyneux. [4] Bath.

And next you may expect to hear,
Of the brave Earl of *Devonshire*,
whose pious Valour in this Land doth ring;
Maxfield, *Wharton*, and *Lovelace*,
Did wait to see the Prince's Grace,
arrive in *England*, which did Glory bring.

FINIS.

Printed for *B. I.* 1689.

177

The Jesuits' exaltation

II, 277, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts. Other copy: Bodleian, Wood 417 (173), which has two columns, roman and black-letter type, no woodcuts.

Dated in old style 1688, this ballad, as a manuscript note on Wood's copy evidences, appeared in January, 1689. It is a sort of good-night supposed to have been written by a group of imprisoned Jesuits,[1] who call in vain upon St. Bridget, patroness of Ireland, for rescue. They lament the overthrow of their religion, recognize that death is staring them in the face, and prepare for the halter with a courage and resolution no doubt more admirable than the bigoted writer intended. Luttrell (I, 499) reports that January 31 "was the day of thanksgiveing for the deliverance of this nation from popery and slavery, which was strictly observed, sermons being preach'd every where . . . and at night was ringing of bells and bonefires." The ballad was perhaps a small part of the general thanksgiving.

For the tunes see Nos. 110 and 144.

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[1] Cf. *The Orange Gazette*, No. 2, December 31, 1688–January 3, 1689: "*Newgate*, *January* 1. [This afternoon] was Transferred into this Colledge, instead of *Magdalene* Colledge in *Oxford*, Bishop *Gifford* President, *John Laburn*, *Ralph Clayton*, *Thomas Rought*, *Robert Jennison*, *Charles Poulton* Jesuit, and Scoolmaster *Thomas Kingsley*, *William Locker*, *Francis Calamy*, alias *Ducolony*." *The English Currant*, No. 8, January 2–4, 1689, says there were imprisoned "Nine Jesuits and Priests, *viz. John Leybourne*, *Charles Pulton*, *Ralph Clayton*, *Joseph Gifford*, *Robert Jennison*, *William Locker*, *Francis Calamy*, and *Thomas Kingsley*," inadvertently omitting one name. See also *The London Courant*, No. 8, January 1–5, 1689, and a single sheet (Bodleian, Wood 276 A [565]) called "A Dialogue between Father Gifford, The late Popish President of *Maudlin*, and Obadiah Walker Master of *University*, upon their New *Colledge* Preferment in Newgate" (1689).

The Jesuits Exaltation,
OR, A Preparation for a turn at Tyburn.

Tune is, *Hey Boys up go we.* Or, *Russel's Farewell.*

1 I Walking near a Prison a Wall,
where Iesuits did lye,
I heard them to St. *Bridget* call,
to help their Misery;
Saying, with speed now intercede,
poor Iesuits to free,
Or *Holbourn-Hill* with Crowds they'll fill,
while hey Boys up go we.

2 Ah! what's become of all our Creeds,
and Mass the Antick Song?
Our sweet Religious strings of Beeds
are turn'd to Fetters strong:
And Father *Peters* he is fled,
a woful sight to see;
When some are shorter by the Head,
then hey Boys up go we.

3 Some they are fled to *Rome* we find,
while here we fret and foam,
As being left in Tears behind,
to end the Dance at home:
To *Tyburn* we must take our way,
to view that Crabbed Tree,
And when we have no more to say,
then hey boys up go we.

4 The very Lads of *London* Town,
they did a Racket make,
And pull'd our Idol Pictures down,
then burn'd 'um at the Stake,
Where *Mary* did her Hereticks,
in *Smith-field-Rounds* we see;
I' Faith we did not like their Tricks,
then hey boys up go we.

5 What Sumptuous Chappels did we build,
adorn'd with Curious Paint,
And was with Nuns and Fryers fill'd,
a praying to each Saint:
But this at last is come to nought,
we're ty'd from Liberty,
Till we may be to Iustice brought,
then hey boys up go we.

6 Tho' Hereticks they have deviz'd
to bring us to our doom,
Yet we shall all be Cannoniz'd
among the Saints of *Rome*,
Which does much Ioy and Comfort bring,
that glorious sight to see,
And when we have the Hempen string,
then hey boys up go we.

7 Our Masses they are out of date,
some says we[1] were too bold;
We did run on at such a rate,
which was too hot or cold;[2]
And therefore we are overthrown,
as all may plainly see,
Now when the Gallows claims its own,
then hey boys up go we.

8 To *New-gate* Goal we did repair,
rude Ruffins to Convert,
And shewing of our Christian care,
went with the *Tyburn* Cart;
But little thought to see this day,
a woful Destiny,
For we must pass the self same way,
then hey boys up go we.

9 Now dearest Friends of Holy Church,
we ne'er shall see you more;
Why did you leave us in the lurch,
to pay the good old score?

[1] *Text* we we.

[2] *Or perhaps* to hold (*blurred*).

Our Bodies must become a pledge,
for former Villany,
And when we do ride in the Sledge,
then hey boys up go we.

To sweet St. *Francis* let us pray,
to bring us straight to Glory,
And that we may not lye one day
nor night in Purgatory;
Tho' we with Grief our hands may ring,
under the Treble Tree,
To Heaven we shall in a string,
then hey boys up go we.

Printed for *I. Back*, 1688.

178

England's happiness revived

II, 279, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

According to stanza 3 the ballad was written two months after William of Orange landed, that is, about the middle of January, 1689. Stanza 7 says that on the preceding October 14 (James II's birthday) the sun hid its head,[1] thus being "a forerunner" of the king's deposition. On October 19, when the so-called "papist wind" had ceased, William set sail from Holland, but a gale dispersed his fleet, and drove it back to port. Sailing for the second time on November 1, he landed at Torbay on the fifth. Thereupon the "Romans" had nothing to hope for but a purgatory where Father Petre, Lord Jeffreys, and the pope might prepare a place for them. As Luttrell (II, 301–302) observes, November 5 was celebrated as Gunpowder-plot day, as William III's birthday, as his wedding-day, and as the day on which he landed to free England. Although actually William was born and wedded on November 4, not November 5, the coincidences are sufficiently curious.[2]

For the tune of *The soldiers' departure* see Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 557–559.

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[1] Evelyn notes on that date, "The King's Birthday. . . . The sun eclipsed at its rising." Cf. the notes to No. 126.

[2] His mother, furthermore, was born on November 4, his father died on November 6.

Englands Happiness Reviv'd, OR, A Farwell to Popery.

To the Tune of, *Souldiers Departure.*

1 NOw he in the *West* is Landed,
whom we have expected long,
Tracing Famous *Alexander*,
with an Army stout and strong:
Trumpets sounding, and Drums beating
Bullets flying too and fro,
And the *Romans* still expecting
when to have their Overthrow.

2 Now they must to *Purgatory*,
to be Purged of their Sins,
Father *Petres* shall go before them,
to make room to let them in:
Lord *Jefferys* shall be their *Chancellor*,
to decide their wrongful Cause,
And the *Pope* must grant them Pardon,
for Transgressing this our Laws.

3 No Historian ever Penned
such strange Wonders done before,
Within two Months three Nations Conquer'd,
all that Idols did adore.
Now the Triple Crown is Totter'd,
and is shaking too and fro,
And a Peace falls without Fighting,
like the Walls of *Jerico*.

4 Where's our Beads and Crucifixes?
where's our Holy Waters now?
Will they not free us from Destruction,
to whom so often we did bow?
Where's our Plots and Counter-Ploting
to destroy the Heretick-Sheep,
Where's our Iesuits running trotting,
wond'ring how to escape the Deep.

5 *Orange* is bitter in the tasting,
but for Health is very good,
There had some thousands lain a bleeding,
as the Wise have understood.
Had not the Nobles of our Nation,
on this Cure cast a smile,
And brought *Orange* o're the Ocean,
to be planted in our Isle.

6 And when *Orange* Prince was landed,
with several Lords of high degree,
Then the Nation stood amazed,
wond'ring what the Effect would be;
Then soon their Plot it was discover'd,
when the Game did once begin,
And the Snare for us prepared,
they themselves did fall therein.

7 *Romish* Errors in our Nation,
now of late crept in amain,
And a dark Cloud was like to cover
our true light that still remains.[1]
But on the fourteenth of *October*,
the bright Son did hide its Head,
Which I saw was a fore-runner
of some great ones banished.

8 In the Western Equinoctial,
two Religions stood awhile,
But the Ballance gave distinction,
lest one the other should beguile.
But the one on false foundation,
brought dishonour and disgrace,
And *Babylons* abomination,
must no longer here take place.

Printed in the Year. 1689.

[1] Rhyme requires *remain*.

179

The countryman's prophecy

II, 280, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

A list of impossible and supposedly impossible things is enumerated, with the prophecy that when they occur England will once again accept Roman Catholicism. This list follows the old traditions of English satire. Both Thomas Churchyard's *Davy Dycars Dreame* (1552, reproduced in H. L. Collmann's *Ballads & Broadsides*, No. 19, Roxburghe Club, 1912) and George Gascoigne's *Steel Glass* (1576), for example, make much of impossible *when's*. The ballad was evidently written early in the year 1689.

The tune is named from the refrain of "The Plow-mans Prophesie: Or, The Country-mans Calculation. . . . To the tune of, *Cook Laurel*, or, The Country Miss, &c." (Pepys collection, IV, 297). For the music of *Cook Laurel* see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 160–161.

On the publisher G. I. (or G. J.) see Nos. 159 and 186.

The Countryman's Prophecy,
Plainly setting forth when *Popery* will return into *England* again.

The Tune of, *Covetousness out of England will run.*

1 ALL you that strange Prophecies love for to hear,
Give heed to my words which now I declare;
As the Nose on your face, you'll find it so plain,
When Popery *'ll return into* England *again.*

2 When *Peters* to *Lime-street* again does repair,
And with his vile hands the Bible doth tear,
And 'gainst all our Laws his Treasons maintain,
Then Popery *'ll return*, &c.

3 When the Bald-pated Villains our Nation infest,
That damn all those Church-men won't take off the *Test*,
And to put down our Bishops they use might and main,
Then Popery *'ll return*, &c.

4 When Papists in Eminent Stations are plac'd,
And Protestants all turn'd out with disgrace,
And blood-thirsty *Teagues* our Religion maintain,
Then Popery *'ll return*, &c.

5 When a Nun with a Fryer together lives Chaste,
And thinks it a Sin for to finger her Waste,
And tho' tis not *Lent*, yet from Flesh will abstain,
Then Popery *'ll return*, &c.

6 When the Pope that now sits in Infallible Chair,
To Convert this Nation shall hither repair,
And Protestants seek his favour to gain,
Then Popery *'ll return*, &c.

7 When *Fleet-street* and *Holbourn* affords ne'er a Whore,
And Misers their Money do throw to the Poor;
When their lost Reputations they both shall obtain,
Then Popery *'ll return*, &c.

8 When *Welch-men* no more will eat toasted Cheese,
And Lawyers refuse the taking of Fees;
When Cowards like Hectors their Valours maintain,
Then Popery *'ll return*, &c.

9 When Maidens at fifteen their Sweet-hearts forget,
And when got to twenty don't long for a bit;
And once they are Marry'd desire not to Reign,
Then Popery *'ll return*, &c.

10 When *Christmass* doth fall in the middle of *June*,
And good Musicks made when the Crowds out of tune,
And Ships you see sailing on *Salisbury* Plain,
Then Popery *'ll return*, &c.

11 When Men to each other prove Loveing and kind,
Of several Religions, yet all of a mind,
And always their word they justly retain,
Then Popery *'ll return*, &c.

12 When all these strange things do come to your view,
And every one of them doth prove to be true,
(You 'll find I 'm no Lyar, but a Countryman plain)
Then Popery *'ll return into* England *again*.

FINIS.

Printed for *G. I.*

180

The downfall of popery

II, 282, black letter, three columns, three woodcuts.

The ballad was written soon after the flight of James II and before William of Orange had been proclaimed king — probably about January, 1689. It exults in the downfall of Father Petre and the Jesuits, the demolition of the "mass houses," the discomfiture of the pope, and the restoration of the one true religion — that of the Church of England. All the credit for the change is generously referred to the Prince of Orange.

On the night of December 11 (*The Universal Intelligence*, No. 2, December 11–15, 1688), "there begun a general Riseing amongst the Rable, who not only Demolished the Popish Convent and Chappel of *Monks* at St. *Joneses*, the Convent and Chappel of *Fryers* in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*; the Popish Chappel in *Lime-street* and *Bucklersbury*; But also the Chappels and Residence of the *Florentine*, *Venetian* and *Spannish* Ambassadors. They entered into the Romish Convents and Chappels without Opposition, for all the Moncks, Fryers and Priests were fled. And the Ambassadors having a few minutes before notice of their approach, escaped their Fury. They first Broke into all these places, and whilst some pluck'd down, and threw out all the Goods, Pictures and Furniture out of the Windows, others without and below set them on Fire; this being begun in several places at one time, the whole Town seem'd in a Flame. The *Spanish* Embassador at *Wyld-house* sustain'd the greatest Damage. . . . They also demolish'd the *Popish* Printing House, burnt all his [that is Henry Hills's] Presses and many Reams of Paper and Books." The balladist approved of the results obtained by the mobs, and perhaps of their actions. But other persons found London not improved by William's entry. Sir John Reresby (*Memoirs*, ed. Cartwright, p. 429) thought London was "much changed. The guards and other parts of the army, which both in their persons and gallantry were an ornament to the town, were sent to quarter ten miles off, and the streets were filled with ill-looking and ill-habited Dutch and other strangers of the prince's army."

For the ballad from which the tune was derived see *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 615–617.

A.B. also published Nos. 163 and 174.

The Downfall of POPERY;
OR, The Distressed JESUITS in Flight.

They wring their Hands, because they're sure
their work is all undone,
The smell of Hemp they can't endure,
therefore they strive to run.

To the Tune of, *A New Game at Cards.*

1 THe Pope and his Agents strove of late,
To overthrow both our Church and State;
'Tis true we beheld their base intent,
But for the present could not prevent
The fatal designs which they had laid,
Until the Gallant Prince came to our Aid.

2 The Iesuits they came to our Land,
And labour'd to get the upper hand;
The Clergy of *England* they abus'd,
While they their Mass and Trinkets us'd;
But now they are utterly dismay'd,
Brave Orange *is come unto our Aid.*

3 Pray what can such Religion be,
Which does delight in Massacree?
And shedding of the blood of those,
Who doth not in the least oppose;
Yet they the Land would have betray'd,
Had not the Valiant Prince come to our Aid.

4 They thought our Souldiers they would Fight
In bloody Field, with Armour bright;
For to maintain the *Romans* Cause,
Against our Conscience, Lives, and Laws;
So we might all have been betray'd,
Had not the Valiant Prince come to our Aid.

5 The Lords and chief Nobility,
Who did these Fatal Dangers see,
Resolved not to stand the Field,
Where needless Blood might have been spill'd:
Each Souldier Sheath'd his Massy Blade,
And went in to the Princes Aid.

6 You *Jesuits* and Priests, what can you say,
That to your Beads and false Gods Pray?
We very well do understand,
You liv'd upon the Fat o'th Land;
And yet you would our Lives Invade,
Had not the Valiant Prince come to our Aid.

7 Surely the POPE he is partaker
With some Butcher or Black-Pudding-maker:
He thirsts so after *Protestants* Blood,
That nothing else can do him good:
By Iesuits *we had been betray'd,*
Had not the Valiant Prince come to our Aid.

8 And Old Father *Peters* he was one,
Desir'd to see us Overthrown;
That *Jesuits* they might bear the Sway,
But now they are glad to run away;
To tarry here they are afraid,
Because our gallant Prince came to our Aid.

9 The Mass-Houses in City and Town,
Are some demolish'd, and some pull'd down:
Was ever *Jesuits* so Cross'd!
Their Charge and Labour all is lost:
The Young-men they much Havock made,
When the gallant Prince came to our Aid.

10 Their Wooden Images they Burn'd,
And Crosses they to Ashes turn'd;
They vow'd to have no Masses more,
But would pull down the Scarlet Whore:
So shall we all be Happy made,
Our Gallant Prince he still will be our Aid.

FINIS.

Printed for *A. B.*

181

The Protestants' jubilee

II, 285, roman and italic type, three columns, one woodcut, stanzas numbered in large roman numerals.

The ballad was written in January, 1689, shortly after the Prince of Orange entered London but before he was proclaimed king. It is a song of triumph on the popish defeat, especially exulting in the downfall of Father Petre, Lord Jeffreys, Father Andrew Poulton, or Pulton (who is miscalled Poultney), master of the Jesuit college in the Strand, and "the rest of that crew." The pope has withdrawn his nuncio, Father d'Adda, England is now safely Protestant, and all that remains to be done is for good people to support the prince.

For the tune, which is equivalent to *Why are my eyes still flowing*, see No. 188.

H. Wallis, the printer, is not mentioned in Plomer's dictionaries of printers.

The Protestant's Jubile:
OR, A Farewel to Popery. Being an Excellent Cordial to Chear a *Protestant's* Heart: Made of the Juice of an *Orange*.

To the Tune of, *The Touch of the Times.*

1 *ENgland* rejoyce, thy Succour is come,
To rescue thee from the power of *Rome:*
See how his Foes before him do fall;
He draws no Sword, yet conquereth all:
Heaven protects him, and guideth his hand,
Behold with what Zeal he for us does stand!
He ventures his Fortune, and much doth endure,
To keep our Kingdom in peace and Secure.

2 No Man can withstand him, his power is great;
Heaven hath sent him to settle our State:
His Intentions are just; he does not intend,
[To][1] spoil our Goods, but Religion defend.
See how the *Pope* lears and hangs down his Head;
He looks as sad as a Man that's half dead:
He curses his Fate, since his projects did fail,
And lears like a Dogg that has burn'd his Tail.

3 He'll punish our Foes for their underhand Tricks;
The *Cross* must be burned with the *Crucifix:*
Their *Saints* cannot save them; the *Virgin*'s unkind,
Saint *Coleman*[2] is hang'd, and the *Devil* is blind;
The *Pope* is of late grown Dogg out of Doors;
Old *Petres* is scamper'd to *France* with his *Whores;*
But *Poultney* is caught, with the rest of that Crew,
And *Newgate* and *Tyburn* does claim them as due.

4 Brave *Orange* an Army brought over the Seas,
To rout all the Papists, and set us at ease:
He loved us so, that to end our Strife,
He ventured Fortune, nay, hazarded Life.

[1] Dropped out. [2] See the notes to No. 256.

If he had not come, we had all been undone,
Our Nation with *Popery* was over-run:
Our Laws had been lost, our Religion run down;
The Priests would have rul'd both *Mitre* and *Crown*.

5 Let *Papists* pine, and *Jesuits* frown;
Their Religion, and Ambition, are together pull'd down:
We fear not their Fury, and hope for the day,
To see the brave *Orange* (in Justice) bear sway:
And let all his Foes admiring stand,
To see the great Force of's invincible hand:
He has *Heaven* to guard him, and strengthen his *Arm*,
That all the Pope's power can do him no harm.

6 The dreaming old *Chancellor*, with his great *Purse*,
Is in a bad case, and fears 'twill be worse.
He dreameth of nothing but *Gallows* and *Rope*,
Which he has deserv'd, and will have it we hope.
All People do hate him, in *Country* and *Town*,
There's no Man does value old *Jeffrey*'s Frown.
He always unjustly did deal in his Cause;
And to let in *Popery* dispenc'd with our *Laws*.

7 The Smell of the *Orange* offendeth the pope,
And will send him, e're long, to *Satan*, we hope.
France, the good *Orange* full sowre will find;
The Juice may stand by, he'll [1] choak'd with the rind.
The *Nuntio*, who us'd the best of his Skill,
And thought himself safe as a *Thief* in a *Mill*,
Is now forc'd to scamper (in private) away,
For he'd have been hang'd had he ventur'd to stay.

8 Then let us defend the brave *Orange*'s *Cause;*
He came to restore our Religion and Laws.
We neither for *Pope* nor *Papists* will care;
And as for the *French*, let them come if they dare.

[1] *Read* he'll be.

Let *Orange* live long, and conquer his Foes,
To make us all happy; and vanquish all those,
That hate our Religion, and bow to a Stock;
And make 'em to bow, to an Ax and a Block.

Printed by *H. Wallis* in *White-Friers.*

182

A new song in praise of the west of England

II, 291, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts, slightly torn.

The West had suffered terribly as a result of Monmouth's rebellion and the Bloody Assizes of Lord Jeffreys. T. R.'s song praises that section of England, assures it that Prince William will remove all its grievances, and launches into a tirade against Jeffreys, who was then a close prisoner in the Tower, and who, the balladist hopes, will be tortured as he tortured his victims. Evidently our poet wrote in January or February, 1689, before William had been proclaimed. For William he professes great admiration, predicting that under his government trade will revive and Englishmen become as famous for military prowess as was Thomas Stucley (cf. No. 176).

The first tune is obviously equivalent to *The Prince of Orange his delight*, for which see Nos. 173 and 183; the second is named from "Cupid's Trappan: Or, Up the Green Forest. To a pleasant new tune" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 359–360), and is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 555–557.

The publisher T. R. cannot be confidently identified. His initials appear also on Nos. 220 and 245.

A NEW SONG
Made in the Praise of the West of England.

To the Tune of, *The Protestant Prince;* or, *Vp the green Forrest.*

1 UNto *West-Country* men
These few lines I do pen,
[I]n [1] whose praise we will merrily sing,
For your late Battel fought
Hath you great honour brought,
[A]nd [1] made your name famously ring.

2 Then ye *Monmouth* brave boys,
who was rob'd of your joys,
[A]nd [1] as Rebels and Traytors since stood,
Who in young *Jemmys* cause,
And the rights of good laws,
[V]entur'd [1] fortunes with great loss of blood.

3 Altho' *Monmouth* was gone,
And had left you alone,
Now an *Orange* did bravely advance,
Who will stick close to you
To confound the old Crew,
And learn them a new Iigg to dance.

4 For your old plague and grudge,
Who once was your Iudge,
Is close prisoner now in the *Tower;*
And when Parliament sit,
He shall have a permit,
Vnder *Tyburn* to swing a long hour.

5 FIrst let *Titus Oates*,
By all wishes and Votes,
Be on Horseback with whip most compleat
For to shew him a dance
That shall make him to prance
[A]long [2] *Leadenhall-street* to *Newgate*.

[1] Trimmed off. [2] Torn.

6 And this being done,
The next day let him run
For inventing his new-fashion'd Rear,
From *Newgate* all along
In the midst of the throng,
Till he comes to the three-legged Mare.

7 For 'tis pitty, say I,
By the Ax he should die,
But his Lordship I hope you will torture,
Cause to brave *London* still
He hath shewn his good will,
In his taking away their old Charter.

8 Then rejoice you brave *West*,
From *North* unto *East*,
From whose Country he hath wrought such a change;
Now your Honour doth sound,
And your fame doth abound
with your prayers for the Prince of *Orange*.

9 Whose Delivery great,
Both in Church and in State
From blind Popery hath set us all free;
For it was Gods own will
Little blood for to spill,
Let his Name for ever sanctified be.

10 Now let all men adore
This brave Prince that came o'er
To preserve Penal Laws and the Test,
With brave silver and gold
As ever was told,
To make good our old breach in the *West*.

11 For our great God above,
Out of mercy and love,
Hath wrought us this Miracle strange;
Who in due time hath sent
By his own instrument
His great Highness the Prince of *Orange*.

12 Now with one accord
Return thanks to the Lord,
Be stedfast in mind, never change,
For *Peter*'s Renown
Is quite tumbled down,
By his Highness the Prince of *Orange*.

13 As our trade does abound,
So our fame shall be crown'd,
like brave *Stuckly* that Clothworkers son;
For had we not stood to't
With our brave Horse and Foot,
Three Kingdoms had quite been undonne.

14 So to end this my Song,
I do no body wrong,
Then let *West-country* Protestants all
Drink round a sound touch
To this brave Prince & Dutch,
Who redeem'd us from slavery and thrall.

15 Then fill up the Cup,
And let's drink it all up,
And the Papishes now we will swing,
While *Tyburn* to their shame
Is playing the old Game,
God bless the King & the Prince of *Orange*.

Printed for *T. R.*

183

A new song

II, 293, roman and italic type, three columns, one woodcut, stanzas numbered in large roman numerals.

Richard Rigby, the rhyming shoemaker, is the author also of Nos. 219, 407, 452. Here he has penned a "Protestant song" of loyalty to William and of scorn for the Earl of Tyrconnel (whom he mistakenly says has been captured) and the Irish rebels, borrowing in the process from No. 173. Since William is referred to only as "the prince," it is certain that 1689 in the colophon was a new-style date, and that John Wallis printed the song in January or early in February.

For the tune see No. 173.

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of, *The Prince of Orange's Delight.*

1 COme *London* Boys all, and listen to me,
And the Papists now we will Convince,
Then let the Bells Ring, while we merrily Sing,
For to welcome the Protestant Prince.

2 Let the Bonefires Burn, the Papists all turn,
And their Wooden Gods all be pull'd down,
Let the Churches all flourish, the Gospel to nourish,
With great Joy to the Princes Renown.

3 Then you *Irishmen* all, in Country and Town,
Repent for the time that is past,
For *Tyrconnel* is taken, and his Laws are forsaken,
And your Roguery is found out now at last.

4 But let me advise you the best way I can,
As I stand near Related to you;
Your old Coats for to turn, & your Altars to burn,
And to hang up your Jesuit Crew.

5 For your downfall is come, and you shall receive Doom
For we Protestants now do advance;
And our brave Prince and we, will unite & agree
For to drive *Lewis* King, out of *France.*

6 Let Shoomakers all pack up Knives and heel-Awl,
For to joyn to an Universe Sum;
Let's charge and let's prime, for we hope in Gods time
For to give the Deaths Wound unto *Rome.*

7 But first let the Glory and Praise be to God,
Who hath wrought such a Miracle great;
Their Delusions to spoil, and their Plots all beguile,
Then rejoyce both in Church and in State.

8 And now to the Instrument of this great work,
Which the like was ne're before, nor since;
Let's drink his Health round, with our knees to the ground
For to wellcome this Protestant Prince.

9 And now to Conclude this my Protestant Song,
Pray remember these Verses of mine;
For Popery is pull'd down, both in Country and Town
And the Gospel in Splendour shall shine.

10 With Peace, Mirth, and Plenty our Land will abound
And the Papists they all must go hence;
For search the World round, there will scarcely be found
Such another brave Protestant Prince.

11 If any one questions who made these few Lines?
'Tis my self, if I may you convince;
Then let's merry be, and I'le drink unto thee,
A good Health to this Protestant Prince.

12 Then fill up the Glass, about let it pass,
All our sorrows in Wine we will drown;
Here is a good Health to that Commonwealth
Whose Prince is come lately to Town.

Written by *Richard Rigby*, Shoomaker.

London: Printed and Sold by *John Wallis*, in *White Fryers*, 1689.

184

The rambling Roman Catholic

II, 295, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

The "rambling Roman Catholic," one of Count d'Adda the papal nuncio's men, relates that after the birth of the Prince of Wales on June 10, 1688, he was sent to announce the glad tidings to the pope, who in great joy presented him with a consecrated spoon and other toys for the baby. Returning to England in December, he found that "Jemmico" with others of the royal family had fled and that the Jesuits were confined in Newgate; whereupon in disgust he threw away his beads and turned Protestant. Such a ballad shows a strange misconception of the loyalty and endurance of the Jesuits. It was written about January, 1689.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 345–347.

The Rambling Roman Catholick: OR, THE Surpriz'd PAPIST Turn'd PROTESTANT.

To the Tune of *A Begging we will go.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 I Am a *Roman* Catholick,
whom Protestants doth scorn,
And I was sent from hence to *Rome*,
when pretty Prince was Born,
Indeed to tell his Holiness the News,
and how the whole Plot was laid.

2 I was one of the Nuncio's Men,
therefore most fit to goe;
I had a great desire then,
to kiss the Pope's great Toe,
Likewise to tell his Holiness the News,
and how the Intreague went on.

3 I told him Father *Peters*,
that Precious Saint indeed,
With all his other Creatures
did gallantly proceed,
And now the *Romish* Work goes fairly on,
the Game will be soon our own.

4 The Pope he turned his head and smil'd,
then blest the Tenth of *June:*
Likewise by me he sent the Child
a Consecrated Spoon,
With many other pretty little Toys
and Coral to rub his Gums.

5 I took the Benediction
of the great Pope of *Rome:*
But coming to Great *Britain*,
most dismall was our Doom;
For why, his Highness he was fled away,
and good Father *Peters* too.

6 My heart was fill'd with fear and dread,
when coming to *White-Hall;*
Therefore without delay I did
for Father *Peters* call,
But strait they told me he was run away,
I, and all the Friars too.

7 Then being very zealous
I search'd the Court all round,
Expecting to have gone to Mass,
but the Dee'l a Mass I found;
The Doors I see was lock'd and barr'd up strong,
at which I stood amaz'd.

8 I straitways did retire
unto St. *James*'s, where
I could not find a Friar
to Thatch a Gallows there,
No, no, I found they all was fled away,
and others in their Room.

9 I asked for the Nuncio,
some said, I was too bold:
Said I, There's no more hurt in him
than a Dee'l of Two year old;
For a precious Saint I'm sure he was indeed,
well fed and bred at *Rome.*

10 I found the Doors all lock'd up fast,
when to *Lime-street* I went,
Quoth I, What are they run away
'cause they could not pay their Rent?
I wondred in my Heart what was the Cause,
that all the Crew was gone.

11 A Young-man standing by me,
in friendly sort he said,
In *Newgate* the poor Iesuites
were forc'd to hide their head,
And some likewise are run away to *France*,
they have no Trading here.

12 I hearing then what he did say,
and e'ery Word did note;
Thought I, there is no other way,
but strait to Turn my Coat,
I'll throw my Beads and Crucifix away,
and be a Protestant.

13 For why, I was the same before,
yet turn'd for private Gain,
And did *Rome*'s Priests and Mass adore,
while *Jemmico* did Reign,
But now good Faith I do defie them all,
the Cause goes clearly down.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

185

Popery routed

II, 296, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts. Other copy: Bodleian, Wood 417 (170), which has two columns, roman and italic type, no woodcuts. Wood dates the ballad "Janu. 1688."

Written shortly after the Prince of Orange entered London (that is, probably in January), the ballad exults over the downfall and flight of James II's confessor, Petre, and his fellow-Jesuits, as well as over the imprisonment of Lord Jeffreys (cf. Nos. 232–237); and, among other things, repeats the lying tale of the Prince of Wales's being a supposititious child.

For the tune see No. 121.

POPERY[1] Routed:
OR, Father *Petres*'s Farewel to *London* City:

To the Tune of, *Hark how the Thundring Cannons Roar.*

1 SEe how the *Romish* Whore goes down,
Posting whole-sale out of Town,
'Cause her Fate does shrewdly Frown,
and Cross her Inclinations:[2]
Father *Petres*, and his Crew
Of *Jesuits*, *Monks*, and *Fryars* too,
Must now pack up, and bid adieu
to *London*'s Corporation.

2 Pox on all their Perjur'd Oaths,
Which a Zealous Church-man loaths,
Are they not Woolves in Sheeps Cloaths,
that Lurk in e'ry Station,
To Trappan the Innocent,
And hatch a Hellish Discontent:
Let us then with one consent,
dismiss them from our Nation.

[1] *Text* Ropery. [2] *Read* Inclination (*as in Wood's copy*).

3 When I saw them first grow Bold,
I thought the Proverb true of old,
That they ran too fast to hold,
their damn'd Insinuation,
Now their prime Dispensing Pow'r,
Lies a-bleeding in the Tow'r,
Cursing of the Fatal Hour
of his first Procreation.

4 Now that Wizard knows full well,
Himself to be a Bird of Hell,
Inhumanely thus to Rebel
against his Habitation:
But e're this Hypocrite shall pass,
We'll bring his Crimes for Looking-Glass,
To see himself the meerest Ass
of all the Worlds Creation.

5 Welcome was brave *Orange* here,
As it plainly doth appear,
Who deliver'd us from Fear
of Popish Vsurpation;
Who when we were in great Surprize,
Preserv'd us from our Enemies,
And all the damn'd Conspiracies,
of *Rome*'s Assassination.

6 Was there such a Trick e're seen,
As hath lately acted been,
By their Fathers, and the Q——n,
to gull our English Nation?
But their jugling up that Brat,
From we know not who nor what,
Will be prov'd; nay, worse than that
of *Transubstantiation.*

7 *Monsieur*[1] now had best take heed,
For his Expeditious speed,
In Helping us, e're we had need
Of his Dissimulation;

[1] Louis XIV.

Least in Requital of his Care,
We send his Knives, and some to spare,
And bring *Le Bougra*[1] in for share
of's Cursed Assignation.

8 Well, I'll say no more; but see
(True *Protestants* where e're you be)
You come not near such Villany,
nor grand Equivocation;
E're long I hope our Parliament,
Will rid that Superstitious Scent
From us, that we may rest Content,
each in his proper Station.

Printed in the Year 1689.

[1] Louis XIV.

186

The seamen's and soldiers' courageous resolution

11, 321, black letter, three columns, four woodcuts.

The seamen and soldiers here express their gratitude and loyalty to the Prince of Orange, declaring that they'll fight with him up to their knees in blood to defeat the Irish rebels and Louis XIV. They speak contemptuously of Father Petre but entirely ignore James II, his wife, and his "pretended" son. The ballad was probably written about January, 1689.

On the tune see No. 121.

G. I., the publisher also of Nos. 159 and 179, is not mentioned in Plomer's *Dictionary of Printers*, 1668–1725.

The Seamen and Souldiers Couragious Resolution to stand by the *P.* of *Orange*.

Tune of, *Hark! the thundring Canons rore.*

1 COme brave Boys of great Renown,
let not your Courage be cast down,
Though Canons rore and Trumpets sound,
and Drums and Pikes do rattle:
There's not a man with courage bold
But now may get good store of Gold,
Our Enemies we'l so controul,
and bravely give them Battel.

2 Since *Orange* doth us not neglect,
On our part shall be no defect,
But that our Country we'll protect
'gainst any Foreign Nation.
The *French* we value not one jot,
Nor *Irish Teague* that silly Sot,
But both of them shall go to pot,
whene'er we do engage um.

3 Twas never known an English-man,
Either by Sea or yet by Land,
But valiantly his Post did stand,
and danger never feared:
Whenever that our Cause is good,
We'l fight up to the Knees in blood,
Our Courage cannot be withstood,
nor by our Foes be scared.

4 Weigh Anchor, then let's sail away,
Time and Tide admits no stay;
I care not if I were this day
in *France* but safely landed:
The *French* King then we'd make to scut,
VVorse than when his Arse was cut,
That he ne'r more shall go to Rut,
by us he'l be so branded.

5 There's not a Souldier in the Land,
Nor Seaman, as I understand,
But cheerfully would lend a hand,
to bring that Monarch under;
Of late so insolent he's grown,
The Protestants he does disown,
And act a Tyrants part 'tis known,
his malice doth so thunder.

6 Though Father *Peters* there is safe,
And in his sleeve now seems to laugh,
A bitter Cup we'll make him quaff,
than e'er he did at the Altar:
The Villain run away for fear,
For if he had staid longer here,
I can but think how he would swear;
his Head being in a Halter.

7 Now let us all with one consent
Thank God that hath a Prince us sent,
As under Him an Instrument
to be our chief Director:
And let a flowing Bowl go round
VVhilst we are still on English ground,
Our Enemies for to confound,
he'l still be our Protector.

London, Printed for *G. I.*

187

The civil orange

v, 126, roman and black letter, two columns, stanzas numbered. Other copy: Bodleian, Wood 417 (180).

William of Orange ordered the parliamentary convention to meet at Westminster on January 22, 1689. Shortly before that date, one would judge (although Wood dated his copy "in the beg. of Feb. 1688"), the ballad was written. Its author was uncertain about what the convention would do; he did not even feel sure that the prince would be made king; but he was convinced that the days of popery were at an end, and that the combined forces of the Dutch and English would put to rout the armies of Tyrconnel in Ireland and Louis in France.

For the tune, which is named from the first line of "Love's Conquest," see No. 113.

THE Civil ORANGE:

OR, THE United Hearts of England. Being the Courageous Protestant *Boys* Resolutions against the Enemies of the Church and State,

To the Tune of, *Now, now the Fight's done.*

1 NOw now all our doubts and our troubles are clear'd,
And every Protestants Heart may be cheer'd;
For here is brave *Orange* that Sail'd o're the Seas,
Which gives to all Souls in the Nation much ease,
He venter'd his Life in this Nations defence,
Oh still let us prize this true Protestant Prince.

2 The Glory of *Brittain* begins to appear,
And Protestants may be releas'd from all fear;
The *Romans* we now do resolve to run down,
We fear not their Malice, altho' they may frown;
An Army we have that will drive them from hence,
And bravely fight under a Protestant Prince.

3 What danger did seem for to threaten this Land,
While *Rome* and her Agents contending did stand?
They reckon'd that Protestants must be subdu'd,
But they shall no longer this Nation delude,
Our thund'ring Cannons shall Papists convince,
While here we fight under a Protestant Prince.

4 Let every Soul lay his hand on his Heart,
And rather with Life, nay, and all Riches part,
Then once to appear in a Cowardly strain,
Since such a brave Hero sail'd over the main,
Let's stand by his side in the Nations defence,
For he's a most noble brave Protestant Prince.

5 It is not *Tyrconnel*, nor each Popish Slave,
That e're shall be able this Land to out-brave;
Should it be our Fortune with them to engage,
They shan't live to tell what was done in this Age:

Our Noble Commanders are Persons of Sence,
And we'll all fight under this Protestant Prince.

6 We know if they could but a full Conquest make,
We certainly soon should be brought to the Stake;
According to what they have done heretofore,
They dearly thirst after true Protestants Gore;
But now having Power to drive them from hence,
We'll make them all quake at a Protestant Prince.

7 If need should require an absolute aid,
There's hundreds and thousands of every Trade,
That freely would leave all their Callings to fight,
With Courage to maintain the Protestants right,
And drive all the Treacherous Enemies hence,
So long as we have a true Protestant Prince.

8 Some Persons of late they did strive with the stream
And meerly led on by a fair Golden Dream,
And never consider what might be their Doom,
By acting so much for the Agents of *Rome;*
Oh! how they reflect on their former Offence,
And tremble at seeing a Protestant Prince.

9 Brave *Orange* he does a Free Parliament call,
In order to give satisfaction to all.
That while great Concerns they do fairly Debate,
Great *Brittain* may flourish both in Church and State,
And Popery utterly hurry'd from hence,
Since we do enjoy a true Protestant Prince.

10 All Protestant Souls will together Unite,
And like Noble Hero's will valliantly fight,
Before we will unto our Enemies yield,
We all are resolved to dye in the Field;
Our Courage is able the World to Convince,
We'll fight by the side of a Protestant Prince.

Great *Brittain* and *Hollands* each flourishing Fleet,
As soon as they're fitted and perfect compleat,
Will Challenge our Foes to fight on the Main,
Shou'd *France* have the mighty Armado of *Spain:*
The Noise of our Canons shall send them from hence,
And show them the strength of a Protestant Prince.

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Back, 1689.*

188

Great Britain's glory

II, 258, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

The convention, which afterwards became a regular Parliament, was summoned by William of Orange in December, and assembled on January 22, 1689. The ballad-writer celebrates the freedom of that body, — which took the name Parliament on February 23, — contrasting its acts and those of the Prince of Orange with the tyranny of James II's government. He writes, of course, from a partisan religious point of view, but expresses the feeling of most of his fellows well enough.

The tune — as the title and movement of Nos. 189 and 190 prove — is identical, or at least interchangeable, with *Why are my eyes still flowing*. It is used also for Nos. 157, 181, 202, 225, 231, 252, 277, 283, 292, 354, and so on.

I. D., the printer, was probably John Deacon.

Great Brittains GLORY,
OR, The Protestants Confidence in a Free Parliament.

How many Evils did attend
this drooping Land of late;
To which I hope they'l put an end,
and settle Church and State.

The Tune is, *Touch of the Times*, &c.

1 LEt all Honest Protestants merrily sing,
For to your great comfort, glad tydings I bring,
To cheer up the Spirits of every Soul,
Who did on the Sorrows of *Brittain* condole;
The brave Prince of *Orange* is come to subdue
The Fryers, and all the whole Iesuit Crew,
And Crown the whole Nation with perfect Content,
In having the choice of a free Parliament.

2 Sound Men of undoubted Integrity,
Will use their endeavour the Nation to free,
From that slavish Yoke which we justly did fear,
Which *Rome* wou'd have lain upon Protestants here,
But having a Valliant and Renowned Prince,
Who venters his Life in the Kingdoms defence;
Then let's be united in Love and Content,
And we shall be blest in this free Parliament.

3 Some Time-serving Persons were trusted of late,
With more than was reason in matters of State,
As being Ambitious of Fame and Renown,
They strove for to trample our Liberties down;
Yet while they did exercise this insolence,
We did not dare speak in our own just defence;
But now to our Comfort and perfect Content,
We hope to [*be*][1] *blest in the free Parliament.*

4 The Iesuits thought it would never be day,
While here they did bear such an absolute sway;
They frown'd on the Protestants, cursing the Test,[2]
But now at the last comes the cream of the Iest,
Brave *Orange* he brought in an Army and Fleet,
Which made the poor Iesuits forc'd to retreat,
And some that are taken to Prison are sent,
And trembles for fear of a free Parliament.

5 Our Charters was taken away when they pleas'd,
And the Learned Bishops unworthily seiz'd,
And hurried to Prison like Criminals then,
But God in his Mercy restor'd them again;
Now those that for Honour the Laws over-rul'd,
In process of time will be plaguely School'd;
Alas! it will then be too late to repent,
We being all bless'd with a free Parliament.

6 All places of Trust was committed to those,
Who then was the Churches implacable Foes,
And daily they acted contrary to Law,
To keep the poor Protestants always in Awe,

[1] Omitted. [2] The Test Act of 1673.

But Heaven was pleased in mercy to send,
A brave Prince of *Orange* to be our good Friend,
Then let us receive him with Ioy and Content,
And we shall be blest with a free Parliament.

7 This vast undertaking may Chronicl'd be,
If that we consider it in each degree,
He came to this Nation for Protestants good,
And Conquer'd without the effusion of Blood;
A thing never known in all ages before,
But God would in mercy his People restore;
Then let us endeavour of sin to repent,
And we may be blest in a free Parliament.

8 The French King in wrath he does threaten us still,
And if such a Tyrant might have his will,
The Protestants he would soon Sacrifice,
By bloody strange tortures which he wou'd devize;
Then let us all pray the Lord may be our guide,
Then *Brittain* may pull down this Tyrants great pride,
And *England* may flourish with Ioy and Content,
And blest in the choice of a free Parliament.

9 Since the Prince of *Orange* is come to our aid,
We hope soon to flourish and have a good Trade;
Let us be united like true Christians all,
And then our Enemies hopes will be small;
There's none but Divisions that ever can wrong
These Protestant Nations, to which we belong;
Let's all be united in Love, by Consent,
Then shall we be blest in a free Parliament.

10 The *Papists* now wishes they may not agree,
They always desire distraction to see;
But being all Protestant Members, ne'er doubt,
But they will be careful here how they fall out;
Let Heavenly blessings fall down like a Dew,
Vpon the great Prince, and the Parliament too,
And we may enjoy here Peace, Love, and Content,
And blest in the Protestant free Parliament.

Printed for *I. D.*

189

A new touch of the times

IV, 316, black letter, three columns, three woodcuts. Other copy: Wood E. 25 (111), a different edition, printed for C. D. and dated in manuscript "Jan. 1688" (old style).

The convention-parliament met on January 22, 1689. It promises, declares the ballad, to abate all grievances, even to restore trade. Furthermore, it means the absolute ruin of the Jesuits and other Roman Catholics, as well as of Lord Jeffreys (stanza 6). In several stanzas reference is made to the Bloody Assizes of 1685 and to the belief that the Duke of Monmouth had not been executed but was still alive in 1689. Macaulay (I, 629) remarks: "Such was the devotion of the people to their unhappy favourite that, in the face of the strongest evidence by which the fact of a death was ever verified, many continued to cherish a hope that he was still living, and that he would again appear in arms. A person, it was said, who was remarkably like Monmouth, had sacrificed himself to save the Protestant hero. The vulgar long continued, at every important crisis, to whisper that the time was at hand, and that King Monmouth would soon show himself. In 1686, a knave who had pretended to be the Duke, and had levied contributions in several villages of Wiltshire, was apprehended, and whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. In 1698, when England had long enjoyed constitutional freedom under a new dynasty, the son of an innkeeper passed himself on the yeomanry of Sussex as their beloved Monmouth, and defrauded many who were by no means of the lowest class."[1] See also No. 190.

T. F., the publisher, was possibly Thomas Fabian or Thomas Fox.

The music for *Why are my eyes still flowing*, as given in *Wit and*

[1] *Publick Occurrences Truly Stated*, No. 13, May 15, 1688, observes that "the Ghost of the late Duke of *M.* still haunts some People's heads," and gives illustrations of the belief they had that Monmouth would soon appear with a large army. The same paper for July 10 (No. 21) tells of a Lincolnshire man who "for reporting that the *late Duke* of *Monmouth* was alive, and would shortly be in *England*" was fined a noble, condemned to stand in the pillory, and whipped through the town.

Mirth, 1700, p. 200 (1707, 1712, II, 200; 1719, II, 198–199), does not seem to agree with the movement of this ballad, although in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 507–510, IV, 404–407, VI, 349–350, 535–536, the tune is used for stanzas with nearly the same movement as that of No. 189. It appears to be interchangeable with *A touch of the times*, on which see No. 188.

A New Touch of the Times,
OR, *The Nation's*[1] *Consent, For a* Free Parliament.

To the Tune of, *Why are my Eyes still flowing.*

1 LEt true-hearted *Protestants*[2] with me rejoyce,
And set forth our Mirth in a laudable voice;
Since *Popery* out of this Nation we clear,
And have none but honest true *Protestants* here;
And therefore the Prince calls a Free Parliament,
In order to Crown this great land with Content;
And heal all the Breeches that long has been made,
Then, then we may hope for a Flourishing Trade.

2 The *Papists* has been a sad Stich in our side,
But now we will down with their insolent Pride;
And then we shall see a most rare Golden Age,
When we of all *Jesuits* have clear'd the Stage:
For they have such turbulent Spirits we know,
That nothing pleas'd them but the lands overthrow
They 'r catch'd in the Snare which for others they laid
And now we may hope for a Flourishing Trade.

3 We see that the Lords and Nobility,
Likewise the Gentry of e'ry Degree;
In one joynt consent they resolved to stand,
To preserve the Church and the Laws of the Land;
Which some evil Persons did strive to run down,
All places of Trust both in City and Town
The *Papishes* serv'd in, our Laws to Invade,
And that was the absolute Ruine of Trade.

4 Before this great Prince came our Rights to maintain
Alas! we had reason enough to Complain:
The *Romans* were coming to that height of Pride,
That who would not turn, at a Stake must have dy'd
Nay, Bridles and Grid-Irons, as some people say,
They then had provided, our lives to betray;[3]
But now they 'r confounded and left in the lurch,
And Heaven preserv'd the true *Protestant* Church.

[1] Text *Naton's.* [2] Text *Protestans.* [3] See No. 190, stanza 5.

5 Some Turbulent Spirits were never at rest,
But still they endeavour'd to take of the *Test:*
How often together their Noddles was laid,
To break all the Laws which wise *Parliaments* made
And Papers was Printed the land to Convince;
But then at the last comes a *Protestant* Prince,
Then straightways their Glory did blast and decay,
And some they were forced to scowre away.

6 I likewise remembred a Person of late,
Who bore a great sway then in matters of State,
He hung up poor ignorant men in the *West*,
And therefore I reckon amongst all the rest,
He must give account here for e'ry offence
Before he will ever have leave to go hence:
And as for brave *Monmouth*, I [1] say he is dead,
But others is come now to look for his Head.

7 How many poor men in the *West* lost their lives,
And left thier poor Fatherless Children and Wives;
No manner of pitty, alas! did they show,
But did what they cou'd to prove their overthrow:
That sharp bloody Sence [2] will not soon be forgot,
It was a meer *Papist* and *Jesuit* Plot;
And valiant brave *Monmouth* I [1] say he is dead,
But others is come now to look for his Head.

8 As soon as brave *Monmouth* was put to the [Rout,] [3]
The Bald-pated Fryars they were so Devou[t,] [3]
That they sung their Masses, an old Antick Song,
With Crossing and telling their Beads o're ding dong:
But now they will sing in a contrayry Tone,
When under old *Tyburn* they make their sad moan,
To think of that Souldier whose Breeches was Red,[4]
And some comes to London *to look for his Head.*

9 Let us but consider the *Jesuit* breed,
You'll find they're far better to Hang than to Feed;
And therefore at present some must lye in Iayl,
We won't take St. *Patrick* to be their Bayl;

[1] *Wood's copy has* they. [2] *Read* Scene. [3] Torn. [4] See No. 190, stanza 10.

And therefore they now must submit to hard Fate,
For Triumphing over brave *Monmouth* of late,
VVho some say is Living, and others he's Dead,
So some's come to London *to look for his Head.*

FINIS.

Printed for, *T. F.*

190

A new touch of the times

v, 106, roman and black-letter type, two columns, stanzas numbered in arabic numerals enclosed in parentheses.

The ballad (which has the same title as No. 189) was written about January 22, 1689, — after the king and queen ("Lady Mary") and Father Petre had fled to France, — ostensibly to celebrate the free convention sponsored by William of Orange. Accordingly, it praises the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Delamere (cf. No. 176), Prince George of Denmark (husband of Princess Anne), the Duke of Grafton (cf. No. 152), and the Archbishop of Canterbury for supporting the prince. Forde Grey, Earl of Tankerville, who commanded Monmouth's horse at Sedgemoor, comes in for much abuse. Among the adherents of James II here attacked are Lord Dover, former privy councilor; Lord Jeffreys, the lord chancellor; Father Alban Francis, missioner in Cambridgeshire (on whom see Luttrell, I, 395, 396, II, 189, 258, 315); and (in stanza 9) John Daniel and John Stafford. All these villains, the ballad predicts, will receive from Jack Ketch, the hangman, a reward of hempen strings. One of the most interesting things in the ballad is its reference to Monmouth, who according to popular belief (see No. 189) had not, as was alleged, been executed.

The reference to Daniel [1] and Stafford is so obscure, and is so completely ignored by the historians, that I shall explain it by reprinting the following folio sheet:

A Copy of a LETTER out of the Country to one in London, *discovering a Conspiracy of the* Roman Catholicks *at St.* Edmuds-bury [*sic*] *in* Suffolk.

Braintrey, Nov. 30, 1688.

Loving Brother,

AS you are full of Commotions in *London*, so are we here with us: For on *Tuesday* Night last, it pleased God to discover in *Bury* an horrid Popish Plot, for the burning, blowing up, and destroying of that Town: The Train was laid twice the length of your Alley (which is about thirty yards.) The Inhabitants are now up in Arms, though they had resistance made them by the

[1] Possibly this Daniel was the seditious pamphleteer for whose arrest a warrant was issued on April 5, 1690 (*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, 1689–1690, p. 542).

Papists; and in searching their Houses, three Protestants were killed, and nine wounded.

At *Sudbury*, about twelve Miles from us, three or four hundred of the Inhabitants have armed themselves in their own Defence, and have searched several Papists Houses: What will be the Effect of these things, God only knows.

The inclosed is a true Copy of a Letter sent from one Papist to another, and was found in one of their Houses in *Bury*.

The Letter inclosed.

Aston, Nov. 26. 1688.

Sir, *These are to desire you to be very careful and speedy in getting all things ready, and let nothing be wanting for it: We are fearful that the Hereticks will have their Work done at once: Our Lady* Mary *hath made Intercession*[1] *with God to suffer this work to go on, if we be not betrayed, your Town being publick, and so many eyes about; therefore I pray you be careful, and encourage all our Friends in this great and meritorious Work, that they provide for this great and fatal Blow; and I shall ever remain,*

Your faithful Friend to serve you,

To Mr. *John Stafford*,
Mercer in *Bury*.

John Daniel.

For the tune see No. 189.

J. H. may have been John Hancock, Jr., John Harding, or John Hare (or Hair); but the initials are too common to be identified.

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[1] See stanza 9, line 7.

A New Touch of the Times.
OR, The Nations Consent, For a Free Parliament.

To the Tune of, *Why are my Eyes still flowing?*

1 REjoyce, rejoyce all ye brave English Hearts,
Since Popery from our Nation must depart,[1]
For the Prince will have a *Free Parliament*,
And they bravely will settle our Government:
Then let every honest true-hearted man,
Do their endeavour as near as they can,
For to uphold the Prince in the way of Right,
Against the Pope and their Jesuits spight.

2 I hope that brave Trading hereafter we shall see,
And plenty of work for the poor there will be;
For a harder time never was in any mans age,
Since the Pope and the Jesuits mounted the stage.
Now our Lady *Mary* and Father *Peters* is fled,
Father *Francis* is shrunk away as if he was dead:
Then rejoyce all ye brave English true-hearted Boys,
And sound forth your Loyalty with eccho's of joys.

3 You may see how the Nobles and Gentry all o're the Land,
To maintain the Protestant Religion how bravely they stand;
The Lord *Devonshire* he gives his Royal [2] consent,
With brave Lord *Dellamere* for a Free Parliament;
At the Rendezvous in fair *Nottingham* Town,
With the Lords and Gentry of high Renown;
They gave in their Declaration to the Countrys content,
And their whole voice was for a Free Parliament.

4 There's gallant Prince *George* one of valor & might
Stands up to maintain the Protestants Right;
With the brave D.[3] of *Grafton*, and his Royal train,
Our Rights and our Laws he strives to maintain.

[1] *Now departs* would improve the rhyme. [2] *Read* Loyal. [3] Duke.

The Bishop of *Canterbury*,[1] which ever did stand
Up for the *Good Old Cause* of this Land;
Then let all others be free to give their consent,
That we may enjoy a Free Parliament.

5 If the Prince had not come our joys for to raise,
Before this time most of us had ended our days;
For Popery was got to that height of pride,
They that would not turn be sure must have dy'd:
For their Bits and Bridles, and Gridirons was made,
And they were ready to go to their Massacre trade,[2]
With their long Knives for the stopping of notes,
And like *Iudas*, long'd to be cutting our Throats.

6 The L. *Dover* doth not know where to hide his head
Since he so bravely has made his own Bed;
He was for taking off the Test and Penal Laws,
And perswaded the King to Rule without reason or laws
But he shall know before out of *England* he go,
Before the Parliament to give account in weal or wo;
And for ought I know, he may chance for to dance
Another new Jig before he goes to *France*.

7 As for the Lord *Chancellor* that climb'd so high,
He must climb higher before that he dye,
That is to *Tyburn*, for to take a swing,
And there dance the Morris in a Hempen string;
For hanging those men wrongfully in the *West*,
Without right Judgement or Jury, I protest;
And for brave *Monmouth*, they say he is dead,
But the t'other man's come to look for his Head.

8 And as for Lord *Gray*, which was false to his Trust,
When he takes another Oath I wish he may burst;
Had it not been for him, *M——th* had not lost the day
Had he not with his Horse like a Coward ran away.
If *Monmouth* be dead, he was the cause of losing's life,
For which he deserves to be hang'd to end the strife,
Some say he's alive, and some say he is dead,
So they 'r come to *London* to look for his Head.

[1] William Sancroft. [2] See No. 189, stanza 4.

9 And for Mr. *Daniel*, that Fire-brand of Hell,
Now where he is gone indeed I cannot tell:
To have *Bury* blown up, he Letters did send
To Mr. *Stafford*, that was his Popish Friend:
But I hope e're long he taken will be,
That he may answer for his Treachery:
Then let his *Lady Mary* make Intercession for he
When he comes to dance on the three-legged Tree.

10 And the Jesuit-Council which the King had of late,
when *Iack Ketch* takes them how bravely they'l prat[e]
But the mean time they must lye in a Jayl,
If they can't get Saint *Patrick* to be their Bayl;
And all the great Papists, as fast as they can,
They must give an account man after man,
For beheading the man whose Breeches was red,[1]
Now they are come again to look for his Head.
His Stockings was blew, and his Breeches was red
And they are come again for to look for his Head.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. H.* in the Year 1688.

[1] Cf. No. 189, stanza 8.

191

The papist prayers for Father Petre

IV, 346, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

This is a sort of good-night supposed to be written by English papists after the flight of James II and his confessor Petre to the Continent. Probably it appeared in January or February, 1689. The papists are especially put out by Petre's alleged activity in passing off a tile-man's infant as the son of James and Mary of Modena. His Jesuitical cunning has brought destruction on them all, and they curse him and the religion he represents. For his personal lament the reader should see "The Last Will and Testament of Father Petres," a ballad printed in *The Muses Farewel to Popery and Slavery*, 1689, pp. 39–44, and in *Poems on Affairs of State*, II (1697), 29–32. Even more interesting is "Father Petre's Lamentation," a verse-broadside in the Gay collection of the Harvard College Library. In such songs there is, to be sure, a crude and coarse brand of humor; but there is also a total misunderstanding of the depth of genuine religious feeling that underlay the activities of Petre and his followers.

"He is long Visag'd," says a single sheet entitled "The Hue and Cry After Father Peters, By the Deserted Roman Catholics" (1688), "lank black Hair of his own, (but now in a Flaxen Perriwigg;) Tall and Slender, Fawning Looks, Flattering Smiles, a False Heart, deceitful Tongue, *Gorgon's* Eyes, who turns all things into senceless Stones, that behold him; and *Harpsy*'s Claws, that never yet let go any Prey he could get in his Tallents. Very Loyal, but very Unstable; very Devout, but very Treacherous; and Covetous beyond the Roman *Domitian*. He is about the Age of Sixty; but as Wanton as at Thirty; More subject to Lust than Loyalty; and, like *Tarquin*, more subject to Lucre than either."

For the tune see No. 184.

On James Bissel see No. 155.

THE PAPIST PRAYERS FOR Father PETERS; OR, Their sad Lamentation for the Downfal of *POPERY*.

Tune of, *A Beging we will go.*

Lisenced[1] according to Order.

1 THere is a Holy Father,
whom we are bound to Curse,
And for his evil Stratagems,
we all shall fair the worse.
For a wandring we must go, must go, must go,
And a wandring we must go.

2 So Zealous in his Knavery,
he turn'd the State about;
Would t'other turn had broak his Neck
since we are all turn'd out:
And a wandring we must go, &c.

3 He offer'd up his Prayers,
the Virgin *Mary* smil'd;
He pray'd the Blessed Lady,
the Queen might have a Child:
But a wandring we must go, &c.

4 The Queen she soon Conceiv'd,
and at last the happy Hour,
It made her speak so loud,
the *Bishops* heard her to the *Tower*,
But a wandring we must go, must go, must go,
And a wandring we must go.

5 Of a Prince she was deliver'd,
and as the story's told;
The Babe was full as lusty,
as a Child a Quarter old:[2]
But a wandring we must go, &c.

[1] *Sic.*

[2] Cf. the notes to No. 154.

6 The *Tileman*'s *Wife* they say,
who was well rewarded for't
Presented to the Prince a Tile,
to make the Child a Cart:
But a wandring we must go, &c.

7 The babe was overjoyed,
and look't upon the tile;
So pleas'd with his Newe Play-thing,
it made his Highness smile?
And a wandring we must go, &c.

8 How bad is our Condition,
now we must leave the Town:
And all our Habitations quit,
to wander up and down.
And a wandring we must go, must go, must go,
And a wandring we must go.

9 How wretched is our state,
now our Guardian's got a fall:
The Devil take our Father *Peters*,
and the Pope and all.
For a wandring we must go, &c.

10 Now Popery is trampled down,
the Protestants advance,
And when the Nation [1] setled,
they'l take a touch with *France:*
And a wandring we must go, &c.

11 They've clip't the VVings of *popery*,
it can no longer fly;
But now is bound to stand the test,
Of Lulla-Babe-by.
And a wandring we must go, &c.

[1] *Read* Nation's.

How blest was our Condition,
before we got a fall;
But now we are Obliged,
to bid adiew to all.
And a wandring we must go, must go, must go,
And a wandring we must go.

Printed for, James Bissel *at the* Bible *and* Harp *near the* Hospital-Gate.

v, 45, roman and italic type, two columns.

This ballad, a production worthy of "Jerry Scandal's" press, evidently appeared early in January, 1689. After that time there would have been small point to such news from Londonderry, even if it were falser and more libelous than Jerry's. The ballad purports to be a papal bull which threatens dire vengeance on England for her treatment of James II and his Roman Catholic subjects.

The beggar with the wooden leg is equivalent to *A begging we will go*, on which see No. 184.

Jeremiah Wilkins is omitted from Plomer's dictionaries, though he was an important printer, among his publications being Nos. 206, 216, 243, 250, 251, 262, 367. In Thomas Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living* (3d ed., 1708, part II, p. 22) Jo. Haines (supposedly) remarks:

> *Jerry Scandal*, Whale and Ghost Printer in *White-Friars*, had plagued the Town above Ten Years with Apparitions, Murders, Catechisms, and the like Stuff; By showing him the Phiz of *Terrible Robin* in my Green Magic Glass, I so effectually frighted him, that he has since demolish'd all his Letters, dismiss'd his *Hawkers*, flung up his Business, and instead of News, cries *Flounders* and *Red-herring* about the Streets.

In the same work (2d ed., 1702, p. 18) Haines had inquired, "What new Whales, Devils, Ghosts, Murders, from *Wilkins* in the *Fryars?*"

NEWS FROM LONDON-DERRY

In a PACKET of Advice from Room. It was sent over by the *Pope*, to the Earl of *Tyrconnel;* late Commander of the Catholick Army: Containing many Wonderful Lyes, Damnable Cheats, and False Promises, to the Protestants of *England*.

To the Tune of, *The Begger with the Wooden Leg.*

Lycensed, and Entered according to Order.

1 YOU *Protestants* of *England*,
you greatly are to blame;
For slighting of your *Mother Church*,
and bringing her to shame.
But a Cursing we will goe, will goe, will goe,
and a Cursing we will goe.

2 We sent you o're a *Popish* Queen,
a *Hocus Prince* of *Wales:*
But all our Projects seem to you,
but Idle Tricks and Tales,
But a Cursing we will goe, will goe, will goe,
and a Cursing we will goe.

3 But would the *English* Noble-men,
with all their Gentry goe,
And stoop unto *His Highness*,
and Kiss his Little Toe.
Then a Blessing we would come, &c.

4 We'll send you o're to *England*,
both Relicks, Pardons, Beads;
A Bushel of St. *Peter*'s Teeth,
and Twenty of his Heads.
And a Blessing we will come, &c.

5 We'll Sell you sweet Indulgences,
and by the Beat of Drum,
We'll Pardon your Iniquities,
past, present, and to come.
And a Blessing we will come, &c.

6 Then you may Drink, and you may Swear,
both Murder, Steal and Whore;
And the Devil is within the Rogue
that can desire for more.
And a Blessing we will come, &c.

7 And if your Friends have been detain'd
in Purgatory long;
We'll set them free for Twenty pence,
and save them by a Song,
And a Singing we will goe, &c.

8 We'll teach you Bestiality,
to *Pater Noster* say.
The use of *Holy Water*, and
to *Images* to Pray,
And a Conjuring we will come, &c.

9 We'll show you how you may exceed,
all *Herreticks*, by odds;
And make of one small Loaf of Bread,
a pound of *Popish Gods*,[1]
And a Lying we will come, &c.

10 But if you'll not do, what the Pope,
so humbly doth require,
He'll come and plead his Interest,
with Faggot and with Fire,
And a Burning we will come, &c.

11 The Bonny *Clabbor-Cut-Throats*,
That's cruel, and far worse,
Will muster up an Army,
of *Bog-trotting* Horse,
And a Fighting we will come, &c.

12 Then every sweet and *Dear Joy*,
with *Patrick* and with *Teague*,
Will batter down the *London*-Walls,
and level quite the *Hague*.
And a Plundering we will goe, &c.

[1] *I. e.*, by the sacrament of transubstantiation.

13 Then take advice, and bow before
His Holiness's Feet;
Both Hug and Kiss them with poor[1] Lips
Tho' Sweaty still they're Sweet.
And a Kissing we will goe, &c.

14 And quickly send a Post to *Rome*,
That *Catholicks* may know,
If any that are *English* men
will stoop before his Toe,
And a stooping they must goe, must goe, must goe,
and a stooping they must goe.

London, Printed for *Jer. Wilkins*, in *White-Fryars* near *Fleet-street*, 1689.

[1] *Read* your.

193

An answer to the packet of advice

v, 48, roman and italic type, two columns, stanzas numbered in large roman numerals.

"The Packet of Advice," to which this is a sequel rather than an answer, was, I suppose, the two-part ballad called "To the Prince of Orange. A Packet of Advice," "The Packet-boat returned." For a copy see the *Third Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, appendix, p. 101. The two parts were combined under the title of "To the Prince of *ORANGE*, A Pacquet of Advice, with the Pacquet-boat return'd" (*A Second Collection of the Newest and Most Ingenious Poems . . . against Popery* [1689], pp. 17–18), which begins:

> *Advice.* The Year of Wonder now is come
> A *Jubilee* proclaim at *Rome*,
> The Church has Regnant made the Crown.
>
> *Pacquet.* No more of your admired year,
> No more your *Jubilee's* declare,
> All Trees that Blossom do not bear.[1]

It is possible that the author of the Pepys ballad also had in mind the scandalous news-book called *The Weekly Pacquet of Advice from Rome*.

His "Answer" is a vicious and scurrilous attack on both James II and Mary of Modena. By innuendo it accuses James of causing the death of Charles II, and denounces his cruelty to the Monmouth rebels. Openly it reproaches Mary for adultery with the papal nuncio, Ferdinand, Count of Adda, and Louis XIV, reviving also the libelous story of the tiler's child whom she passed off as her own son. Probably the ballad appeared early in January, 1689, at a time when the printer felt safer in withholding his name.

[1] This poem likewise occurs, with slight changes of diction, in *The Muses Farewel to Popery and Slavery*, 1689, pp. 54–57, *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1697, II, 38–40, and *A New Collection of Poems relating to State Affairs*, 1705, pp. 216–217. Here, as in the two-part ballad, the third line runs, "The Church has pregnant made the Womb."

Jack Adams, mentioned in stanza 1, was an astrologer, "a blind buzzard, that pretended to have the eyes of an eagle," a portrait and an account of whom will be found in James Caulfield's *Portraits, Memoirs, and Characters, of Remarkable Persons*, II (1813), 170–173, and John Timbs's *English Eccentrics*, 1875, pp. 130–132. John Phillips, in *Montelion, 1661. Or, The Prophetical Almanack*, A5^{v}, calls him "Jac Adams the *fool*"; Francis Kirkman, in the preface to *The Wits, Or, Sport upon Sport* (1673), refers to him as "*that well known Natural* Jack Adams of Clarkenwel"; Dryden, in his *Notes and Observations on* [Elkanah Settle's] *The Empress of Morocco* (1674), p. 23, speaks of his coat; *The Ladies Dictionary* (1694), Aaaa3 (mispaged 405), declares that a town beau "sits like *Jack Adams*, and brings forth nothing but a few dull Stories, the Tackers together of other Mens Words"; and in the almanac *Poor Robin* (even as late as 1744) he is constantly mentioned. The issue of that almanac for 1693 states that he has been dead thirty years. Other references out of number could be cited.[1]

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 123–125.

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[1] Among them Edward Ford's *Fair Play in the Lottery*, 1660, A7; *News from the Coffee-House*, 1667 (British Museum, Luttrell collection, II, 145); Thomas Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living* (3d ed., 1708, part II, p. 480); *A Sermon Prepared to be Preach'd at the Interment of the Renowned Observator*, 1682, p. 20.

AN ANSWER TO THE PACKET of ADVICE.

To the Tune of, *Packintons-Pound.*

1 YOur scandalous Lies I with patience have read;
And condemn every Article that you have said:
Must the *French* K—— your Subject for *Satyr* be made,
And great *J*—— in *Jack-Adam*'s Coat be arrai'd.
If his Q—— goes to Rut,
Is She therefore a Slut;
Poor Women oft times to great Hardships are put.
And if *Lewis* did send the good K—— on one side,[1]
Yet you're Saucy to guess what he did with his Bride.

2 To his most Loyal Subjects, and best of his Lands,
Now *England* and *Scotland* have shook off his Bands:
To the first Royal Seat of his unquestion'd Line;
Which makes him so much to the *Irish* incline:
To that long promis'd Place,
Unto him and his Race;
Where he represents *Lewis*'s Majesty's Grace.
He is safely retir'd, and there gloriously Rules,
By a lineal Descent from the House of *La F*——*s.*[2]

3 His Clemency, Conduct, and Pity was shown,
When with Patience so long he did wait for a Crown:
The Mirror of Subjects and Brothers he liv'd;
Remember how much for that Monarch he griev'd:
How unwilling to Reign,
How he wish'd him again;
Though I own all the while, he was sure 'twas in vain.
To which let me add his Indulgence ith' West,
And the *Devil*'s in the Dice if all that was in Jest.

4 The Tryals and Turmoyls that good Man endur'd,
Which by Church-men and States-men was daily procur'd.
What Strivings had he to bring Business about,
By puting in *Papists* and *Protestants* out.

[1] The abbreviated words are, of course, *King*, *James*, *Queen*. [2] Fools.

With what Vigor he try'd,
To bring all to his Side,
Till that damnable closetting Trick was discry'd.
And if Parliament had but done as commanded,
The *French-men* instead of the *Dutch* should have landed.

5 His Delight from the Cradle was ever in Armes,
As his Consorts has been in diffusing her Charms:
What a Bustle was here with the *Nuntio* ere while,
Because she upon him would constantly smile:
Suppose she did more,
You held not the Dore,
'Tis but Justice sometimes to pay off an old Score:
For I know't by Experience, when Husbands do fail,
That a slender Temptation will easily prevail.

6 'Tis plain 'gainst his Highness of *W——s*[1] is your Spite,
But pray mark the End, and see what you'll get by't.
There are Rods laid in Piss for the best of you all,
When the Plaguy young Urchin comes back to *W——* Hall[2]
He's a Limb of his Dam,
Though you call it a Sham;
The Church cannot Err, nor believe in a Flam:
Was not all the Contrivance on't printed at large,
By his M——s[3] Order, and at his own Charge.

7 But beware your Lampooning, your Satyr and Scandal,
There are those in the World will you plaguily handle,
When th'[4] one K.[5] shall hear what a monster yo've made him
And the other shall know what it is has betray'd him.
When the *Q——*[6] shall behold,
All her Vertues Re-told;
I cannot but laugh, to think how she will scold.
At the best she's a Fury, but when in a Passion,
Uds Nouns, she's enough to confound a whole Nation.

Printed in the Year 1689.

[1] Wales. [2] Whitehall (Palace). [3] Majesty's. [4] *Text* When 'e.
[5] King. [6] Queen.

194

The Jesuits' market

v, 107, roman and italic type, two columns.

This is a rather cruel satire on the Jesuits who had been discomfited by the flight of James and the entrance of William of Orange into London. Miles Prance (cf. No. 141), the notorious perjurer, — here said to have saved the nation by his false testimony in the hectic days of the Popish Plot, — acts as guide to the ballad-writer. The two go to a sale imagined to be held at the college in the Savoy, where a Jesuit displays his worthless relics with much the frankness of Chaucer's pardoner. At the end of the ballad the auctioneer reveals his only too well-grounded fears for his personal safety.

There is another version of this ballad in *The Muses Farewel to Popery and Slavery*, 1689, pp. 63–69 (also in *A Collection of the Newest and Most Ingenious Poems . . . against Popery*, 1689, pp. 11–12, and in *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1697, II, 42–47 [1704, III, 290–294]. Sir Charles Firth has a broadside copy, and another is in the British Museum collection 1871. f. 3 [9]). It is called "Religious Reliques, Or, The Sale at the *Savoy* upon the Jesuits breaking up their School and Chappel," and is in a different meter and stanza. Its first two stanzas run:

Last *Sunday*, by chance,
I encounter'd with *Prance*,
That Man of upright Conversation,
Who told me such News,
That I could not chuse
But Laugh at his sad Declaration.

Says he, if you'll go,
You shall see such a show
Of *Reliques* expos'd to be Sold,
Which from Sin and Disease
Will purge all that please
To lay out their Silver and Gold.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 262–266.

J. C. may have been J. Conyers or John Clark. Cf. No. 198, below.

The Jesuites Market,
OR, A General Sale of Popish Relicks, at the Savoy, upon the Priests breaking up their School and Chappel.

Tune of, *Old Simon the King.*

1 LAst *Sunday* I met by chance
a man of upright Conversation;
His Name, if you'l know it was *Prance*,
the Saviour once of the Nation:
Says he, if you'r willing to go,
and lay out your Silver and Gold,
I'le carry you to see a fine Show,
where some Reliques are to be sold.
All you that have Money to spare,
i'th nick of time are come,
We're ready for sale, and will use you well,
Come buy my fine Reliques of Rome.

2 Along with him I went,
for Sixpence the man let me in,
With heat I was almost spent,
before the rare Show did begin:
The Curtain the Show did discover,
A Priest, who most piously bow'd,
And crost himself over and over,
then spoke to the penitent Crowd.
All you, &c.

3 Here is St. *James* his Bottle,
with the Pilgrims Habit he wore;
It holds at least a pottle,
or else i'm the Son of a Wh——[1]
Here is a piece of the Bag
which *Judas* the money did bear in;
By Age it is turn'd to a Rag,
for all things are the worse for the wearing
All you, &c.

[1] *Sic.*

4 Here is St. *Josephs* Coat,
its plainness shews no pride;
He wore it, though not worth a Groat
that day that he married his Bride.
His Breeches besides here are,
come buy the whole Suit if you please,
Though they'r but a plain Leather pair,
here's a good pair of strings at the knees.
All you, &c.

5 Here is likewise the Gall of a Saint,
it's good against Fits of the *Mother*,
Or any such persons as faint
it will cure as well as the other:
Here is *Pope Joans* good Prayer,
which she to the Church has given,
But say it three times in a year,
and 'twil surely convey you to *Heaven*
All you, &c.

6 Here is our Blest Ladies old Shooe,
it cures both Kibe and Corn;
Heretofore in old time it was new,
though the Latchets a little are torn.
Here's enough of the Fish and the Bread
for to dine any hungry Sinner,
That was left when Five Thousand were fed,
which our Saviour invited to dinner.
All you, &c.

7 Here is His Holiness Beard,
which Hereticks call *Pope Joan;*
It was his own Hair I dare swear,
or else I am sure he had none:
Its Vertue is known to be such,
if it touch Head or Face, or elsewhere,
It restores again Hair very much,
tho' with Age or with Action grown bare.
All you, &c.

8 Here is likewise St. *Christophers* Boot,
which he wore when he ply'd at the ferry
And bore on his back his *Lord* o're,
for the poor man had ne'r a Wherry.
It will please such as use the Seas,
for its parallel never was found;
If you buy it and once but try it,
you'l ne'r whilst you live be drownd.
All you, &c.

9 Here's more, which we cannot show,
which lye *all* conceal'd in this Hamper
Pray buy 'em before I go,
for to morrow by Heaven i'le scamper,
I surely am hanged if I stay,
yet know not which way to be trudging;
Come buy *all* my *Trinkets* today,
for at night I must seek a new lodging.
All you, &c.

10 This is not a time to jest,
now we're baulk'd of our great expectation,
Before I'le be hang'd for a Priest,
I'le[1] steal privately out of the Nation.
Now could *I* but light on by chance
some Vessel that would be so civil,
To waft me safe over to *France*,
so my *Chapmen* were all at the *Devil.*
All you that have Money to spare,
i'th nick of time are come,
We're ready for sale, and will use you well,
come buy my fine Reliques of Rome.

London, printed for *J. C.*

[1] *Text* I le.

195

A man in favor

v, 127, roman and italic type, two columns. Other copies: Bodleian, Wood 417 (171), Godwin pamphlets 2226 (10); Lord Crawford, No. 1372; British Museum, C.39.k.6 (42) and C.38.i.25 (1).

The tune is printed and the stanzas are numbered (in large roman numerals) in the Pepys copy. Both the words and the music of the ballad "Would You Be a Man of Fashion" are found on broadside copies in the British Museum (C.39.k.6[43]), in Sir Charles Firth's collection, and in the Bodleian (Ashmole G. 16 [83]), as well as in Nathaniel Thompson's *A Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, 1694, pp. 163–165. The tune was composed by D'Urfey's friend, Captain Pack, and appears also in John Playford's *Choice Ayres*, 1684, v, 14–15, and in *Wit and Mirth*, 1707, 1712, III, 240 (1719, v, 154). For an elaborate discussion of it see *The Roxburghe Ballads*, IV, 349–351. The first two stanzas of No. 195 are printed with slight variants in *A Collection of the Newest and Most Ingenious Poems . . . against Popery*, 1689, p. 20; in *The Muses Farewel to Popery and Slavery*, 1689, p. 79; in *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1697, II, 53 (1704, III, 268–269); in *A New Collection of Poems relating to State Affairs*, 1705, p. 461. They are parodied in *Tixall Poetry*, ed. Arthur Clifford, 1813, pp. 307–308; in *A Collection of the Newest and Most Ingenious Poems . . . against Popery*, 1689, p. 8; in *A Second Collection* [of the foregoing], 1689, pp. 19–20 (also in *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1704, III, 315–317); and in *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1697, II, 162–163.

Written in January, 1688 9, according to a manuscript note on Wood's copy, the ballad gloats over the downfall of popery caused by the landing of William of Orange. That William had no intention of persecuting Roman Catholics, that he believed in tolerance, was of course not known to the ballad-writer, who rejoices in the thought that the gallows may now reward Father Petre and his crew.

J. H., the publisher, was probably J. Hose — a name (cf. No. 136) not mentioned in Plomer's dictionaries of printers.

A MAN in Favour, OR, The way to Preferment.

To the Tune of, *Would you be a Man of Fashion.*

1 WOuld you be a Man in Favour?
Would you have your Fortune kind?
Wear the Cross and Eat the Wafer,
you'll have all things to your Mind:
If the Priests cannot Convert you,
Int'rest then must do the thing.
There are Fryers can inform you,
how to please a P—— T——.[1]

2 Would you see a Papist Lowring,
lost in Hurry and a Fright;
With their *Father Peters* Scowring,
glad of happy time for Flight.
Stay but while the *Dutch* are Landed,
and the show will straight appear;
When th' Infernal Sp'rits disbanded,
few will stay for Tyburn here.

3 If Preferment you'd be gaining,
Or advanc'd be nigh the Throne;
Bribe some pious Pimp, pertaining
to the Whore of Babylon.
Priests are now the sacred Noddyes,
that spur on the hateful Cause;
They from Tyburn save their Bodies,
by dispensing with our Laws.

4 *Peters* was the Popish Darling,
now has left us in the lurch,
And has quite giv'n o'er his snarling,
and his snapping at our Church.
Now the *Dutch* are come to right her,
Peters sadly fears a Cord:
For the Prince will bite the Biter,
and his Holy Cheats reward.

[1] *Probably read* P[apist] K[ing].

5 All you catchpole Priests be speedy,
for bad Times are coming on;
Tyburn groans and will be greedy
for all you that are not gone:
Hast and follow *Father Peters*,
Popery must now go down;
The King no more will trust such Creatures
to be plac'd too nigh his Throne.

6 Now the Priests are all Confounded,
and their vile Intriegues are crost,
By the *Dutch* they are surrounded,
and penn'd up within our Coast:
Many Aching hearts, I fancy,
are amongst the todpole Train,
If they were got safe beyond-Sea,
they'd ne'er trouble us again.

Printed for *J. H.* 1688.

196

Great Britain's earnest desires

II, 265, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts, slightly torn.

The Princess Mary of Orange reached London from Holland on February 12, 1689. The ballad was written a short time before her arrival. Evidently, and naturally, the writer assumed that the crown would devolve on Mary alone, and that William would be a mere prince-consort, as George of Denmark afterwards was with Queen Anne. Long before 1689, however, Mary had promised William that "she would be no more but his wife, and that she would do all that lay in her power to make him king for life" (H. C. Foxcroft, *A Supplement to Burnet's History*, 1902, p. 309); and the prince refused to have anything to do with England on other terms than of actual kingship. Accordingly, on the thirteenth day of February he and Mary were proclaimed king and queen as joint-rulers, though he alone was entrusted with royal powers.

Among many others, Thomas Shadwell wrote *A Congratulatory Poem to the Most Illustrious Queen Mary upon her Arrival in England* (1689), saying of William and Mary,

> What *Land* can boast of such a *matchless Pair*,
> Like him so *wise*, so *brave;* like You so *wise*, so *fair?*
> Where e'er so many *sacred Virtues* joyn,
> They to a *Scepter* shew a *Right Divine.*

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 493–494.

The publisher was Philip Brooksby.

Great Britains Earnest Desires FOR THE Princess MARYS Happy Arrival. *Being the* Protestants *firm Hope and Resolution of the preservation of our Laws and Liberties.*

Tune of, *Grim King*, &c.

1 SWeet Princess the Nations delight,
and joy of each Protestant Soul,
Whose Highness we here do invite,
the *Romans* shall never controul:
We all are united in love,
then hasten soon over the Sea:
[You]'re [1] ordain'd by the Powers abov:
[*the*] [1] *Glory of* Britain *to be.*

2 The Tower great Canons shall rore,
the Bells shall as merrily ring;
To welcome her Highness on shore,
who Heavenly Blessings does bring.

[1] Torn.

Long may she prosper and Reign,
and keep from her Enemies free,
And hasten now over the Main,
the glory of Britain *to be.*

3 All Noble great Persons of Fame,
rejoice at this royal good day,
Wherein they'r resolved to maintain
our Rights, *Rome*'s rage to allay:
A Protestant plac'd in the Throne
and by the high Heavens decree,
Her Highness all people do own
the glory of Britain *to be.*

4 Sweet *Neptune* the god of the Seas,
afford her a sweet pleasant gale,
That may not her Highness displease,
while she is in barque under Sail;
And bring her here safe to the Town,
attended with Nobility;
As being of royal renown,
the Glory of Britain *to be.*

5 The Protestants now in all parts
they hope for a prosperous Reign:
And with a true consort of hearts
they sweetly strike all in a strain:
Long, long let her live to enjoy
the heighth of her great Dignity;
And Popery clearly destroy:
the glory of Britain *to be.*

6 We would root out the Reliques of *Rome*
that may now grieve us again,
Let banishment now be their doom,
and every Soul say *Amen:*
Her Highness we do understand
is coming by Heavens Decree,
To flourish and reign in this land,
the glory of Britain *to be.*

7 While hundreds and thousands do throng
to welcome her here to her own,
May Angels conduct her along,
she being next Heir to a Throne,
To nourish Religion and Laws,
ordain'd by the Heavens Decree,
Defending the Protestant Cause,
the glory of Britain *to be.*

8 Let every soul be agreed
to root out the pestilent French;
Away with the Iesuits breed,
and give us an *Orange* sweet Babe.[1]
And likewise let this be our Prayer,
now if it be Heavens Decree,
To send a young Protestant Heir,
the glory of Britain *to be.*

printed[2] *for P. B.*

[1] *Wench* (!) would fit the rhyme, but perhaps the reading should be *prince.*
[2] *Sic.*

197

The princess' welcome to England

11, 256, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

For an earlier ballad in honor of Mary's departure from Holland see No. 196. The present ballad, written after the princess had landed in London on February 12, states the popular notion that the crown of England would be placed on her head, not on William's. In stanza 3 we are informed that the Princess of Orange dresses "far more mean" than Mary of Modena did, but that her personal virtues and her religion will make her more acceptable than her stepmother, the exiled Italian duchess. One wonders how this comment, if it had reached her ears, would have pleased her. Perhaps she would have admitted its truth. A writer in 1686 (*The Ellis Correspondence*, ed. G. A. Ellis, 1 [1829], 92) had asserted that "Her Majesty is wonderful glorious in her own apparel."

The London Mercury, No. 12, February 11–14, says that the popular enthusiasm for the arrival of the princess expressed itself in so many and such large bonfires "that several Persons came to Town thinking the City had been on Fire." J. S., in *A Brief History of the Pious and Glorious Life and Actions of . . . Mary* (1695), pp. 54–55, writes that she "was received according to her Royal Character by the Nobles, and great Ladys of the *Court;* and by the *Prince* with all the Tender Endearments and Expressions of Kindness and Affection: The same Night she received the Complements of the Nobility at Court, whilst the Streets every where Shined with *Bonfires*, and Illuminations, and the *Bells* charmed the Air into a stilness, by the *Harmony of their desired Musick:* and, to be brief, a general Joy spread it self through the Kingdoms, for her presence, of which so long an absence had deprived it."

For the tune, usually called *Hark the thund'ring cannons roar*, see No. 121.

THE PRINCESS Welcome to England,
Being, The Unanimous Joy of Her Loyal Subjects.

To the Tune of, *The Cannons Rore.*

1 WElcome Princess to the Shore,
We your Royal Aid implore,
All our Blessings to restore,
and do our Souls surrender;
For we know that you would be [1]
By your Royal Dignity,
Always to maintain us free,
and prove our Faiths Defender.

2 Vertuous, Wise in all her ways,
And deserves the Nations praise,
Who can e're her Glory raise,
or to her worth commend her?
Who the Land may truly own,
To be with her Prince alone,
The true preservers of the Throne,
and prove our Faiths Defender.

3 We have had a *Papist* Queen,
But another may be seen
In Attire far more mean,
yet none can discommend her;
For we find Humility
In a Royal Dignity,
Speaks her evermore to be
the Church and Faiths Defender.

4 While she did from *Holland* Sail,
Although with a pleasant Gale,
Protestants did much bewail,
that *Boreas* did her hinder;
But they Heaven did implore,
All their Blessings to restore,
So this Princess soon came o're,
the Church and Faiths Defender.

[1] *Perhaps read* try.

5 She no sooner came to Land,
But all Souls with heart and hand,
Yielded to her just Command,
their Fortunes to surrender:
Knowing that her Royal Name,
Will in lasting Books of Fame,
To the world her self proclaim,
the Church and Faiths Defender.

6 She no sooner came to Shore,
But Guns did like Thunder rore,
To proclaim the News all o're,
while Nobles did attend her:
Lords and Ladies did repair,
That they might with Christian care,
Welcome in the Princess Heir,
the Church and Faiths Defender.

7 Cannons Rore, while Bells did Ring,
While the joyful News did bring,
That under her most Gracious Wing,
no *Pope* our peace cou'd hinder:
Therefore Royal Princess now,
To the Scepter we will bow,
You we must and will allow
the Church and Faiths Defender.

8 The Princess Health went fairly round,
While *London* was with Glory Crown'd,
And while our Ioys did thus abound,
true Subjects did commend her:
Tho' she was Modest, Mild and Mean,
Behold her in her Glorious Sceene
She's now *Great-Brittains* Royal Queen,
the Church and Faiths Defender.

FINIS.

Printed for *W. Thackeray*, at the Angel in *Duck-Lane.*

198

The Protestants' delight

v, 96, roman and italic type, two columns. The stanzas are numbered (incorrectly) and the musical score is given on the original sheet. On the tune see also No. 199.

Here, as in No. 152, loyalty to a king seems to consist mainly in huzzas and drinks. Any Protestant who refuses to drink the health of William and Mary, of Prince George and the Princess Anne, is to have his liquor flung into his face — surely a sinful waste that not many Protestants could have countenanced! Only a few months before the same roisterers had with equal enthusiasm drunk the health of James II. A comparison of "The Protestants' Delight" with "Britain's Triumph" (No. 120) affords a melancholy illustration of the fickleness of popularity and fortune. The date of the ballad is about February 13, 1689.

J. C. are initials too common for identification. Possibly they belonged to John Clark. Cf. No. 194.

The Protestants Delight,
Or An HEALTH To His Highness the Prince of *Orange*, and the rest of the Royal Family.

Tune of, *Lilli Burlero.*

1 COme all ye *Protestant* Lads in the Land,
now merry we'l be, and let none of us flinch;
See, *I* am charg'd with a bumper in hand,
resolving an Health to our *Protestant Prince*,
God preserve the Prince of *Orange*,
with a Huzza now drink off your Glass;
He that refuses, the Nation abuses,
and shall have his Liquor flung into his Face.

2 When Popery had all the Nation o're run,
and set up their Idols all over the Land,
'Twas the brave *Orange* that trampled 'em down,
and gave us our Rites again with his own hand,
May kind Heaven bless him for it;
with a Huzza now take off your Glass;
He that refuses the Nation abuses,
and shall have his Liquor flung into his face.

3 Now we've discharg'd, fill our glasses again,
A Health to his Princess next Heir to the Crown,
May she succeed, and long happily Reign,
and raise up our Church, and pluck *Popery* down:
May she happy be for ever;
with a Huzza now drink off your Glass,
He that refuses, the Nation abuses,
and shall have his Liquor flung into his Face.

4 Now to Prince *George* an Health we'll begin,
who for our safety has given his aid
To thrust out the *Pope* and let *Protestants* in,
by which our Church is much happier made.
May he be prosperous for ever,
with a Huzza now drink off your Glass,
He that refuses, the Nation abuses,
and shall have his Liquor flung into his Face.

5 Fill up your glasses to the Princess *Ann*,
may she all blessings for ever enjoy,
And all the rest of the *Protestant* train,
who for our good their assistance employ.
May they all be blest for ever,
with a Huzza now drink off your glass,
He that refuses, the Nation abuses,
and shall have his Liquor flung into his face.

6 All the great souls who together now join,
may they be happy by *Sea* and by *Land*,
And be[1] successful in every design,
especially that they have taken in hand:
Heavens bless their Vndertaking,
with a Huzza now drink off your Glass,
He that refuses, our Nation abuses,
and shall have his Liquor flung into his face.

7 Fill up your cups while good liquor it flows,
prosperity to the good *Protestant Church*,
And may we quickly discover her Foes,
who now for their pains are all left in the lurch.
May our Church stand firm for ever,
with a Huzza now drink off your Glass,
He that refuses, the Nation abuses,
and shall have his Liquor flung into his face.

8 May all the Nation in Union joyn,
to serve his great Highness at every call,
Whose care has quite ruin'd that evil design,
which else without doubt would have ruind us all
May he meet with no obstruction;
with a Huzza now drink off your Glass,
He that refuses, the Nation abuses,
and shall have his liquor flung into his Face.

Printed for J. C.

[1] *Text* he.

199

The kingdom's joy

II, 272, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

William and Mary were proclaimed king and queen on February 13, 1689, and the ballad was obviously written on or shortly after that date. It presents a roseate picture of the future, although stanza 6 shows that the matter of retaining the Protestant succession gave some concern even to a common poet.

"The next day after I came," Mary wrote (*Memoirs*, ed. R. Doebner, p. 11), "we were proclaimed, and the goverment put wholy in the princes hand. This pleased me extreamly, but many would not believe it, so that I was fain to force my self to more mirth then became me at that time, and was by many interpreted as ill nature, pride, and the great delight I had to be a queen. But alas, they did litle know me, who thought me guilty of that; I had been only for a regency, and wisht for nothing else." The ceremony of proclaiming was, says *The London Mercury*, No. 12, February 11–14, "as splendidly performed as ever any was before"; and it goes on to tell of "the innumerable multitude of People, the Streets and Windows filled from top to bottom," "great Joy and Mirth throughout the City and Suburbs."

To write these verses to Henry Purcell's tune of *Lilliburlero*,[1] which had helped to drive Queen Mary's father from the throne, was an unkind cut. See the comments on *Lilliburlero* in Bishop Burnet's *History of His Own Time*, III (1833), 336, and the elaborate discussion (with the music) in Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 568–572, 786.

The publisher was probably John Back.

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[1] A copy of the ballad so-named (with the music) in Sir Charles Firth's collection has a coeval manuscript note, "Made upon ye Irish upon Tyrconnells goeing Deputy thither. 25. Oct. 1688."

The Kingdoms Joy for the Proclaiming King William *and His Royal Consort* Queen Mary In the *Throne* of *ENGLAND.*

Tune, *Lilli Burlero.*

1 THe Protestant Subjects of *England* rejoice,
that you are so Blest in so happy a Choice;
The *Members* unanimously are agreed:
Brave *Orange* in *England* the Crown shall succeed;
Now our Rights and Priviledges
And our Religion He will maintain;
Heaven has chose him, let none then oppose him,
but bless him with Peace to the end of his reign.

2 When Priests were set up, and the Bishops pluck'd down,
Our Rights and our Liberties taken away;[1]
Our Laws were opprest by the weight of the Crown,[1]
And Subjects were slav'd by a priest-riden sway:
Brave King *William* nickt the moment,
gave us our Rights to enjoy again:
Heaven has chose him, let none then oppose him,
but bless him with peace to the end of his reign.

3 He nobly ventur'd his Fortune to come,
And Save us from being devour'd by Rome;
We ought to submit to his Regal Command,
Who hazarded Life for to Rescue our Land,
Popery which so lately disturb'd us,
He has quite driven over the Main:
Heaven has chose him, let none then oppose him,
but bless him with peace to the end of his reign.

4 Our Rights whom the Romans so greatly opprest,
Now under King *William* again we've possest:
How kind has[2] his Aid, and how Iust is his Cause,
Who rais'd up our Church, and supported our Laws
by his Care and great Assistance,
Now we have broke the Romish Chain,
heaven has chose him, let none then oppose him,
But bless him with peace to the end of his reign.

[1] These lines should be transposed. [2] *Read* was.

5 May the King and our Nation forever agree,
And then from Disorders our Land will be free,
May grudges and all animosities cease,
And may we be blest both with plenty and peace,
heavens prosper good King *William*,
And may our Nation flourish again,
heaven has chose him, let none then oppose him,
But bless him with peace to the end of his reign.

6 May Royal Queen *Mary* his Consort live long,
For ever be Fruitful, and ever be Young,
That their Off-spring futurely in the Throne may shine,
And carry the Crown in a *Protestant* line:
may no blessings e're be wanting,
That they desire for to obtain
heaven has chose them, let none e're oppose 'em,
But bless them with peace to the end of their reign.

7 No *Protestants* here could refuse him their Votes,
Who sav'd the vile *Papists* from cutting our Throats;
Therefore we ought our Allegiance to pay,
And gladly submit to his *Protestant*-sway;
our Church and Laws are both secure,
Both he has promis'd for to maintain,
heaven has chose him, let none e're oppose him,
But bless him with peace to the end of his reign.

8 Welcome great King and the Queen to the Throne,
Who set up our Laws, and pluck'd popery down;
May all the Three Kingdoms be speedily brought,
To pay their Allegiance to you as they ought;
that the Crown in's Ancient Splendor,
May appear toth' world again,
and e'ry Blessing, that's worth the possessing,
Attend our King William *toth' end of his reign.*

Printed for *I. B.* 1689.

200

England's triumph

II, 273, black letter, three columns, four woodcuts.

Another song on the proclaiming of William and Mary, which should be compared with Nos. 199, 201, 202. The Harvard College Library (Gay collection) has an interesting ballad (dated 1689) on the same subject: "A New Song on King William & Queen Mary. To the Tune of, *Joy to great Caesar*" (with music), beginning, "Let Crowns, Fame and Treasure."

For the tune see No. 121.

ENGLANDS Triumph,

OR, The Kingdoms Joy for the proclaiming of King *William*, and His Royal Consort, Queen *Mary*, in the Throne of *ENGLAND*, on the 13th. of this instant *February* 1688.

To the Tune of, *Thundering Cannons roar.*

1 NOw the Royal deed is done,
King *William*'s seated on the Throne,
And we his Subjects justly own,
He was our preservation:
We our Lives and Fortunes owe,
To him who did that pow'r o'rethrow,
And laid the Cross and Miter low,
which so disturb'd our Nation.

2 His Royal Consort's now come o're,
To bless with him our *English* shore,
What can Subjects covet more,
then such a pair to Rule us,
The Glories of our Court are clear,
Now *Rome*'s dark Clouds all disappear,
And shall no more o're-cast us here,
nor send their priests to fool us.

3 When vile pop'ry rul'd the Throne,
And nought without a priest was done,
Those pimps to th' whore of *Babylon*,
who love to raise Sedition:
Our Bishops clap'd into the *Tower*,
And we expecting ev'ry hour,
When *Rome* should all our Land devour,
how bad was our Condition.

4 Till our brave Prince *William* came,
Who smote the *Babylonian* Dame,
And brought her Tod-pole Tools to shame,
redeem'd us all from Slav'ry:

Now we enjoy our Rights again,
We all their popish slights disdain,
And live secure beneath his Reign,
who scorns their *Romish* Knav'ry.

5 *Englands* Church so much opprest
Of all its Rights now re-possest,
VVith all its Sacred Glories blest,
it shines in Heavenly splendor,
May it ever so endure,
And everlasting peace procure,
For him who keeps our Church secure,
and crush'd the *Romish* Grandieur.

6 Now Injustice is pluck'd down,
The Lords those Iewels of the Crown,
VVill glittering stand about the Throne,
to shew it in its Glories,
VVhilst the *Romans* void of hope,
Are half in danger of a Rope,
They bite their thumbs and curse the pope,
and wish they'd ne're been *Tories*.

7 God preserve the Royal pair,
May Heavens bless them with an Heir,
For 'twould end brave *Englands* care,
and bless our Isle hereafter:
VVhen Royal Sons they have good store,
So many that they'd ask no more,
May Heavens kindness ne're give o're,
but bless them with a Daughter.

8 May they all delights obtain,
Prove happy in a prosp'rous Reign,
And e'ery thing they wish for gain,
and prove to them a blessing:
Plenty of Treasure bless his Store,
And peace flow all his Kingdom o're,
May he meet with all things more,
that's worth a Kings possessing.

Printed for *VV. Thackeray* in *Duck-lane.*

Great Britain's joys completed

II, 338, black letter, three columns, four woodcuts.

William and Mary were proclaimed king and queen on February 13 by the Lords and Commons in the banqueting-house at Whitehall. "Then immediately," says Luttrell (I, 501), "the officers of arms and serjeants at arms, with the lords and commons, went and proclaimed their majesties at Whitehall gate, then between the two Temple gates, then in Cheapside and at the Royal Exchange; and the night ended with bonefires, ringing of bells, and great acclamations of joy." In the evening Catherine of Braganza, Charles II's widow, "and most of the nobility and gentry in town, came to Whitehall, to compliment their majesties." As a similar compliment from the common people this ballad was written. With it should be compared Nos. 199, 200, 202.

The proclamation itself ran thus:

WHEREAS it hath pleased Almighty God, in his great Mercy to this Kingdom, to vouchsafe us a Miraculous Deliverance from Popery and Arbitrary Power, and that our Preservation is due, next under God, to the Resolution and Conduct of His Highness the *Prince* of *ORANGE*, whom God hath chosen to be the Glorious Instrument of such an inestimable happiness to us and our Posterity, and being highly sensible and fully perswaded of the Great and Eminent Vertues of Her Highness the *Princess* of *ORANGE*, whose Zeal for the Protestant Religion will no doubt bring a blessing along with Her upon this Nation; And Whereas the Lords and Commons now Assembled at *Westminster* have made a Declaration and Presented the same to the said *Prince* and *Princess* of *ORANGE*, and therein desired them to Accept the Crown, who have accepted the same accordingly; We therefore the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons; Together with the Lord Mayor and Citizens of *London*, and others of the Commons of this Realm, do, with a full Consent, Publish and Proclaim according to the said Declaration, *WILLIAM* and *MARY*, *Prince* and *Princess* of *ORANGE*, to be *KING* and *QUEEN* of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, with all the Dominions and Territories thereunto belonging; who are accordingly so to be owned, deemed, accepted, and taken by all the People of the aforesaid Realms and Dominions, who are from hence forward bound to acknowledge and pay unto them all Faith and true Allegiance, Beseeching God, by whom Kings Reign, to bless King *WILLIAM* and Queen *MARY* with long and happy Years to Reign over us.

God Save King *WILLIAM* and Queen *MARY*.

Jo. Brown, *Cleric. Parliamentorum.*

For the tune see No. 152.

Great Brittains Joys compleated.

Or, *Londons* Triumph in the Proclaiming of the Prince and Princess of *Orange* King and Queen of *England*, on the 13th. of this Instant *February:* to the great satisfaction of the Subjects.

Tune is, *Charon make haste.*

1 P*Rotestants* now we have cause to be chearful,
bid all your sorrows and cares adieu;
Tho' we of late had much cause to be fearful,
happy sweet tydings I bring to you:
The Prince of *Orange* is Proclaimed
the King of *England* now this day,
All the whole Nation with Ioys are inflamed,
as knowing King William *the Scepter sways.*

2 True-hearted *Protestants* had not the power,
their joy and merriment to forbear,
The Cannons roaring likewise from the Tower,
while Bells was fanning the lofty ayr:
All to declare their satisfaction,
by the vast Tryumph of the Day,
Praying that Heaven wou'd be the protection
of William *our King who the Scepter sways.*

3 Now in full Bumpers of flowing Canary,
Boys, drink a Health to our Gracious King,
Then to his Royal high Consort Queen *Mary*,
who to this Nation much joy does bring:
Down with the *Pope* and all his Faction,
who did endeavour the Lands decay,
While the true Church has a perfect Protection,
by William *our King who the Scepter sways.*

4 Let us all Loyal Obedience here render
to the great Monarch which we Proclaim,
To be the Church and the Nations Defender,
Heaven ordain him a happy Reign,

That our Laws on sure Foundation,
may be so fixt as ne'r to decay,
That we may see a sweet flourishing Nation,
while good King William *the Scepter sways.*

5 Having a sight of our long Expectations,
raptures of joy did our Souls surprize;
And thorough[1] the City with loud Acclamations
there we saluted the lofty Skies;
Crying, King *William* live for ever,
who is Proclaim'd for us this day:
From our Allegiance one Soul would not sever,
while you the Sword and the Scepter sway.

6 Who never feared the Storms of the Ocean,
for our Religion, our Lives and Laws;
Now may a flourishing Crown be his portion,
who undertook such a Glorious Cause:
Let this for ever be Recorded,
for to be read another day,
What Comfort he to this Nation afforded,
the Scepter long may King William *to sway.*

7 All that we had was in iminent Danger,
utter Destruction was near our Doom,
The Church abused by every Stranger,
the which was sent from the Pope of *Rom*[*e*].[2]
At length this Prince being mov'd with pity
with a vast Fleet made haste away,
Now he's Proclaimed in *Londons* great City,
the Scepter long may King William *to sway.*

8 After the Herald of Arms was returned,
the more our Happiness to compleat,
Liquor was flowing, while Fires they Burned,
like Blazing Comets in e'ry Street:

[1] *Text* thorugh. [2] Blurred out.

Drinking of Healths to good Queen *Mary*,
and to the King, proclaim'd this day,
Never was Subjects more heartily Merry,
wishing he long might the Scepter sway.

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Blare*, at the *Looking-Glass* on *London-Bridge.*

202

The Protestants' triumph

II, 261, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

This ballad was probably written on or shortly after February 13. It deals in the customary compliments to King William, stressing his self-sacrificing goodness and benevolence in leaving a (supposedly) peaceful home to risk his life in rescuing English Protestants. Queen Mary is altogether ignored, for the simple reason that in January Wolrah had printed a first edition of the ballad in honor of her father, in which of course she was not mentioned. It was called "The Protestants Triumph: Or, The Prince of *Orange* joyfully Entertained in the City of *London*" (Bodleian, Wood E. 25 [109]), and has in the refrain "The Great Prince of Orange" instead of "Our Gracious King William." In the Pepysian edition of the ballad various striking changes were necessitated by the proclaiming of William as king. Compare stanza 2, lines 1–2, stanza 4, lines 4–6, and stanza 7, lines 4–8, with these readings from Wood's copy:

> He is not Ambitious of wearing the Crown,
> But still does design to keep *Popery* down.
>
> The Kings Health and Prince does go merrily round:
> For I hope that he ne'r will endeavour to wrong
> Our Monarch Great *James*, who to us does belong.
>
> Betwixt *James* our King, and his People with care;
> That once more in Peace and much Glory, he may
> Wear the Royal Crown, and the Scepter here Sway:
> Our Prayers shall be first for to see this great Change,
> And next for the *King*, and the Prince *Van Orange*.

Apart from these changes the ballads are identical. J. Wolrah (a name not found in Plomer's dictionaries of printers) was a clever and a thrifty publisher.

For the tune see No. 188.

The PROTESTANTS TRIUMPH: OR, King *WILLIAM* Proclaim'd, to the Subjects Joy and Gladness.

To the Tune of, *A Touch of the Times.*

1 THrice Welcome to *London*, that Renowned Prince,
Who freely stood up for the Nations Defence:
Nay, when we were sinking and ready to fall,
Then did he step in and Deliver us all;
When we on the brink of sad Ruine did stand,
'Twas done by a Mighty Miraculous Hand:
He but little Blood in this Nation did spill,
Our Gracious King William *may Heaven bless still.*

2 He is in the prospect of *Englands* Great Crown,
And fully resolves to keep *Popery* down;
And therefore he ventur'd o're Tempestuous Seas,
When he might have tarry'd at home at his ease:
But 'twas for our good, as it well does appear,
That he was so Graciously pleas'd to come here:
No Trouble nor Danger his Courage could kill,
Our Gracious King William *may Heaven bless still.*

3 To stand for Religion is all his Design,
His Heart is so Gracious, so Good and Divine,
And therefore in pity, he came to subdue
Those Troubles and Dangers he fear'd wou'd ensue:

'Twas time to stand up for the *Protestant* Cause,
When as they endeavour'd to make void our Laws;
But yet I do hope they shall ne'r have their Will,
Our Gracious King William *may Heaven bless still.*

4 With loud Acclamations he was Welcom'd in,
And he does the hearts of all Honest Men win;
While Bells they are Ringing, and Trumpets do soun[d][1]
His Health in Canary goes merrily round:
As knowing he never intended to wrong
No Person of what unto them did belong,
But settle our Laws by the best of his skill,
Our Gracious King William *may Heaven bless still.*

5 The most of his Army we see are inclin'd
Vnto a most Noble and Generous Mind;
Behaving themselves here most gallant and brave,
Both Silver and Gold in their Pockets they have;
They come not to burthen this Nation at all,
But freely they pay for what ever they call;
By which they have purchas'd the Nations Good-will,
Our Gracious King William *may Heaven bless still.*

6 There's each drooping Soul which did formerly grieve
They having much reason, alas! to believe
That *Popery* over the Nation wou'd spread;
This filled their hearts with much sorrow and dread:
And yet when our hopes they were quite at an end,
The Lord he in mercy, his Church did defend:
Then let e'ry Christian submit to his Will,
And pray that our King may be Prosperous still.

7 And when a *Free-Parliament* shall come to Sit,
They may not their faithful Allegiance forget,
But Act what is Honest, both Vpright and fair,
'Twixt *William* our King, and his People with care;

[1] Trimmed off.

That here in this Land in much Glory, he may
Wear the Royal Crown, and the Scepter here Sway:
For he to this Nation a Blessing does bring,
Then let's pray for William *our Protestant King.*

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Wolrah.*

203

The royal health

II, 343, roman and italic type, three columns, one woodcut, stanzas numbered in large roman numerals.

Thomas Sibley probably wrote this loyal song soon after February 13, when William and Mary were proclaimed. He is an unusual ballad-writer in claiming the grand old name of gentleman. Most people thought that no gentleman would openly write a ballad, especially for gain. Thus "The Earle of *Orgas* vsed to say," if one may believe *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614, K4-K4^{v}, "that he is a foole that cannot make a Ballad, and a more fool that doth make a ballad"!

For the tune see No. 121.

The Royal HEALTH.

To the Tune of, *Hark how the thundring Canons roar*, &c.

Written by THOMAS SIBLEY, Gent.

1 LOyal Souls, drink off your Wine,
Whilst the Popish Crew repine,
We will all our Voices join,
With loudest Acclamation.
Let each Soul drink off his Glass;
None shall let a Brimer pass:
No more Idols, no more Mass,
To vex and plague the Nation.

2 We that Loyal are will sing,
Long live *William* our great King;
May he be blest in every thing,
May all his Joys grow double.
No Grief invade his Royal Breast,
Nor with Sorrow be oppress'd.
May he in all things still be bless'd,
Both void of Care and Trouble.

3 He has well deserv'd a Crown,
That laid his Life and Fortune down:
To save our Lives expos'd his own,
Unto the greatest Danger.
He ventur'd all to see us free,
From *Romes* cruel Tyranny:
Yet this all was done, you see,
By this Heroick Stranger.

4 His Royal Consort, Heavens bless,
With everlasting Happiness,
Whilst we all our Joys Express,
In drinking off *Canary:*
Let briming Bouls go quickly about,
We'll drink a Thousand Gallons out;
We ne're will cease to drink and shout,
And cry, *God bless Queen* Mary.

5 Priests shall down, the Pope shall bleed,
Since our Nation thus is freed,
From the *Babylonish* Weed,
By *William*, the brave Hero.
France shall quake, The *Pope* shall leer;
Teague shall run away for Fear,
Curse his Fate and hang his Ear,
And houle out *Lero*, *Lero*.

6 Come, here's a Health, I now begin,
To our Gracious King and Queen,
And to their long and [1] happy Reign,
To rule in Peace our Nation.
Let them long enjoy the same,
And put their Foes to open Shame:
And [2] let us not be laid i'th Blame,
To cause the least Vexation.

LONDON, Printed and Sold by *John Wallis*, in *White-Friars*.

[1] *Text* an. [2] *Text* Aut.

204

An excellent new copy of verses

v, 51, roman and italic type, one column. The stanzas are numbered in the original.

On April 27, 1688, James II issued a second declaration of indulgence, and a week later an order in council directed that the declaration be publicly read on two successive Sundays in every church in the kingdom. For signing a petition requesting the withdrawal of this order and questioning the legality of the king's dispensing power, Archbishop Sancroft and six bishops were sent to the Tower on June 8. The prosecution of the seven for libel, though it resulted in their acquittal, has been called the most impolitic act of James II. Stanzas 6 to 9 of the ballad are supposed to have been written by them just after February 13, when James, Queen Mary, and Father Petre had fled to France and the Prince of Orange had been proclaimed king. The bishops express their utter abomination of Roman Catholicism, and their intention of enforcing the Test Act.

Though no tune is indicated for the ballad, yet "The Protestants' Triumph" (No. 254) was sung to its first line, *King William he is now come o'er*, and the music is printed on that sheet.

An Excellent New COPY of VERSES.

1 KIng *William* he is now come o're
Even from the *Holland* Shore;
He sitteth now upon his Throne,
The Parliament it is his own.

2 Our Gracious King is now come here,
Resolving bad Courses for to clear;
And we hope better Days to see
In this His Princely Majesty.

3 The late King is gone to *France*,
In hopes his Honour to advance;
The Pope lies sick and like to dye,
And he's sent for His Majesty.

4 Father *Peters* is run away,
Knowing he dar'd no longer stay;
The Devil he did for him send,
Because he was his chiefest Friend.

5 The late Queen is gone astray,
Because poor *England* she did betray,
By Shamming of a Prince of *W*——
Has brought her self to all these ayls.

6 King *James* who for the Bishops sent,
Desiring to know what was their intent,
Oblieging 'em to tell, if it was so,
As they did answer the late King, No.

7 The *Penal Laws* we do stand by,
And in the same we'll live and dye;
And for the great *Test* we'll overthrow
With that great Word of No, no, no.

8 To the *Tower* we were sent in haste,
In Prison for to take our place;
'Twas for no other cause, but so,
Because we answer'd King *James* No.

9 Now let us all rejoyce and Sing,
And give true thanks to our Heavenly King:
For without Rebellion he'll let us go,
Although we answer'd the late King, No.

FINIS.

205

A king and no king

v, 78, roman and italic type, two columns.

The sheet is trimmed so closely that all the margins are gone. Perhaps in the process the colophon was shorn away, but it hardly seems likely that any printer would have risked his name on so indecent a ballad. Here in good-night style James II laments his fate, as usual throwing most of the blame on his queen and his confessor, Petre. Since he also admits that the supposed Prince of Wales is not his son, there was considerable coarse humor in having the ballad (as the title announces) translated into French by that infant and Englished by Mary of Modena. Finally, James expresses a desire to become pope — the subject of No. 245, below. Perhaps the title was given with Beaumont and Fletcher's *A King and No King* in mind.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 618–620, and No. 106.

A KING and No KING:

OR, King James's Wish. Being an Excellent New Copy of Verses, of the Never to be forgotten by his Unholiness the POPE, our late King *James*. Sent in a Letter to that Damn'd Cursed Whore of *Babylon*, who is Harlot to Antichrist, Dutchess of Hell, and Countess of Purgatory. Translated out of *Irish* into *French*, by the Pretended Prince of *Wales*, and *Englished* by his supposed Mother, The *Italian* Dutchess.

To the Tune of, *Sawny will ne're be my Love again.*

1 MY Wretched Fate, I do declare,
And of my Queen, with grief, complain,
Who's brought me into such a Snare,
I fear shall ne're be free again.

2 I Wish I had ne're been Crown'd King,
How happy then should I have Liv'd,
And Plenty I had of e'ry thing,
Bad Counsel taken; from those did give.

3 I Wish I ne're Consented then,
Poor *Monmouth*'s Life to take away;
Nor in the *West* Destroy'd those Men,
Thus Bad Counsel I did Obey.

4 I Wish I had not sent to the *Tower*
Those Seven Bishops me Counsel gave;
But now at last I am out of Power,
And you no more K. *James* shall have.

5 I Wish I had been Rul'd by them,
And their good Counsel I had tain,
But 'twas my Queen that Ruled then,
Which causeth me thus to complain.

6 A False Pretended Prince of *Wales*,
Our Mother-Church bid us Contrive,
And fill'd us up with Damn'd False Tales,
That the Hereticks all should lose their Lives.

7 Then all our Rogueries did come out,
And to an *Orange* it was sent;
And in my Nations it made a Rout,
And all for a Free Parliament.

8 Away I went for fear of the Worst,
For well I knew what I had done;
My Conscience would my Friends not Trust,
But with all speed to *France* must run.

9 I Wish I had been true to those,
That Counsell'd me always for good;
But I was led like a Bear by the Nose
By *Petres*, and those cursed brood.

10 I am a King, and yet am none,
Which makes me out of my Wits,[1]
Cause I belong'd to the Beast of *Rome;*
Our cursed designs are all beshit.

11 Trust not the Devil, nor the Pope,
Nor *Lewis* the Great, with my false Bride,
For if you do your Doom's a Rope,
With other Tortures, what e're betide.

12 Now I'll close up all with a Wish,
That I the Popedom shortly gain;
There shall be no Popes but I their Saint,
And then I shall have no cause to complain.

FINIS.

[1] *Read* Wit.

206

King James's lamentation

v, 80, roman and italic type, two columns.

"Jerry Scandal" (see No. 192) printed this vituperative ballad perhaps about February 13, 1689. In it King James personally laments for his grievous blunders, but utters some very hard words about his queen, "shuffling Mall." [1] On her he lays most of the blame for his downfall; but even if such actually had been the case, it was hardly necessary to speak of the poverty of her house. There is some humor in the title. Compare also another lament attributed to James in No. 348, which borrows lavishly from the present song.

The tune of *Billy and Molly* is derived from "Willy and Molly. . . . To the tune of *I am a Maid, and a very good Maid*," Pepys collection, III, 34. See the discussion in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 218–220, VII, 137.

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[1] He also refers to scrabbling (or scribbling) quacks, who are given dogs' names. Toozer, or Towzer, is evidently Sir Roger L'Estrange. I cannot identify Ringwood (which is used as the name of a dog, among other places, in Sir John Harington's *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596 [ed. Warlock and Lindsay, 1927, p. 45], and Thomas Randolph's *Amyntas*, 1638 [ed. J. J. Parry, p. 291]).

King James's Lamentation

For the Loss of His Three Kingdoms. It was Written Originally in *Irish*, by *Bryon Onail*, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Earl of *Tyrconnel:* And now Translated into *English*, by *Patrick* and *Teague*, *Monks* of the Order of St. *Benedict*, and Members of the *Pop*'s most Sacred Conclave.

To the Tune of, *Billy and Mally.*

With Allowance.

1 LEt all the Kings on Earth draw nigh,
and hear my Lamentation;
No Man's unhapier then I,
in any Place or Nation;
I was Great *Britian's* King, more great
then all that were before me;
But the Rogues of *Rome*, have me Undone,
my Kingdoms do abhorr me.

2 Before that *Charles* fell from his Throne;
I at his Honour aimed:
No sooner was my Brother gone,
but I was King proclaimed;
Three years I liv'd in all delight,
ne'r thinking on the Morrow,
But now my Fate is turn'd to Hate,
I sink in Seas of Sorrow.

3 I Married an *Italian* Queen,
my Greatness which Confounded:
Her Father's poor Estate is seen,
with Fourscore Miles surrounded:
By *Hocus* pranks, and Lazie *priests*,
and *Popish* Conjurations,
She's pull'd me down, I've left my Crown,
and Three brave Warlike Nations.

4 I to my Subjects broke my Word,
and *Popery* brought in Fashion:
I Tyranized with my Sword,
and made them feel my passion;
Their *Bishops*, *Clergy-men* with all
their *Cities* and their *Charters*,
Both *Church* and *State*, did feel my hate,
and would have been my *Martyrs*.

5 My Council was Compos'd of Fools,
the prosolites of *Popery*,
Of *Monks* and *Friars*, and silly Tools,
the Fathers of fond Fopperies;
And if a Wiseman Council gave,
foretelling of my danger;
He was run down, and term'd a Clown,
to policy a stranger.

6 The *Bishops* I sent to the *Tower*,
and would have no denial:
I Hang'd my Subjects by my power,
and then brought them to Tryal,
I did repute them *Hereticks*
that had not with me closed.
But the *Pope* of *Rome* doth pass no Doom,
their new King's not deposed.

7 I seldom heard the poor Man's Cause,
or granted his Petition:
The pride of *Rome* I made my Laws,
which flam'd unto *Sedition;*
Poor Women I did Head and Hang,
as Guilty of High Treason,
And every Act was *Popish* Black,
and distitute of Reason.

8 The Scrabling *Quacks*, that please the Times,
did blind me with Delusion,
They drave with Nonsence, prose, and rimes,
the Wheels of my Confusion,

For *Toozer* he did Bark and Roar,
and *Ring-wood* led the Bridle,
And shuffling *Mall* the Breeches wore,
her *priests* were never Idle.

9 You Kings and Governours that be,
attend my Lamentation,
And take Example now by me,
be wise by my Relation;
For providence doth rule all things,
in Country, King, and People,
But great's the Fall, and worst of all,
that's from promotion's Steeple.

LONDON, Printed by *J. W.* in *White-Fryars*, 1689.

207

The Italian duchess

v, 74, roman and italic type, two columns.

A rabid hater of Roman Catholicism, shortly after February 13, 1689, wrote this ballad to explain how James II came to lose his crown to his son-in-law -nephew and daughter. Very ungallantly and unfairly, he lays all the blame on Mary of Modena, who in the first person confesses faults and crimes of which she was never guilty, and who threatens with the aid of France, Spain, and the Vatican to secure revenge on England. Particularly interesting is the queen's "confession" that the Prince of Wales was not her child but was foisted on the nation with the connivance of the midwife Goody Wilks[1] — the midwife to whom, as Luttrell (I, 442) reports, "the king gave 500 guineas for her paines." Perhaps the ballad-writer hardly dared attack James, the new queen's father, but thought Queen Mary would not object to having all the blame laid at the door of her stepmother.

With "The Italian Duchess," especially stanza 4, might be compared "A New Song" preserved in a Huntington Library MS. (183, fol. 22):

> Rejoice, rejoice; for on this Day
> Laura the Dutchess of Modena
> Into this world did timely bring
> Our gracious Soveraign Mary King.

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[1] Her name, often called Wilkins, is given in still another form in Luttrell's note (II, 316) for December 19, 1691: "Wrote from Paris that Mrs. Wills, the late queen's midwife, lately died at that court." A single sheet, "The Confession of Mrs, Judith Wilks, The Queens Midwife; With the full Account of Her Running away by Night; and going into France," was printed for E. R. in 1689; while a scurrilous pamphlet called *A Melius Inquirendum Into the Birth of the Prince of Wales* professes to have been "Printed for *J. Wilks* in St. *James*'s Street. 1689." A ballad of "The Orange," in *A Collection of the Newest and Most Ingenious Poems . . . against Popery*, 1689, p. 10 (also in *A Supplement to the Collection of Miscellany Poems against Popery & Slavery*, 1689, p. 29, and *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1697, II, 101, 1704, III, 288), speaks of the time

> "When good *Judith Wilk*
> In her pocket brought Milk
> And with Cushions and Warming-pans labour'd to bilk
> this same Orange."

Alphonso was her Father's Name,
Her Mother's was, as I told yᵘ yᵉ same,
And Martinozza, as chronicles sing,
But yᵉ Doughter's name was Mary King.

This Doughter was to have been a Nun,
But then our Nation had been undone:
For then had happen'd this terrible Thing,
That we should have wanted Mary King.

The spirit therefore full well mistook,
And the Flesh was joind to James yᵉ Duke,
who when Fortune to him yᵉ Crown did bring,
Resign'd up his Title to Mary King.

Then let us all heartily, merrily sing,
God save Q. James and Mary King.

For the tunes see No. 206.

Possibly M. A. was the bookseller Maurice Atkins who is listed in Plomer's *Dictionary of Printers*, 1668–1725.

The Italian Dutchess:

Or, the Lamentation of *Mary*, late Queen of *Great Britain*, for the loss of her three Kingdoms. It was sent from *France* to the *Countess of Tyrconnel*, and now Published for the benefit of all *English* Subjects: especially, those who love the Religion of *Old Mother Church*.

To the Tune of, *Billy and Molly:* Or, *King James's Lamentation.*

1 LET every King and Queen give ear
To my sad Lamentation,
I weep, I cry, I rant and tear,
And sigh beyond relation;
For Fortune pull'd me up above
The Clouds of *Roman* Glory;
But now I fall, from *Babel*'s Wall,
As low as *Purgatory*.

2 I came of Popish Pedigree,
The Daughter of *Modena;*
And *York* did fall in love with me,
As *Jove* with *Nonacrena*.[1]
I turn'd him to Old *Mother-Church*,
And brought him to Confession;
And now and then, in great disdain,
I made him feel my passion.

3 When *Charles* the Merciful and Great,
Out of this World he tumbled,
All *England* saw his sudden Fate,
And all the Subjects grumbled:
But I was quickly made their *Queen*,
And all Men did adore me:
But six Months space did turn the chase,
All *England* did abhor me.

4 By Father *Petre*'s fond advice,
I wore the *Royal Breeches;*
And in the Privy Councel, twice,
I made two learned Speeches.

[1] Callisto.

Poor *Monmouth*'s Head I caus'd Cut off,
Which my Confusion further'd;
And hundreds more of Wretches poor,
To my Good Health were Murder'd.

5 I beat my *Peers* that stood in awe;
The *Bishops* put in Prison.
My will it was the Nations Law,
Tho it was void of Reason.
Had not an *Orange* choak'd my rage,
And broke what I intended,
The Popish *Cause* had been the Laws,
And *England*'s *Church* had ended.

6 I *English Hereticks* ran down,
And still promoted Popery;
I pull'd my Husband from his Crown,
And all advice was *Foppery:*
And tho I be a poor Man's Child,
I'm not asham'd to say it,
I've many a Night with Candle-light,
A thousand Guinea's played.

7 I to *Our Lady* did present
A Holy Diamond Bodkin,
And she to take it was content;
And was not that an odd thing?
In shams, I quickly then conceiv'd,
My Belly wore green Willow;
But Cut splut her nails, the brave *Prince of Wales*,
Did prove but a *Royal* Pillow.

8 My only Maid of Honour now,
Is *Goody Wilks* that laid me,
And tho I made so much to do,
I fear the Whore betray'd me:
For all the Holy-days and Prayers,
And roaring Works of Thunder,
Were a *thred-bare* Cloak, which *Heaven* did mock,
And made but the World to wonder.

9 O *English-men*, let me be *Queen*,
I'll never drive but lead you;
I swear by a *French Gown of Green*,
I'll neither Hang nor Head you:
Tho you be *Hereticks*, and I
Be not bound to believe you,
I'll trust you all, both great and small,
And all your Crimes forgive you.

10 But if you'll not accept of me,
To be your *Queen* again now,
I will stir up the *French*, and see
What may be done with *Spain* too.
I'll set on edge the *Pope of Rome*,
And all these three will aid me;
A Top-knot I, will also buy,
And send it to our Lady.

LONDON, Printed for M. A. in the Year. 1689.

208

The royal health

v, 93, roman and italic type, two columns, musical score printed.

This ballad was written after the proclaiming of William and Mary on February 13 and before the death of Lord Jeffreys on April 18, probably nearer the former than the latter date. It is a bigoted song by a bigoted Protestant.

Robert Hayhurst printed a poetical broadside on the coronation of William and Mary that is preserved in the British Museum (C.20. f.2 [180]), as well as Nos. 212, 221, 286. He is referred to in John Dunton's *Life and Errors* (ed. J. B. Nichols, 1 [1818], 293) as "Robin Hayhurst, who lived by printing of false news."

For the tune of *Come, boys, fill us a bumper* see Chappell, *Popular Music*, II, 528.

The Royal HEALTH,

(Three Glasses in an Hand) To the *King*, to The *Queen*, To the *Protestant Religion*.

Licensed, and Entr'd according to Order.

To the Tune of, *Come, Boys, Fill up a Bumper.*

To the King.

1 COme Boys cast away sorrow,
past cares in Oblivion drownd:
The leisure from business we borrow,
in Loyal Health shall be crownd.
To the King our Glorious Redeemer,
thus we our duties pay;
Let us drink His Health in a brimmer,
repeated o're every day.

2 Our Joys and our Glasses run quicker;
then welcome the God of the Vine,
That kindly affords us such Liquor,
for drinking an health Divine:
Great *WILLIAM* that raisd us and sav'd us,
and reviv'd our drooping hope;
From those would for ever have enslav'd us,
in spight both of Devil and Pope.

To the Queen.

3 To the Queen, whom Heaven has lent us,
to render our Joys compleat;
Such a Royal Pair ne're was sent us,
the malice of *Rome* to defeat:
VVit, Honour, Religion, and Beauty,
her Graces that smile so sweet,
Shall teach us to pay Her our duty,
and lay all our Souls at her Feet.

4 The *Pope* and his Imps Infernal,
and all their Tools are undone;
For Heaven the kind Guards eternal,
has planted around the Throne:
The Kingdom's got out of the Briars,
and now we'll be bilkt no more
By Jesuits, Monks, and bald Fryars,
those Sons of the scarlet VVhore.

To the Protestant Religion.

5 To the Church, whose Preservation,
she owes to this God-like pair,
Shall flourish again in the Nation,
and never more shall dispair:
Our Faith to our Faiths great Defender,
that safety and glory shall owe;
That we our whole hearts will surrender,
our joys and our bowls shall flow.

6 Now *Nuncio*, *Jeffrays*, and *Peters*,
prepare for a Tyburn-string;
The Nation has long been your debtors,
and will pay of your scores with a Swing:
Farewell to your long sly preambles,
your Jesuits will not do;
Your Smithfield, your Faggots, and Shambles,
and all the Blood-thirsty Crew.

Printed for *R. Hayhurst* in *Little-Britain.*

209

The loyal bumper

v, 94, roman and italic type, one column, stanzas numbered (in parentheses).

This ballad appeared after February 13, and its title leads one to expect a Williamite effusion. As a matter of fact, the title was a blind for a Jacobite song, to which the printer dared not sign his name. So the "true king" is undoubtedly James II, the "true queen" Mary of Modena; the "true prince" is not George of Denmark, as the title says, but the young Prince of Wales. These and other Jacobite references are veiled so cleverly that many readers may have failed to detect them. Anybody, however, should have observed that the Princess Anne is omitted, though her husband, Prince George, is supposed to be included in the health. Anne and Mary are glanced at in stanza 2 with its reference to children who obey their parents, "for the disobedient we know will not sway [that is, rule] well." Caesar (stanza 9), the favorite ballad-name of Charles II (cf. No. 134) is here transferred to James II.

Disloyal ballads were not so uncommon as may be supposed. For example, *The Proceedings* of the Old Bailey Sessions for May 31–June 3, 1693, reports that "Bridget Laytus, a Mantua maker, was tried for a Misdemeanor in Composing and Publishing 2 false and Seditious Libels, one called, *A Song made upon the King*, another, *A Song made upon the Queen;* the Burden of which Songs were, *A dainty fine King, A dainty fine Queen, indeed, indeed,*" and that Bridget, found guilty, was sentenced to pay a fine of £200, to stand twice in the pillory, and to find sureties for a year. The Harvard College Library (Gay collection) has "A New Song" (with music), dated 1693, beginning,

> Thanks to our good K— *William,*
> Who looks so kindly to Us,
> He sends our Money all abroad
> For fear it should undoe us;

and ending,

> God bless our King and Queen,
> And send them long to reign;
> For if they e'er do *Abdicate,*
> We shall ne'er have the like again.

THE Loyal Bumper; or, *England's* Comfort.

BEING A Health to King *William* and Queen *Mary*, and the Prince of *Denmark*.

To an Excellent New TVNE.

1 HEre's a Health to the King whom the Crown does belong to,
Confusion to those that true Kings wou'd do wrong to:
We'll here use no Name of an Old King or New King,
But we'll Drink a Health, Boys, a Health to the true King.

2 Here's a Health to that Man that has wrong done to no Man,
Be he *English* or *Dutch-man*, or *Spaniard*, or *Roman:*
Here's a Health to those Children their Parents obey well,
For the Disobedient we know will not Sway well.

3 Here's a Health to Just Men, from the Cott to the Throne, Boys,
For Conscience will tell you, all shou'd keep their own, Boys:
Here's a Health to those Worthys that stand up for *David*,
And shame take those Members their Head have outbraved.

4 Here's a Health to Queen *Mary*, true Joys light upon her,
May her Life be attended with Glory and Honour:
We'll here use no Name of an Old Queen or New Queen,
But we'll Drink a Health, Boys, a Health to the true Queen.

5 Here's a Health to the Prince, Heaven send him long Life,
And if e're he be Crown'd, let him Reign without Strife:
We here do not name him, whether Old Prince or New Prince,
But we'll Drink a Health, Boys, a Health to the true Prince.

6 Here's a Health to those hearts that are Honest and Loyal,
And those which are not so, may Heaven destroy all:
We do not name any, whether Old hearts or New hearts,
But we'll Drink a Health, Boys, a Health to all true hearts.

7 Here's a Health to the Clergy, true Sons of the Church,
Who leave not their Prince nor Religion i'th' lurch:
We here do not mention whether Old Church or New Church,
But we'll Drink a Health to the Sons of the true Church.

8 Here's a Health to those Soldiers that'ill Fight for their Pay,
That will stand by their Master, and not run away:
Whether Lords, D. or E.[1] so they Fight for their King, Boys,
Or else let them Dye all like Dogs in a String, Boys.

9 Once more to all these, let the Glass then go round,
Preserve all the Loyal, and Traytors confound:
Send Peace to Old *England*, and give *Cæsar* his Due, Boys,
And then 'twill be better for me and for you, Boys.

FINIS.

[1] *I. e.*, Dukes or Earls.

210

The Protestant observator

v, 105, roman and italic type, two columns, title slightly torn. The stanzas are numbered, and the music for the tune (cf. also No. 188) is printed on the ballad-sheet.

The ballad was probably written in February, 1689, after the proclaiming of William and Mary. The Protestant observator (whose name is apparently borrowed from that of Sir Roger L'Estrange's paper) tells from his narrow religious point of view the history of England from the accession of Mary I to that of William III and Mary II. Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I come in for much praise because they fought Roman Catholicism and upheld the Church of England. But fiery-nosed Cromwell is scoffed at because he opposed the state church and made the government democratic. Great Charles, who died under suspicious circumstances, — probably, we are to infer, from poison, — is favorably contrasted with his brother James II, who oppressed the kingdom, reestablished a false religion, and tried to palm off a supposititious child as the heir to the throne. Then came William of Orange to suppress the Whore of Babylon! No doubt the ballad is a fair reflection of the thoughts and feelings of the majority of Englishmen in 1689.

[The P]rotestant OBSERVATOR:
OR, A Touch of the strange Turn of TIMES. From the Reign of Queen *Mary* in 1555. to this present Year.

To the Tune of *A true Touch of the Times.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 NOW listen a while, while I here do relate
The many strange Turnings in Matters of State,
Since bloudy Queen *Mary* and *Bonner*[1] did Reign,
Of whom the whole Kingdom had cause to complain:
Those that would not Turn were adjudged to Burn,
At which our bless'd *Sion* in Ashes did Mourn;
Yet her noble Martyrs Religious and Loyal,
Through Faith they did stand the sharp fiery Trial.

2 Soon after these Flames had prov'd Protestant's Doom,
A hot burning Feaver did *Mary* consume:
Then Lady *Elizabeth* she was made Queen,
Whose Piety soon chang'd the sharp bloudy Scene;
In spite of the Jesuites Envy and Malice,
She was convey'd from a Prison to a Palace;
From a Vail of Tears to a Sceptre and Crown,
And quickly she tumbl'd *Rome*'s Wooden God's down.

3 A lasting Foundation she likewise did make,
For Law and Religion, which *Rome* cannot shake:
She had been preserv'd by a powerfull Hand,
For to be a publick Good to this Land:
In her blessed Reign she did baffle proud *Spain*,
And studied the Protestant Rights to maintain;
And after she had Reigned full Fourty four years,
Her Death did occasion whole Showr's of Tears.

4 Then peaceable *James* came next to the Throne,
Whose Learning and Wisedom all Persons must own:
Tho' Peace and Religion was all his Desire,
Rome's Faction against his sweet Life did conspire:

[1] Bishop Edmund Bonner (†1569).

The Jesuites hot, may they ne'er be forgot,
In that they contriv'd a damn'd Gun-powder Plot,
To blow up the King, and his Great Parliament.
But Heaven in Mercy their Plot did prevent.

5 Then after him Reigned *Charles* his Royal Son,
Who thro' a whole Ocean of Sorrows did run,
And then at the last, by most unhappy Fate,
Was Murder'd and Martyr'd at his Palace-Gate;
There like a meek Lamb he did patiently dye,
Whose innocent bloud did for just vengeance cry;
His Foes that were formerly used to frown,
In private their Tears then ran trickling down.

6 Then *Oliver* came with his fiery Nose,
The Common Prayer Service he soon did oppose,
And Bishops turn'd out, with great Persons of State,
They were like Old Almanacks, quite out of Date:
Then Tinkers and Taylors did sit at the Helm,
And Collonels with Coblers did Govern the Realm:
Thus having quite turn'd out the Bishops and Peers,
Then Canters and Ranters were haul'd in by the Ears.

7 Then *Cromwell* went hence in a horrid Whirl-wind,
And left all his Coblers, and Tinkers behind.
Then K. *Charles*, who long had been kept from his own,
With Peace, Joy, and Triumph Return'd to his Throne
Where many long years he did Flourish and Reign,
And we had no Cause in the least to complain;
To Eighty and four [1] he the Sceptre did sway;
Then dy'd with full Age, or else some other way.

8 Then the next was a Papist that came to the Crown.
Whose Jesuites strove to run Protestants down,
Great *Monmouth* then hearing what they did contrive,
Unto this great Kingdom he soon did arrive,

[1] *I. e.*, 1684 Old Style (February, 1685, New Style).

Resolving to stand for the Protestant's good,
And Sealed the same with the Price of his Bloud,
For Malice and Envy was frequently rife,
Alas! he was merely betray'd of his Life.

9 The Protestant Laws must be next overthrown,
To make some Ten thousands times worse of their own,
And then was provided with great Cost and Care,
A Project to bring forth a Catholick Heir:
But oh! how the Friars did fret, swear and damn,
'Cause Protestants would not believe the quere Sham:
Great *William* at length with an Army came here,
And sent them away with a Flea in their Ear.

10 Now gracious King *William* is plac'd on the Throne,
His Power let every Protestant own,
And pray that the Heavens will always afford
A Blessing along with his Conqu'ring Sword,
Our Laws to Restore, down with *Babylon*'s Whore,
That she may ne'er trouble this Kingdom no more:
Then Blessings from Heaven will fall like a Dew,
Upon our Great King, and His Parliament too.

211

The Jesuits' lamentation

v, 108, roman and black letter, two columns. The stanzas are numbered and the music printed on the original. For the tunes see also Nos. 110 and 144.

Printed about February, 1689, this is only one of many ballads that delighted in the ruin of the Jesuits by the proclaiming of William of Orange as king. Apparently balladists thought that the Catholics would tamely submit, whereas actually they continued their missionary work with effects that are perhaps more striking in the twentieth century than in the seventeenth.

On J. Bissel see No. 155.

The Jesuits Lamentation, OR, THE Priests never Better Fitted.

Tune of, *Hey boys up go we;* or, *Russel's Farwel.*

1 WAlking one Evening in a Grove
to taste the wholsome air,
I heard two Jesuits sigh and sob,
being acted by dispair;
Quoth one to th' tother, Ah my Friend,
we now are quite undone,
Our Romish tricks have now an end,
we for our lives must run.

2 Our prop is lost, and we must fall
by Halter or by Ax;
Great *Iames* is gone, and with him all
our little bubbling knacks:
The great King *William* he has come,
and spoil'd our thriving Church,
He hates the Scarlet Whore of *Rome*,
we are now in the lurch.

3 Our Masses will no longer pass
for current English pay,
Their Cheats discovered are alas,
and we must hence away;
The people now are undeceiv'd,
they can our Cheats descry,
We can no longer be believ'd,
if we stay we surely dye.

4 Our Trading now is grown as dead
as Saints to which we pray:
Our Purgatory now is fled,
with *Peter*'s pence away:
Our Holy Pardons now are dead,
and not esteemed here;
Our Pilgrimages too are fled,
with all we held most dear.

5 The people will no more give ear
to such apparent lyes;
Our Cheats too plainly now appear,
and all our Knaveries:
The King from hence will rout us out
with a strong Hempen band;
He loves no Romish Imps about
his Royal Throne should stand.

6 For well he knows where e'er we dwell
we reign and reign alone,
Which makes him take care us to expel
far from his Royal Throne:
Were ever Jesuits so crost,
as wretched we have been;
The day we thought our own is lost,
the King has chang'd the Schene.[1]

7 We thought the English to have slain
with a bloody Romish hand;
But now Experience tells us plain,
Heaven doth our Tricks withstand.
Then farewel to the English Shore
and all our pleasures past;
We never shall say Mass here more;
all our Delights are lost.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Bissel *at the Hospital Gate in* West Smithfield.

[1] *Sic.*

212

The Dutch's happy conquest

IV, 222, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts. The type is badly blurred, so that only with great difficulty can stanza 1 be made out.

Luttrell (1, 508) remarks, "Letters from Morlaix in France say that king James sailed from Brest the 25th of last month [February], with 16 men of war and 7 tenders, for Ireland, but was beat back again the 27th: the men on board are English, Scotch, and Irish, few French." Evidently it was some such news-letter that suggested the ballad, in which readers are informed that the seas are closed to French ships, that Tyrconnel can expect no aid from Louis XIV. A single sheet called "An Account Of the Last *Thursdays* Sea Engagement between the *Dutch* and *French* Fleets near the Coast of *Brest*, VVith the Total Routing of the *French* Fleet" (1689) outdoes these verses by saying that there are "a great many of their [that is, the French] Men of War Sunk, and others taken, with a great number of their small Craft-men that had their Land Souldiers on Board, among which were the Marshal Luxemburgh, and many others of their greatest and best Officers: And it's generally said about the Town, that the Late King *James*, with many of the *English* Nobility, are made their Prisoners of War." Nevertheless, on March 12, while the ballad was still new, James II crossed safely to Ireland, bringing to Tyrconnel a large quantity of supplies.

On the tune see No. 121; on Hayhurst, No. 208.

THE Dutch's Happy Conquest: OR, THE French Routed In their Voyage to Aid[1] *Tyrconnel* in *Ireland*, Feb. 28, 1689.

Tune of *the Thundring Canons Rore.*

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

1 O hark! I hear the *French* and *Dutch*,
Lately met and had a touch,
The which doth vex the Papists much,
to hear the French are routed;
For the *Dutch* did make them sore
As they did meet them going o're,
Intending for the Irish shore,
as on the Seas they costed.

2 The *French* were going as it's said,
O're to *Ireland* for to Aid
Tyrconnel, but they were betraid,
and by the *Dutch* were boarded;
For when the *Dutch* did with them meet,
Gallantly they did them treat
With powder strong and bullets great,
their thundring Cannons roared.

3 And now *Tyrconnel* he's undone,
Not knowing which way for to run,
His Enimies the *Dutch* to shun,
who reigns in Chief at Sea sir,
For now he thinks to *France* to get,
But he'll be catched in a Net;
For he's on e'ry side beset,
and moneys he hath none sir.

4 Then let the *French* King take his part,
By Sea or Land he'll find the smart;
For the *Dutch* will never start
since that we are Vnited.

[1] *Text* id.

And *Protestants* do all agree;
In time the *Pope* of *Rome* to see,
And make his Holiness to flee,
and run as he were frighted.

5 For why the *Dutch* lye on the Sea,
To watch *Mounsieur* continually,
Who is their greatest enemy,
where ever they do go sir;
And now the *French* may stay at home,
For now the *Dutch* will keep their own,
In the dispite of *Babilon*
what ever they can do sir.

6 For all that e're the *French* can do,
Will not make brave *Holland* bow:
That they will make the *French* to know
that they will keep the Seas clear;
For if they dare but once peep out,
Then to be sure they'l have the Rout
By the *Dutch*, who are so stout,
and valueth not *Mounsieur*.

7 And *Englands* Valour will be tride,
With brave *Holland* for to side,
To pull down *Mounsieurs* haughty pride,
for all his false Delusions; [1]
For let him know, his Country-men
That persecuted were from them;
In time do hope to come agen,
and to his own Confusion.

8 Now to the Whore of *Babylon*,
Here's a Cup of Confusion,
Which great King *William* hath begun,
so wisely and so wary;

[1] *Read* Delusion.

Let heavens bless Him e'ry day,
The Royal Scepter for to sway,
And *Protestants* may ever pray,
for *WILLIAM* and Queen *MARY*.

Printed for *R. Hayhurst* in *Little-Britain*.

213

A view of the Popish plot

II, 281, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

"A View" summarizes the hostile activities, real and alleged, of Roman Catholics against Church and State from 1678 to about February or March, 1689. It utters the usual slurs about the Jesuits, James II, Louis XIV, the "supposed" Prince of Wales, and the usual praises of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, Titus Oates, the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney, William III. Although the Jesuits once flourished and held England in a strangle-grip, yet William has altered the case, it joyously declares. The ballad is good-enough propaganda — of a type now usually confined to newspapers or magazines.

Stanza 6 names William Waring, alias Harcourt, who with Fathers Caldwell, Gavan, Turner, and Whitbread was executed for his religion on June 20, 1679. Edward Coleman, Mary of Modena's secretary, was executed on December 3, 1678, for complicity in the Popish Plot. Luttrell (I, 40) notes that he had been assured of a pardon, and hence looked "very much about him when in the cart" on the way to Tyburn. "At last he would almost perswade the sherif of Middlesex that he had a pardon for him; which he absolutely denying, Coleman ('tis said) should say, 'Then there is no faith in man'; and so submitted himself to the sentence, and was hang'd and quartered." These last words are unsympathetically recorded in stanza 7. There is an interesting ballad on Coleman, "A Looking-Glass for Traytors," in the Bodleian, Wood E. 25 (33).

The tune, usually known simply as *The blacksmith* or *Which nobody can deny*, is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 227–231.

A View of the POPISH-PLOT;
OR, A Touch of the Cunning Contrivance of the *Romish Faction*, from the Year Seventy-Eight, to this late Time.

To the Tune of, *The bonny Blacksmith.*

1 COme listen a while both Young and Old,
While I in brief to you will unfold,
A Ditty as true as ever was told,
Which no body can deny.

2 In *Seventy-Eight* the *Jesuit*-Plot
Was private, yet Hellish, and desperate hot,
For which some at last did go fairly to Pot,
Which no body can deny.

3 Some *Papist* L—— [1] did strive to devour
A *Protestant* Monarch who then was in power,
For which they were decently sent to the *Tower*,
Which no body can deny.

4 With Fire and Sword they thought to have marr'd
The *Protestants*, and not a Soul to have spar'd.
And therefore the Citizens stood on their Guard,
Which no body can deny.

[1] Lords.

5 As soon as the Crew of the *Jesuits* see
They were to be punisht for this Villany,
They presently Murder'd Sir *Edmund Godfrey*,
Which no body can deny.

6 Then *Harcourt*, and other sweet Sons of the Nooze,
Which nothing of Law in the least could excuse,
Why, these had the honour to dye in their Shooes,
Which no body can deny.

7 With promises fair they were sweetly led on,
To clearly deny all as much as they can,
'Till *Coleman* cry'd out, *What belief is in Man?*
Which no body can deny.

8 Then straight a false Rumor was rais'd in the Town,
Some Courtiers did on the true *Protestants* frown,
Nay, valiant brave *Monmouth* with speed they ran down,
Which no body can deny.

9 The hanious Distractions most violent hot,
The *Papists* desir'd might have been forgot,
Or otherwise call it a *Protestant* Plot,
Which no body can deny.

10 And then for a cunning and subtile Device,
Some honest Men's lives was an absolute price,
And thus all Affairs was turn'd round in a trice,
Which no body can deny.

11 Some persons for Favour, at *Protestants* fume,
Thus *R*—— and *S*——[1] was brought to their doom,
They fell by the fury and malice of *Rome*,
Which no body can deny.

12 The Monster became the grand Scourge of the Age,
Ever since *Popery* mounted the Stage,
But now he's shut up like a Bird in a Cage,
Which no body can deny.

[1] Lord Russell (cf. the notes to Nos. 107–109) and Algernon Sidney.

13 Then those [1] that discover'd the *Jesuit* Crew,
And what they were seeking and plotting to do,
These was to be Whipt, ay, and Pillory'd too,
Which no body can deny.

14 They never cou'd stop Doctor *O*—— [2] his Mouth,
Altho' he was then Degraded forsooth,
Nay, Whipt and Imprison'd for speaking the Truth,
Which no body can deny.

15 Now he that first found out the Whipping Trade,
Which did the D—— and *J*—— [3] Degrade,
Let him by the same an Example be made,
Which no body can deny.

16 Then *Jesuits* stood for the upper hand,
And in the heighth of Defiance did stand,
Against our Clergy and Laws of the Land,
Which no body can deny.

17 In order to baffle the *Protestant* Power,
The *Bishops* away were sent to the *Tower*,
And a young Prince of *Wales* was Born the same hour,
'Tis True, if they do not Lye.

18 The *Jesuits* then was never at rest,
But still was contriving to Murder the *Test*,
But now good King *William* has quite spoyl'd the Iest
Which no body can deny.

Printed in the Year 1689.

[1] *E. g.*, Miles Prance (cf. No. 194).
[2] Titus Oates.
[3] The Devil and Jeffreys.

214

The chimney-men's grief

IV, 309, black letter, three columns, three woodcuts.

On March 1, 1689 (Luttrell, I, 506), King William sent a message to the House of Commons suggesting the regulation or the repeal of the two-shilling hearth, or chimney, tax. Without stopping to see what effect this message would have, the ballad-writer immediately wrote "The Chimney-Men's Grief" to celebrate the king's message and to express the joy felt by the people. For the tax was odious, and it frequently worked great hardships on the people. Thus from Oxford Humphrey Prideaux (*Letters*, ed. E. M. Thompson, pp. 51–52, Camden Society, 1875) wrote on September 18, 1676, that "Glocester Hal is like to be demolished, the charge of Chimny money beeing soe great," and that the principal of the Hall (now Worcester College), though he had had no students "these three or four years," was being held personally responsible for the arrears of the tax. By seeking to do away with the hearth tax William favorably impressed his new subjects. On its final abolition see No. 238.

For the tune see No. 189.

The Chimney-Men's Grief;

OR, The poor Subjects Joyful Expectation of the Downfall of that Terrible Tax which so long has been their Yearly Vexation.

To the Tune of, *Why are my Eyes*, &c.

Licensed according to Order.

1 LEt all Loyal Subjects Rejoice now amain,
and pray for King *Williams* long prosperous Reign;
Who does to his people all Favour extend,
And will not be wanting our Rights to defend:
The Nation he never designs to Oppress,
The Taxes most grievous he strives to make less;
And that of the Chimneys he'l freely pull down,
All over his Kingdom in City and Town.

2 This Tax has continu'd for many long years,
And caus'd the poor people whole showers of tears;
When truly not able their Coin to produce,
Each often receiv'd a most horrid abuse
From cruel Collectors, quite void of all Grace
Who like roaring Lyons, would come to each place,
And if disappointed, then on them they'd Frown,
But this Chimney-money *we hope will go down.*

3 The Tax of these Chimneys when first it was made,
It was on good Tradesmen and Gentry laid.
Who had store of Treasure the same to discharge,
But in a short time this did further enlarge;
For it being Farm'd by a Rich Knavish pack,[1]
The poor of this Kingdom went sorely to wrack,
In every Village, nay, City and Town,
But we are in hopes now this Tax will go down.

[1] Perhaps James Cunningham, of Letterkenny, the collector of the tax, on whom see the *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, 1690–1691, p. 453.

4 Poor Plowmen that labours for Sixpence a day,
Was likewise abliged this Tax for to pay;
And tho' a poor Wife, and young Children small,
And none but his Care to maintain them withal:
It was but in vain to plead Poverty, when
They met with those cruel and hard-hearted men,
Who wou'd with much Malice upon the poor frown,
But we are in hopes now this Tax will go down.

5 There's many that scarce had a Groat in the world,
But was on the wrack of Extreamity hurl'd;
Like Plundering Souldiers, they'd enter the Door,
And make a Distress on the Goods of the poor,
While frighted poor Children distractedly cry'd,
This nothing abated their insolent pride;
With rugged harsh [1] Language upon them they'd frown
Yet this heavy Tax now we hope will go down.

6 Sometimes a poor Labourer works all the week,
Then hyes to the Market a Dinner to seek,
Whereas he may purchase a joynt of good Meat,
And this may no sooner be Roasted and eat,
But straightways the Spit may be seiz'd for the Tax,
O this was enough the poor Tradesman to vex,
To think that Dame Fortune should thus on him frown
But we are in hopes now this Tax will go down.

7 But thanks to the King, who is graciously pleas'd,
That every Subject in time shou'd be eas'd
From what has been grievous to most in this Land,
Then let us in Loyal Obedience here stand,
To him that will study our flourishing peace;
Let Heavenly Blessings be found to encrease,
To make his days happy with Royal Renown,
Who freely desires that Tax to go down.

[1] *Text* hursh.

8 His Generous Spirit is season'd with Love,
Which flows from the heavenly powers above;
May Blessings attend him where ever he goes,
And Guard him from all his implacable Foes;
So here to enjoy a true prosperous Reign.
Then, then we shall never have cause to complain:
His Love is as Great as his Royal Renown,
For this heavy Tax he will freely take down.

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guiltspur-street.*

215

England's deliverance

11, 65, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

This ballad was written to celebrate New Year's Day, that is, March 25, 1689. It bids farewell to '88 with its griefs and calamities, and welcomes in '89 with its glorious revolution led by Esther, or the Princess Mary of Orange. It jeers at the young Prince of Wales, questioning his royal birth, prays for the bright star and the seven bright "candles" (the seven bishops whom James II had persecuted), expresses a fervent wish that the Orange Esther will hang Lord Jeffreys as a second Haman ("Hammond"), and ends with a further prayer that never again may popery flourish.

For the tune see No. 237.

On the publisher A. B. see No. 163.

ENGLANDS Deliverance,
OR, God's Gracious Mercy at the time of Misery.

When in Distress, and pittiless,
we do with Troubles meet,
And then in Grief find Gods Relief,
then is his Mercy sweet.

To the Tune of, *The two English Travellers.*

1 FArewell the Old year, with all Sorrow and Grief,
And to that ranck Crew, which did rein here in chief,
Who sought like the Ravenous Wolves to destroy,
Religion and Laws, which by right we enjoy.

2 Whilst *Sions* fair Glory did seem to decay,
Like *Nineve*, thousands repenting did pray,
That God would in mercy deliver his own,
Their crys came before the Great God in his Throne.

3 The good Learned Bishops Religious and Grave,
Was flouted by every scurrillous Slave;
Expos'd to the Malice of every Pen,
But God he step'd in, and deliver'd 'em then.

4 Who seeing how faithful our Church did believe,
Before this New-year then he sent a Reprieve;
For to rescue his Flock, and from danger set free,
Which was in the Hands of *Herod*'s Cruelty.

5 When we on the brink of sad Ruin did stand,
'Twas done by as great a miraculous Hand,
As if he'd divided the Red Seas once more,
Oh! that we may ever his Mercies adore.

6 Now let Rich and Poor evermore praise the Lord,
And let eighty eight be set down in Record,
How God has prevented their cruel design,
Which they thought to accomplish by eighty and nine.

7 And now the New-year with much joy is come in,
Which *Babylon* thought we should never have seen.
But now they are routed and put to the run,
And some may be sorry for what they have done.

8 But let them send to their Old Daddy the Pope,
Who will not deny them a Pardon I hope;
That when by the Laws of this Land they are cast,
To see if 'tis able to save them at last.

9 Let the Wolf in the *Tower*[1] be hang'd in a String,
For he thought to devour our Flocks before Spring;
He snapt at our Shepherds and sent them away,
Where now he remains his own self without Prey.

10 He reapt all the Joys that this World had in store,
To please his Ambition he car'd for no more;
His Heart was like *Nero*'s so cruelly bent,
To spill any honest Mans blood he'd consent.

11 His Pride and Ambition came to that degree,
That a second *Hammond* he termed might be,
Who built up a Gibbet for poor *Mordecai*,
He dy'd on't himself, and I wish so may he.

12 The People of God then was all to have dy'd,
To gratifie *Hammond*'s most insolent Pride,
As we by the *Romans* was promis'd our Doom,
Which was to be sacrificed to *Rome*.

13 This grieved the Princes in another Land,
When as our ruin she did understand,
This *Hester* from *Holland* sent her General,
Who thorough God's Mercies redeem'd us from Thrall.

14 True Love then did flow like a Fountain or Flood,
And Conquer'd without the effusion of Blood;
The strong Arm of Heaven this Battel did fight,
And put our most absolute Foes to the flight.

[1] Lord Jeffreys.

15 Let the Brittains now Triumph on Mountains & Dales,
Where e're they Inhabit in *England* or *Wales;*
But for *Te Deum*, pray let it alone,
Because your late Prince is not very well known.

16 But yet the true Brittains they still are in doubt,
Because it was never yet fairly made out,
Though it glissen'd like Gold, yet like Led it did ring;
For they dream'd that the Prince was no kin to a King.

17 God bless the bright Star that supported our Laws,
And the seven bright Candles that pleaded our cause;
Let their Foes be their Footstool, while the world doth remain,
That Popery never may flourish again.

Printed for A. B.

216

Epithalamium on the supposed marriage of the Prince of Wales

v, 130, roman and italic type, two columns, several words or letters trimmed off, as the brackets indicate. Other copy: Lord Crawford, No. 1013.

In 1688 both Queen Mary and Princess Anne believed, or pretended to believe, the Prince of Wales a supposititious prince, not their half-brother. Such was the opinion, too, of the majority of English Protestants, though after a short time the legitimacy of young Prince James was accepted as a fact by nearly everybody. The ballad-writer, following the fashion, makes merry with him.

James III (to give him his Jacobite title) was born at St. James's palace on June 10, 1688 (see No. 154). According to stanza 4, he was half a year old to the minute when the ballad was written; but the colophon is dated 1689, and it hardly seems probable that "Jerry Scandal" would have ventured to print the ballad before James II had been definitely deposed in February, 1689. If 1689 is an old-style date, the ballad appeared after March 25, 1689. It is a very scurrilous production which reflects no credit on the religion that inspired it.

The tune is named from the refrain of "A New Song of the Lulla By, Or, Father Peter's Policy Discovered," which begins "In Rome there is a most fearful rout," and which is to be sung to "*Green Sleeves*. Or, *My Mistriss is to Bulling gone*" (for *Green sleeves* see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 227–233). Reprints of the "New Song" are in *A Supplement to the Collection of Miscellany Poems against Popery & Slavery*, 1689, pp. 91–93, *A Second Collection of the Newest and Most Ingenious Poems . . . against Popery*, 1689, p. 29, and *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1697, II, appendix, pp. 19–20 (1704, III, 306–307); while broadside copies appear in C.38.i.25 (18) and 1871.f.3 (10) in the British Museum and in Godwin pamphlets 2226 (22) in the Bodleian.

On Jeremiah Wilkins see No. 192.

EPITHALAMIUM

OR, A Wedding Song: ON The Supposed *Marriage*, of the Supposed *Prince of Wales*, to the Supposed Grand-Chil[d of] the *French* King, the Supposed Son of *Lewis* the 13*th.* as it was with the Consent of [*His*] *Holiness* (or rather *His Wickedness*) the *Pope of Rome*, Solemnized from *Paris* to *Purg*[*atory*] the Third of the last *Greek Calends*, 1689.

To the Tune of, *Lulla by baby*, &c.

Lycensed, and Entered according to Order.

1 PRAY rub up your Ears, and I'll tell you a thing,
The wonder of Subjects, the Wit of a King:
Then give me attention to what I do Sing,
Sing Tantara rara Boys hey, Boys hey, sing Tantara rara Boys hey.

2 The Young *Prince of Wales* he went over to *France*,
To Fence and to Fiddle, and learn to Dance;
And there he did meet with a Mistris by chance:
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

3 He spy'd from his Cradle a *Princess*, that Cry'd,
The *Dophin*'s young Daughter with Swadling Clouts ty'd:
And fell in a Passion, as if he would have dy'd.
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

4 The *Prince* to a minut, was half a year Old;
The *Princess* a quarter, but bucksome and bold,
And both they were willing their Loves to unfold.
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

5 Young *Innocent* mumbl'd, and fumbl'd the Wench;
And she made him answer, by Smiling in *French:*
But he with his Rattle her passion did quench.
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

6 The *Mazareen-King*,[1] the *Most Christian Fox*,
That *Europe* Confounded, and *Christendom* Choaks:
He heard of the Woing, and swore by the POX.
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

7 Your Right to Three Kingdoms I dare to deny;
Then hopeful young *Innocent*, pray thee stand by:
But Old Father *Peters*, he thus did reply.
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

8 The *Prince of Wales*'s Right (tho' now by mischance,
He lives in your Kingdom, and backward doth dance)
[Is] as good to *England* as yours was to *France*.
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

9 At last they agree'd, and both Parties content:
The day was appointed, mistakes to prevent;
And the *Turk*'s *Great Defender* he gave his Consent.
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

10 Two Ladies of Honour the Parties did bear,
The Bride in a Cradle, and him in a Chair;
But both in the Chappel, did Cry out for fear.
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

11 The *Priest* he made hast, and joyned their Hands;
And thus he secur'd them, in Wedlock Bands,
Yet neither had Kingdom, nor People, nor Lands.
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

12 The Table was cover'd, the Dishes came in;
The Bride and the Bride-groom to cry did begin,
For the poor *Prince of Wales* saw none of his Kin.
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

13 When Dinner was ended, to Dancing they went,
And *Lewis* and *Mally*[2] they Danc'd with consent;
A Jeg of sweet pleasure which gave them content.
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

[1] Cardinal Jules Mazarin (1602–1661) was the prime minister of France during the minority of Louis XIV. [2] Mary of Modena.

14 The *Pope*[1] had a Daughter both Hansome and Fair,
The only Brid's Maiden, that day, that was there,
And she, of young Bastards had brought forth a pair.
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

15 The *Princess* was Pretty, and Royally Clad;
But still Young and Foolish, and hardly well Bred;
But the *Prince* he was eager to have her a Bed.
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

16 When both were a Bed, and the Candle put out,
And the Bride-groom drew nearer he S——t[2] in his C[lout,]
And the Wedding did end with a Stink and a Rout.
Sing Tantara rara Boys, &c.

London, Printed for, and Sold by *Jer. Wilkins*, in *White-Fryars* near *Fleet-street*, 1689.

[1] Text *Popoe.* [2] *Sic.*

217

The Jesuits' lamentation

II, 286, roman and italic type, three columns, one woodcut, slightly torn.

"The Jesuits' Lamentation" was written about March, 1689. It is a humorous, or supposedly humorous, presentation of the difficulties the Jesuit priests are experiencing under a hostile government, by which the pope's triple crown is brought low while Jack Ketch the hangman's three-legged mare is raised on high. Ketch, by the way, had been having difficulties of his own. Luttrell (I, 370) relates that in January, 1686, he was committed to Bridewell "for affronting the sherifs of London," and was supplanted by Pascha Rose, a butcher. Immediately thereafter appeared a single sheet (Bodleian, Ashmole G. 12 [27]) called "A Pleasant Discourse by way of Dialogue, between the Old and New Jack Catch, Occasioned upon the Latters being Whip'd from Rosemary-Lane to the Hermitage, on Thursday the 21th. of January, 1685. for Scandalous Words, &c. or The Hangman turneing Tumbler-Shower." In this discourse Ketch confides to Rose,

> I for my prating lately lay
> In famous *Bridewel* twice.

On May 28 (Luttrell, I, 378) Rose himself was hanged at Tyburn, "so that now Ketch is restored to his place." All of which reminds one of the fate of Barnaby Rudge's hangman-companion, Dennis.

The unusual name of Pascha Rose suggests that he may have been a son of the famous Ragusan, Pasqua Rosee, who in 1652 opened in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, the first English coffee-house (see E. F. Robinson, *The Early History of Coffee Houses in England*, 1893, pp. 65, 85-90). He was among the thirty-one prisoners pardoned by James II on February 26, 1686 ("His Majesties Most Gracious Pardon, To the Poor Prisoners in Newgate. On *Friday* the 26*th.* of February. 168⅝"). But from *The Proceedings on the King's Commissions of the Peace . . . in the Old-Bayly, the 20th. 21st. and 22d. days of May, 1686*, we learn that Rose and Edward Smith were condemned to death for stealing from William Barnet, of Stepney, apparel worth 20*s.*, and upwards. Samuel Smith, the Newgate ordinary (*The True*

Account of the Behaviour and Confession of the Criminals, Condemned on Saturday the 22th. of May, 1686), wrestled for Rose's soul and got a confession that he had previously been convicted of bigamy and held for fifteen weeks in Newgate, — evidently the crime for which he was pardoned by the king on February 26. His wife (or one of his wives) was perhaps the Rebecca Rose who in April, 1686, was condemned to death for burglary and felony, but was temporarily respited because of her pregnancy. Smith (*The True Account of the Behaviour and Confession of the Criminals, Condemned on Thursday the 15th. day of April, 1686. At Justice-Hall in the Old-Bayly*) likewise pumped and prayed for her. He learned that she was twenty-four years of age; that her first husband was "one *Biggs*, who was lately Executed at *Tyburn*"; that "she married three Weeks before last Christmas, to one *Rose*, a person of very ill note," and that she kept a victualing-house in East Smithfield.

For the tune see Nos. 211, 419.

The Jesuits Lamentation;
OR, The Downfall of The Whore of *BABYL*[*ON*.][1]

To the Tune of, *Russels Farewell.*

1 WHat *damn'd confounded* fate is this
Has check'd our hopeful *Cause*,
Nor would *Dispensing Pow'r* do:
Confound those Penal Laws.
Those Props and Friends to Heresie
That raise their *Strumpet* high;
And all in spight of *Romes* fair Charms
Our brighter Spouse defie.

2 Or those who they, their Bishops call,
Had long e're this been sent
Into the Mansions of the Deep,
It was the Wise Intent
Of our *Indulgent Fathers*, who
Did in the Vineyard sweat:
Nay *HELL* to their Assistance call'd
To hedge in their Old Debt.

[1] Blurred out.

3 The Abbey-Lands, from us purloyn'd,
Which is our due *Entail*,
Tho all *Ignatian* Arts we us'd,
It seems we can't prevail:
Our Church in gawdy Trappins drest,
And with Delusions deckt,
Is much admir'd in Foreign Parts,
But here gains no Respect.

4 A Curse upon that Monarch's Pride
That first our Church declin'd,
And likewise on that cunning Rat
Who Penal Laws design'd.
Now we are basely forc'd to sneak
That held our Heads so high,
And all the Refuge that we have
Is to For-swear and Lie.

5 Our Priests are gone that Fate to shun,
Which hover'd o're their Heads;
Their Relicks they demolisht all,
And wisely burnt their Beads.
But these that here are stopt behind
May swing for all the rest,
Tho had they all got quite away
It would have spoil'd the Jest.

6 Then let us mourn these Father's Fates
Which *Ketch* (that bloody Cur)
Begins the deadly round again,
Nor can the Fates demur.
For in the *Popish Plot* we saw
Our Saints no Aid could lend,
No Miracles their Lives could save,
Or these poor Souls befriend.

7 Yet we are sure they Martyrs dy'd
For *Romes* Beloved Cause,
To Satisfie the Bloody Thirst
Of their damn'd *Penal Laws*.

THE JESUITS' LAMENTATION

Those Laws which do our Pope run down
And makes our Priests to flie,
And brings down low the Tripple Crown
Which once was mounted high.

London, Printed and Sold by *J. Wallis* in *White-Friars*.

218

The Protestant seaman's resolution

IV, 208, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts. Other copies: British Museum, C.22.f.6 (168); Lord Crawford, No. 233; Huth-Harvard, II, 221.

The date of this ballad is uncertain. It seems likely, however, that the seaman voiced his loyal resolution early in William's reign, say in March, 1689. He shows a fine contempt for papists in general and for the French in particular, and expresses his confidence in the ability of the combined Dutch and English fleets to sweep their enemies from the sea; but, unhappily for his prophetic powers, Beachy Head seemed to put the quietus on this fleet in June, 1690. It was only after the battle of La Hogue in May, 1692, that he could well have rejoiced.

For the tune see No. 258.

The PROTESTANT Seaman's Resolution To Fight for King *WILLIAM*. OR, The Total Destruction of Popery in this Reformed Land and Nation.

To the Tune of, *The Souldier's Departure.*

1 COme brave noble hearted Sea-men,
let us all with Courage stand,
To maintain our Natives free men,
in this Ancient Christian Land;
That *Rome* never may enslave us,
by their crafty Villany;
We'll not do as they would have us,
but will pull down Popery.

2 This great Prince is come from *Holland*,
to maintain the Nations right;
He by Sea will bravely fall on,
when there shall be need to fight;
Cannons roar like Claps of Thunder,
on the foaming Ocean Sea,
For to keep the *Romans* under,
and to pull down Popery.

3 These two *Fleets* are joyn'd together,
Brittains blessing to regain.
Fearing neither Wind nor Weather,
Boys, we'll plow the Ocean main;
For to drive the world before us,
as our Enemies shall see,
France shall soon our Rights restore us,
for we'll pull down Popery.

4 Let true valliant Souls assemble,
scorning ever to retreat,
Till we make all *France* to tremble,
at our vast commanding Fleet;
Boys, we'll keep them in subjection,
for we vow to keep the Sea;
King *William* will be our protection,
while we pull down Popery.

5 May the *French* King have no Trading,
to the Lands which we belong,
But let's seize his Ships of Lading,
to retaliate our wrong:
Nay, and likewise for his Merit,
the Pope's Vassal may he be,
Or else drown'd himself in Claret,
while we pull down Popery.

6 They have felt great *Brittains* power,
in the former ages past,
And there's Seamen to this hour,
that will fight while Life doth last,
For their Native Land and Nation,
On the stormy Ocean Sea;
Now without all Disputation,
we shall pull down Popery.

7 I on board my Name will enter,
and not stand the least to pause,
Life and Fortune freely venter,
to maintain the Christian Cause;
What can be a greater Glory,
than to fight for Liberty?
Send our Foes to Purgatory,
as we pull down Popery.

8 Might I have the greatest treasure,
which the Nation can afford,
And enjoy both peace and pleasure,
yet I'de freely go on board:
This my Duty does require,
for to fight for Liberty,
Make our proudest Foes retire,
likewise pull down Popery.

9 To reward the hateful malice,
of the Antichristian Slaves,
Send them hence to *Pluto*'s Pallace,
make the foaming Seas their Graves.

Let them make their Invocation,
to their old St. *Anthony*,
While we purge and clear the Nation,
from the Dregs of Popery.

Printed for *J. Blare*.

219

In praise of the gentle craft

IV, 233, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

Richard Rigby, the rhyming shoemaker who is also the author of Nos. 183, 407, and 452, evidently wrote his praise of the gentle craft about March, 1689. At that time James II was in Ireland planning his campaign with Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, and many people thought (stanza 18) that Ireland was hopelessly lost. Rigby, however, feels sure that somehow good will be the final goal of the Romanist ill, and is convinced that shoemakers will do their part honestly and bravely, whatever it may be. He reminds them of their princely patrons, St. Crispin and St. Crispianus (Crispinianus), information about whom will be found in Thomas Deloney's Elizabethan novel of *The Gentle Craft*. Luttrell (I, 515) wrote in March that "the drumms beat up mightily in and about London for volunteers for the Irish army, and they come in pretty well: a great number of weavers, shoemakers, and butchers have lately listed themselves."

A New SONG In Praise of the Gentle-Craft, Written by *R. Rigby* of the same Trade.

To the Tune of, *The Shoomakers Travels to London, Oxford, Cambridge, and a Thousand places more.*

1 TO all true-hearted Shoomakers
these lines I do present,
And better would, if that I could
my Brains get to invent.

2 In honour of the *Gentle-Craft*,
that Subjects true hath been,
VVho proffers still with a good-will
to serve their *King* and *Queen*.

3 And in defence of *Englands* Cause,
'gainst Popery they'l fight
Tyrconnel, *Monsieur*, or the *Turk*,
maintaining *Englands* Right.

4 Let VVeavers, Butchers, and the like,
that dares not shew their face
In loyalty to King and Queen,
to Shoomakers give place.

5 For why? the Shoomakers of old
most valiant hearts did bear,
VVho fear'd no men by Land or Sea,
for fire, arms, sword, or spear.

6 There's *Crispin* and *Crispianus* both
true Kings Sons they were born,
VVho stoopt so low the Craft to know,
and thought it not a scorn.

7 Till *Crispianus* that brave Prince,
whose warlike deeds were known,
VVhose loyalty for ever free,
brave Shoomakers have shown.

8 And now Shoomakers with all speed
packs up their working geer,
In loyalty to King and Queen,
and for their Country dear.

9 To help poor *Protestants* at need,
whose troubles great are seen,
In hopes of their delivery,
by our good King and Queen.

10 Let Bowels earn within you then,
put case it were your own,
That for King, Queen, and Gospel-sake,
your Valour may be shown.

11 Let every Trade, whate'er they be,
with Shoomakers consent,
And for their pains they'l reap the gains,
blind *Popery* to prevent.

12 Poor *Protestants* they waiting are
for help of *Englands* aid,
Our King and Queen for to embrace;
then let it ne'r be said,

13 That English boys should Cowards be,
and are so much unman'd,
VVho with those *Teagues* before did fight
and banisht them their Land.

14 Then let them know we do not fear
no *Talbot* nor no Dog,
'Gainst whom brave Shoomakers will fight
and run them int'a Bog.

15 And when that we have caught him there
Dear-Joys you'l have the rout,
And cry, *O hone!* it is in vain,
King *William* to stand out.

16 Then what becomes of all your Priests?
this bout will fright them dead,
For Protestants will smell them out,
and get five pounds a head.

17 Return thanks unto *God* on high,
who is our heavenly King,
And set us free from popery;
his praise for ever sing.

18 And tho' some think *Ireland* is lost,
our *God*, when he sees good,
Can turn their hearts and then convert
without much loss of blood.

19 Take courage then my hearts of gold,
brave Shoomakers so free;
For why? your fame and valor bold
Recorded sure shall be.

Printed for *A. Milbourn* in *green Arbor* in the *Old Baily*.

220

An excellent new song

II, 283, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, the leader of James II's army in Ireland, is the subject of most of this attack, though it is devoted also to Roman Catholics in general. On the Earl of Essex (stanza 3) whom the Catholics were supposed to have murdered see Nos. 107 and 108. The ballad was written about March or April, 1689.

The tune of *I met with a jovial beggar* is named from the first line of "The Knight and the Beggar-Wench. To the tune of *The king's delight*, or *Turncoat*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 375–378).

The initials T. R., which appear also in the colophon of No. 182, cannot be confidently identified. Thomas Robins or Thomas Rudyard, for example, seems out of the question.

An Excellent New SONG *Fitted for the Times.*

Tune of, *I met with a Iovial Beggar.*

1 LEt *England* now with me
Rejoice this day to see
From Popery all set free;
And joyn with one consent
To chuse a Parliament
Vnto our own hearts content,
Which shall decide the case,
and establish all old Law,
In spight of they who shall say nay,
for Popery stands in awe.

2 It was God's blessed will,
The Scripture to fulfill,
Though sore against their will;
Had not brave *Orange* come,
We had been quite undone,
And e're this had had our doom:
But now we'l hold up our heads,
let Papists throw away their Beads;
And all Priests with their spight we'l banish quite
& flourish most brave in our trades.

3 Brave *Essex* in the Tower,
Was murdered in an hour
By Iesuits plots and power,
But when the truth is known,
And by Parliament open shown,
The right Dog shall pick the bone;
For *Tyrconnel* that Ruffian great,
that stands out, against Church & State,
In conclusion of all shall have a downfal,
or *Tyburn* shall play his fate.

4 Since *Irish* Rebellion first,
That *Talbot* has been accurst,
For the Protestants he did roast:

And now he stands in defence
Of brave *Orange* and Protestants,
And gathers all the Kings Rents:
But let him have his sway,
for *every Devil has his day*,
But when his Card's out, he shall have the rout
in spight of who shall say nay.

5 For great force in *Ireland*,
As I do understand,
He hath raised and will not disband;
Saying in his own pretence,
He stands in the Kings defence,
But the Devil knows from whence:
For from Plow came all his men,
But ne'r shall return agen,
For we'l pull off their boots, & cut 'em off by the roots,
then let Protestants say *Amen*.

6 For as I do understand,
They aimed at Churches Land,
And all Protestants did disband:
They were come to be so high flown,
That they got on the Throne,
Crying out that the day was their own
But now in our prime we'l rejoice,
and sing with a changeable voice,
For when we go to't, we'l kill horse & foot,
for fear lest the Nits should turn Lice.

7 Now Protestants eyes are ope,
And Popery has had its scope,
So their next turn will be the Rope,
For *Tyburn* is waiting still
Some of their blood to spill,
Their old Roguery to fulfill:

For they have run out their race,
and now to their foul disgrace,
Their Rogueries known, and will be shown
when Parliament takes its place.

Printed for *T. R.*

The countryman's joy

v, 47, roman and italic type, two columns, stanzas numbered in large roman numerals.

J. Fraser, who succeeded Richard Pocock as licenser,[1] gave his *imprimatur* to this ballad on the day before William and Mary were crowned; but probably that fact disturbed none of poor Giles's readers and singers. Giles speaks in what is supposed to be southern dialect of the Kentish variety, the dialect consecrated to clowns and rustics in the Elizabethan drama. The coronation procession (which he could not have seen) impressed him as a beautiful spectacle, but, pick-pockets having stolen all his money, — forty-four shillings, — he vows never to watch another parade in wicked London.

The tune, derived from Sir John Suckling's "Ballad upon a Wedding," will be found in Chappell's *Popular Music*, 1, 358–360.

On Robert (or Robin) Hayhurst see No. 208.

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[1] John Dunton, *Life and Errors*, 1 (1818), 266–267, says that "Catalogue Fraser" "was our *Chief Licenser* for several years, and it was pity he had not continued longer in the same post, for his treatment was kind and impartial. . . . no man was better skilled in the *mystery* of winning upon the hearts of Booksellers, nor were the *Company of Stationers* ever blessed with an honester Licenser."

THE Countrymans Joy, AT THE CORONATION OF King William & Queen Mary *April* the 11th 1689.

To the Tune of *I'll tell thee Dick*, &c.

1 ODs whirlikins! what mun Che do;
Ods whirlikins! what mun Che do
To get to *London* Town?
Chill zell my Oxen and my Plow;
Nay more, my Dun and Dapple too,
To zee the Volk a Crown'd.

2 To *Whitehall* Gate Che rid like mad,
To *Whitehall* Gate Che rid like mad,
Where tho' Che knockt with vorce;
They were zo vull of Guests they zaid,
There was no Lodging to be had
Vor me, nor vor my Horse.

3 But when Che came to *Westminster*,
But when Che came to *Westminster*,
What Zights did Che behold?
Many a Lord and Lady Vair,
As e'er were zeen in our Shire,
In Crowns of Shining Gold.

4 With many other Gallant Voke,
With many other Gallant Voke,
To Marchioness and Dutches,
In Pairs like Cattle in a Yoke;
Ods bub, Che wisht beneath my Cloke
Che had her in my Clutches.

5 After the Rest, in State were Led,
After the Rest, in State were Led,
Our King and Queen, God Bless 'em,
Under the Tester of a Bed,
You'd think them going to be Wed,
They did zo vinely Dress 'em.

6 God Zave, The Cry was all along,
God Zave, The Cry was all along,
King *William* and Queen *Mary*,
While all the Burden of my Zong,
Was Cursing the Pick-Pocket Throng,
That made poor *Giles* Miscarry.

7 Of Zhillings Vorty Vour Che brought,
Of Zhillings Vorty Vour Che brought,
To pay my Score in Town,
Of all those Crowns, not one poor Groat,
When I was dry, to wet my Throat,
Was left to bring me down.

8 But shoud Che live another Reign,
But shoud Che live another Reign,
On Horseback, or a Foot,
If e'er ye catch me there again,
Then make a Znush-Box of my Brain,
And Zteal my Hyde to Boot.

Licens'd *April 10. 1689. J. Fraser.*

London, Printed for *Robert Hayhurst*, MDCLXXXIX.

England's ecstasy

11, 254, black letter, three columns, one woodcut.

The coronation of William and Mary on April 11,[1] the ballad says, will among numerous other blessings keep any false Perkin Warbeck — like the tiler's son who masquerades as the Prince of Wales — from coming to the throne. All will be happy if Queen Mary is blessed with a royal child to make certain the Protestant succession. See also Nos. 221, 223–231.

"An Account of the Ceremonial at the Coronation of Their Most Excellent Majesties," published by order of the Duke of Norfolk, earl-marshal, shows that the ceremonies lasted nearly ten hours. William III's share in them began at 10:15, Mary's a bit later. The sovereigns met at Westminster Hall. Thence, as they passed to the Abbey, "all the Streets, Windows, Balconies and Scaffolds [were] crowded with such an infinite number of Spectators, as was scarce ever seen before, expressing their great Joy by Shouts and universal Acclamations." It was not until "Four of the Clock [that] the Crowns were put upon Their Majesties Heads by the Lord Bishop of *London*, assisted by the Lord Bishop of *Rochester*, at sight whereof all the People shouted, the Drums Beat, and Trumpets Sounded, and the great Guns at the Tower, and in St. *James*'s Park, &c. were discharged, and all the Peers and Peeresses put on their Coronets." After other ceremonies, they proceeded to dinner at Westminster Hall. Then "about eight in the Evening the Company broke up, and Their Majesties returned to *Whitehall*, the night being concluded with Bonfires and other Illuminations, Ringing of Bells, Drinking Their Majesties Healths, and all other Tokens of the Highest Affections, Loyalty and Satisfaction." In the Bodleian (Wood 276 A [105]) there is a huge single sheet, "A Description of the Ceremonial Proceedings at the Coronation," with most interesting woodcuts and elaborate descriptive letter-press.

In a detailed report of the coronation *The London Gazette*, April 11–15, comments on its "great Splendor and Magnificence." Sir

[1] Sir Richard Lodge, *The History of England (1660–1702)*, p. 311, gives the date as April 12.

John Reresby (*Memoirs*, ed. Cartwright, p. 454) was likewise impressed, but he observed that the procession to Westminster Abbey was "not attended by so many of the nobility as when the two last kings were crowned." A street-poet, in *The Royal Garland of Protestant Delight*, 1689, A4–A5, describes the celebrations of the common people:

> The Conduits were flowing with Wine,
> and Bonefires in every Street,
> Which like blazing Comets did shine,
> the joys of the day to compleat:
> Huzza's made the Element ring,
> their Merriment none dare oppose,
> They pray'd that great William our King,
> *might Reign in the spight of his foes.*

One Ralph Gray, however, did "dare oppose" the general merriment by writing and publishing "a most villanous libell" called "The Coronation Ballad"; but, for his temerity, on November 18 (Luttrell, I, 606; see also *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, 1689–1690, p. 270) he was sentenced to stand twice in the pillory and to pay a fine of a hundred marks.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 493–494.

On J. Bissel see No. 155.

ENGLANDS Extasie:

OR, The Nations Joy for the Happy Coronation of King *William*, and His Royal Consort Queen *Mary*.

Tune of, *Grim King of the Ghost*, &c.

Licensed according to Order.

1 HArk how the *Huzza's* go round
in this happy joyful day;
The Royal blest pair are Crown'd,
confirm'd both in Soveraign Sway:
See, see how the Nation is pleas'd,
our Rights now again are our own
The Protestant Church is rais'd,
and Popery now must down.

2 The King like the Sun doth shine
amidst the bright dazlin Train;
His glorys are so divine,
each grace does his worth proclaim,
How happy our Nation will be,
now *Jove* is possest of the Crown,
From Tyranny now we are free,
and Popery must go down.

3 *Queen Mary*, the Nations delight,
the flower of our English Faith,
Her looks are divinely bright,
each grace of a *Queen* she hath:
So nobly and nimbly she moves
beneath the blest weight of her Crown,
The Protestant people she loves
and Popery now must down.

4 THe Lords and the Ladies attend,
like Stars on the Sun and Moon;
Each Meteor his light doth extend,
to set forth our glorious Noon;

VVhilst Papists with envy behold
King *William* confirm'd in his Throne,
VVho has their designs controul'd,
and pluckt all their Popery down.

5 Now *England* advance thy head,
and see thou art greatly blest;
Thy foes do thy Iustice dread;
thy Rights are all repossest.
Brave Prince, to redeem all our land,
and frighten the priests from the Throne
'Twas by thy dread war-like hand
vile popery was pluckt down.

6 No more shall the priests invade
our Liberties or our Laws;
Their Agents are all betray'd,
we've ruin'd the popish cause:
VVe'l be not by *Babylon* rul'd,
no *Perkin* shall come to the Crown;
The Nation no more will be fool'd,
for popery must go down.

7 God bless the great *William* our King,
long happily may he Reign,
His foes to subjection bring,
and peace through the land maintain,
That all the whole Nation may be
as happy as e'er it was known,
from *Romes* evil stratagems free,
now popery is pluckt down.

8 God bless Royal *Mary* our *Queen*,
may she ever fruitful prove;
All Blessings attend her Reign;
her Prince and her peoples love

May Heaven encrease and compleat,
the glory and joy of the Crown;
May Iesuits fall at her feet;
thus may she tread popery down.

Printed for *J. Bissel* at the Hospital-Gate in
West-smithfield.

223

England's happiness

II, 267, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts, margins so closely trimmed that various letters and words are missing. I have restored them in square brackets.

Another song (see also Nos. 221, 222, 224–231) on the coronation of William and Mary. It exults at the routing of the Roman Catholics, threatening to treat them like "that lyon in the *Tower*," Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, who was to die only seven days later (Nos. 232–237), or to send them to Edward Coleman's three-legged mare, the Tyburn gallows (cf. No. 213). It pictures Louis XIV as quaking for fear lest his throne totter from under him, and draws in vivid contrast a sketch of a revivified England.

For the first tune see No. 134; for the second, No. 107.

ENGLANDS Happiness
In the Crowning of WILLIAM and MARY, King and Queen of *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, and *Ireland*.

Tune of, *Let Cæsar live long, and his temper abide;* or, *my Life and my Death.*

1 NOw *England*, old *England*, still hold up thy head,
who lately by Popery long time hath been led,
[An]d let the Pope's Actors, that plaid all their pranks,
[Be] gone in all haste, or we'l cripple their shanks;
For in heart, voice, and loyalty merry we'l be,
[*I*]*n the Crowning of* William *and brave Queen* Mary.

2 [S]o they got up on horseback, to *Rome* for to ride,
[And] *God* bless great *William* that turned the tide
[H]e kickt these old Mass-mongers quite out of door,
[W]ith a downfal for ever to *Babylons* whore:
And now popery's banisht, as all men may see,
[*In*] *the crowning of* William *and brave Queen* Mary.

3 And tho Priests and Iesuits look black and sad,
Like that lyon in the *Tower*, we'l make them all mad:
for our Lords and good Commons, beyond all compare,
VVill send them strait packing to *Coleman*'s old Mare.
Whilst our Bonfires shall burn with Huzas *to the Sky*,
In the crowning of William *and brave Queen* Mary.

4 Then let's spare for no cost, since the day is our own,
And great *William* and *Mary* right Heirs to the Throne
VVho throughout the Nation hath popery pul'd down;
Then bid 'em thrice welcome to *Englands* brave Crown.
Let the Conduits run wine and the Bells ring for joy,
In the crowning of William *and brave Queen* Mary.

5 For a Protestant *King* and a Protestant *Queen*,
The like in old *England* long time hath not been;
Twill make Monsieur *French-man* his heart for to ake,
for fear lest great *William* his Kingdom should shake:
For we'l venture our lives and fortunes most free,
In the crowning of William *and brave Queen* Mary.

6 Tis *God* that hath wrought us this Miracle great,
for to settle old *England* in Church and in State:
VVith wisdom & knowledge *God* bless our good King,
In all his undertakings in every thing;
That in health, peace and plenty long life we may see
By the crowning of William *and brave Queen* Mary.

7 Now once more our good old laws establisht will be,
By House, Lords, and Commons, and Parliament free.
Then God bless all the Nobility of the land,
That for true Religion so stedfast did stand;
And have acted so firmly in Parliament free,
For the crowning of William *and brave Queen* Mary.

8 And now let us pray that they still may agree,
VVithout disquiet of Conscience in free liberty
The glory of *England* once more for to raise,
And confirm the laws of *Elizabeths* days.
Then happy is all England *this day for to see*
The Coronation of William *and brave Qu.* Mar[y.]

9 Let's give *God* the praise both in hart & in voic[e,]
And in our good King & Queen greatly rejoice
That their Reign may be prosperous fervently pra[y]
Defended by Heavens success many a day;
That all Subjects for ever united may be,
In the crowning of William *and brave Qu.* Mary.

10 Then let all true Christians that lives in the lan[d]
By Protestant Interest for ever to stand;
And for good King *William* and *Mary* to pray,
In true Gospel-glory the Scepter to sway:
Then return thanks to God, who hath wrough[t] the decree
For the crowning of William *& brave Qu.* Mary.

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

Printed for *A. Milbourn* in *green Arbor* in the *Little Old-Baily.*

224

The courtly triumph

II, 268, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts. Other copy: Lord Crawford, No. 1087.

Of the coronation ceremonies of April 11 Luttrell (I, 520–521) wrote: "There was a great appearance and crowd of people: the king and queen went both under one canopy, and were both crowned as king and queen: there were about 7 or 8 bishops assisted at the ceremony; the bishop of London crowned their majesties, and the bishop of Salisbury preach'd the sermon on this text, 2 Sam. cap. 23, v. 3, 4; and both their majesties received the holy sacrament. The ceremony at the Abby being over, they returned to Westminster Hall, where was a splendid dinner to entertain the nobility and persons of quality: the house of commons dined also in an adjacent place to the Hall at their majesties charge, and had each of them a medall in gold given them, of about 50*s.* value." There is an elaborate description of the ceremonies in *M. Misson's Memoirs and Observations in his Travels over England*, 1698 (translated by John Ozell, 1719, pp. 43–57). See also Nos. 221–223, 225–231. The ballad-writer was pleased to think that when Tyrconnel should hear of the coronation he would quake for fear in his Irish bogs.

For the tune see No. 121.

The Courtly Triumph.

Or, An Excellent New Song upon the *CORONATION* of K. William and Q. Mary. Which was Splendidly Celebrated on the 11*th.* of *April*, 1689.

To the Tune of, *Cannons Roar.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 SOund the Trumpet beat the Drum,
Boys, the Golden Age is come,
The true Fame of *Christendom*,
is *William* and Queen *Mary;*
Who by Providence is Crown'd,
Let their Actions be Renown'd,
While their Loyal Healths go round,
in Glasses of Canary.

2 *Protestants* has cause to pray,
That they may the Scepter Sway,
Purging *Popery* away,
and *Romish* Vsurpation;
He that came to take our part,
While we felt *Romes* fatal smart
Let him Reign in e'ry heart,
through all this Land and Nation.

3 Now he is our Crowned King,
Vnder whose protecting Wing,
E'ry Soul may sweetly sing,
without *Romes* Molestation;
For we now have liv'd to see
This Land purg'd from *Popery*,
And the Royal Dignity,
of William's *great Coronation.*

4 Thousands Subjects did flock there,
And no Cost nor Charge wou'd spare,
To behold the Royal pair,
in their Renowned Station;

From the Noble to the Mean,
Ioy in e'ry face was seen,
When our Gracious King and Queen,
was at their great Coronation.

5 From the Pallace all proclaim
Royal Dignity and Fame,
By the smiling Crowds that came
in each Degree and Station;
Noble Lords and Ladies gay,
Deckt in costly rich Array,
Came to Celebrate the Day
of William*'s great Coronation.*

6 What was ever more Compleat,
How like moving Angels sweet,
Did they gently pass the Street,
to Grace this Consumation;
The great Courts in *Europe* fair,
Never could with this compare,
'Twas as if they all was there
at William*'s great Coronation.*

7 Those that see their Princely Train,
Had not power to refrain
Wishing them a happy Reign,
without Dissimulation;
While the Musick soft and sweet,
Did with hearty wishes meet,
Thus the Day we did Compleat
of William*'s great Coronation.*

8 We Rejoyce, who lately Mourn'd,
Tears are now to Blessings turn'd,
None but *Papists* are Concern'd,
at this great Alteration:
Heavens bless'd his great Design,
By a Power most Divine,
Conduits freely run with Wine
at William*'s great Coronation.*

9 He that might have liv'd at ease,
Cross'd the raging roaring Seas,
For Religious Liberties,
in *Protestant* Profession;
While he does our Spirits chear,
Talbot he will quake for fear,
When he shall the Tydings hear
of William's *great Coronation.*

Printed for *W. Thackeray*, in *Duck-Lane.*

225

Great Britain's renown

11, 269, black letter, three columns, five woodcuts.

Another song on the coronation of William and Mary that gives details somewhat more picturesque than those mentioned in Nos. 221–224, 226–231.

For the tune see No. 188.

On the publisher George Conyers see Plomer's *Dictionary of Printers*, 1668–1725, p. 80.

Great-Brittains Renown,

Or, The Princely TRIUMPH of the Glorious CORONATION of K. WILLIAM and Q. MARY, Which was on the 11*th.* Day of *April*, 1689.

To the Tune of, *A Touch of the Times.*

1 *GReat Brittain* be Chearful and hold up thy head,
All Sorrows are now with thy Enemies fled;
And therefore our Spirits, brave Boys, we may chear,
For we have a Blessing now come in the Rear;
The Storm and the Tempest will soon be o're-blown,
A *Protestant* King being plac'd in the Throne,
Which now is the Triumph and joy of the Town,
King William *and* Mary *is come to the Crown.*

2 The Nobles and Commons of e'ry degree,
Does give satisfaction of their Loyalty;
A Consort of voices strikes all in a strain,
Long, long may King *William* here flourish and Reign,
The Heavenly Ioys of this Land to compleat,
And make all his Enemies fall at his feet,
And cloath him with perfect true Fame and Renown,
That long he may flourish with Scepter and Crown.

3 While we have a *Protestant* Prince to survive,
We well may be certain this Kingdom will thrive;
Let no Man be subject to grieve or repine,
For each may enjoy the Fruits of his own Vine,
Without Molestation or any Regret,
We all may be happy both in Church and State:
It is not the *Papists* that can run us down,
Now William *and* Mary *is come to the Crown.*

4 The Glory and Triumph of this Royal Day,
Was grac'd by the Nobles and sweet Ladies gay,
Who did with the Queen then for fair beauty bright,
Then cast a most Splendid and Heavenly light,

To those that beheld the vast numerous Train,
Who wish'd them a long and a prosperous Reign;
While Healths and full Bumpers went merrily round,
Now Gracious King William *and* Mary *is Crown'd.*

5 Whole hundreds and thousands did thither repair,
Who no kind of Cost in the least then did spare,
But freely then parted with Silver and Gold,
In order this Heavenly Sight to behold;
And being transported with Raptures of Ioy,
All *Protestants* crying out, *Vive le Roy:*
Now cloath him with Honour, true Fame and Renown,
That long he may flourish with Scepter and Crown.

6 The Bells they did Ring, and the loud Cannons roar,
To carry this joyful good Tydings all o're;
While every honest true *Protestant* Soul,
Did drink their good Healths in a full flowing Bowl,
Who still will maintain our Religion and Laws,
With loud Acclamations and Loyal Huzza's,
While smiling full Bumpers went merrily round,
King William *and Gracious Queen* Mary *is Crown'd.*

7 Quite thorough the City, our joys to compleat,
Vast Bonefires shined with Musick so sweet;
Which did to the Triumph much pleasure afford,
Then wishing great *William* our Soveraign Lord
May ever be able his Foes to subdue,
Tyrconnel and all his whole *Irish* Crew;
That this Potent Nation may still be Renown'd,
Now William *and Gracious Queen* Mary *is Crown'd.*

8 They are to the Throne and the Kingdom a Grace,
As being both Born of the true Royal Race;
Now by the Power of Heavens Decree,
Are placed in the heighth of their Dignity;

Long, long may they flourish our Rights to maintain,
And Heavenly Blessings still sweeten their Reign:
Then Peace in these Kingdoms will daily abound,
Now William *and Gracious Queen* Mary *is Crown'd.*

FINIS.

Printed for *G. Conyers*, at the Gold-King on *Ludgate-Hill.*

226

The kingdom's cares endued with comfort

11, 271, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

The coronation of William and Mary is presented here, as in No. 227, in the light of a calamity (as it actually was) for the Romish religion and as the salvation of Anglican Protestantism.

For the tune see No. 152.

The Kingdoms Cares Endu'd with Comfort, By The CORONATION Of King William and Queen Mary. Which was Gloriously Celebrated on the 11*th.* of this Instant *April*, 1689.

To the Tune of, *Charon*, &c.

1 LEt all true *protestants* now in this Nation,
pray that King *William* may flourish long;
Then I declare without all Disputation,
'tis not the *Romans* can do us wrong:
Thus we may see the Kingdoms Glory,
and while our Monarch is Renown'd,
We'll not believe in a false *purgatory*,
now our Great William *and* Mary*'s Crown'd.*

2 In our Great Prince we have true Satisfaction,
that he our Liberties will maintain,
And through his Heavenly Christian protection,
we shall be blest with a happy Reign:
And be more Ioyful now than ever,
seeing our Monarch is Renown'd,
For a true Vnion now let us endeavour,
Gracious King William *and* Mary*'s Crown'd.*

3 *Rome* and her Faction was all in Confusion,
seeing the Glory of this Great Day,
Nay, and beholding the happy Conclusion,
they knew not what in the world to say:
Yet tho' the *Romans* were offended,
and on the *protestants* then Frown'd,
Our Great King was with Glory attended,
and with his Gracious Queen Mary *Crown'd.*

4 But the true Protestants they were as merry,
as the Birds in the returning Spring,
Drinking good Healths in full Bumpers of Sherry,
unto great *William* our Royal King,

Wishing he long may Reign and flourish,
being with mighty fame Renown'd,
For he the Church and his people will nourish,
now he with gracious Queen Mary'*s Crown'd.*

5 The noble Barrons and Dukes of this Nation,
with their sweet beautiful Ladies gay,
Give their attendance at this Coronation,
in Royal Robes and most rich array;
So that it well may be reported,
never was Monarch more Renown'd;
While his true Subjects with Ioys are transported,
seeing King VVilliam *and* Mary *Crown'd.*

6 How many thousands did throng to the pallace,
while the vast numerous Train was there?
And with that beautiful sight they did sollace
their curious fancy beyond compare;
Then Loyal Healths in rich Canary,
from hand to hand went sweetly round,
First to King *William* and then to Queen *Mary*,
who with a rich Diadem now is Crown'd.

7 Cannons they roar'd from the capital Tower,
bearing the tydings both far and near,
Likewise expressing the Protestant power,
making our Enemies quake for fear;
For in our wars like roaring Thunder,
we'll make the Elements resound,
And bring *Tyrconnel* and his Rebels under,
now our King VVilliam *and* Mary'*s Crown'd.*

8 Vnto King *William* our hearts we'll surrender,
nay, and our Loyal obedience own,
He is our Monarch and true Faiths defender,
now seated here in the Royal Throne;

May he enjoy the perfect blessing,
of being truly here Renown'd,
And in his Kingdoms all pleasures possessing,
now he with Royal Queen Mary*'s Crown'd.*

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Blare* on *London-Bridge.*

227

The royal dignity

II, 274, black letter, three columns, one woodcut.

The coronation of William and Mary is here described (see also Nos. 221–226, 228–231) in glowing language, and is said to be a death-blow to the disloyal insurrection headed in Ireland by the Earl of Tyrconnel.

The tune is printed on the originals of Nos. 288 and 297.

The ROYAL Dignity:

OR, The Happy Accession of the Thrice Renowned King *William* and Queen *Mary* to the Stately Crown of *England*, which was Celebrated in a most Magnificent manner, on the 11*th.* of *April*, 1689.

The Tune is, *My sweet Corydon.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 NOble *English* Boys, here's a thousand Ioys,
with a Protestant King and Queen,
Which the Heavens sent, *Romans* to prevent,
changing the Superstitious scene:
Some Priests flew like Chaff before the wind,
others are confin'd, to receive their doom,
While King *William*'s Crown'd, and Renown'd,
in the very spight of *Rome.*

2 Now no Iesuit shall in Council sit,
or be trusted in affairs of State,
None such Vipers dare, to the Court repair,
we had enough of them of late:

Sion now shall flourish once again,
in this happy Reign from all danger free,
Now King *William*'s Crown'd, and Renown'd,
with his Royal Dignity.

3 On this day of Fame, the chief Nobles came,
all the Town was with Triumph fill'd,
VVith their Ladies gay, in as rich array,
as ever Mortal Eyes beheld:
Ioy and Glory did attend the Train,
no one cou'd refrain, but the blessings own,
VVhile our King was seen, with his Queen,
seated on the Royal Throne.

4 For their high descent, gives the Land content,
being born of the Royal Race,
The rich Diadem, he becomes it then,
with such a most Majestick Grace,
VVhich did Ioy to all his Subjects bring,
seeing of their King, in his Royal Robe,
And resolve to fight, with delight,
make him Lord of all the Globe.

5 Healths went fairly round, with knees to the ground
whilst soft Musick did sweetly play,
And the Cannons roar, from the *Tower* shore,
all for to celebrate the day;
From the thrice Renowned, to the mean,
drink to King and Queen, on their bended knees,
And when he shall call, they will all,
cross the raging roaring Seas.

6 That we may subdue, *Talbot* and his Crew,
making *Brittain* with glory shine;
Since King *William* came, who is Crown'd with fame
blest by a power most divine:
Since the work so far is carry'd on,
there is scarce a Man, but will there presume,
In the spight of *France*, now advance
to the very gates of *Rome*.

7 Let the *Romans* rave, while we them out-brave,
since great *William* is Crowned King
Let them fret and Chafe, while our Church is safe
under his gracious Princely wing;
Our sharp Swords shall fairly reap the Field,
and make papists yield, to a prince of Fame,
VVe'll make all his Foes, with our blows,
tremble at his Royal Name.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, in *Pye-Corner*.

II, 275, roman, italic, and occasional black-letter type, four columns, one woodcut. It has been impracticable to indicate all the type-variations here or in similar cases. Alexander Milbourn printed for R. Hayhurst another edition of the ballad in 1689 (British Museum, Luttrell III, 144; Bodleian, Ashmole G. 16 [204]). It is called "The Court of England. Or, The Preparation for the Happy Coronation of King William and Queen Mary," and has three new stanzas. No tune is named; but the broadside, which is very large, is adorned with striking woodcuts of the king and queen seated on their thrones in robes of state, each with crown, orb, and scepter.

An amusing satire, suggested by the coronation of William and Mary, in which an Englishman, a Welshman, a Scotchman, a Frenchman, an Irishman, and a Dutchman in turn give their opinions of the Jesuits and of English politics. The Englishman thinks that the plotting and the villanies of Father Petre, Lord Jeffreys, Roger Palmer, the Earl of Castlemaine (who was James II's envoy to Pope Innocent XI), and Philip Howard, cardinal-protector of England and Scotland, outdid in infamy the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, and drove "poor James" from the throne. Taffy, the Welshman, expresses his disgust at the Jesuits' plot to make a tiler's baby appear a genuine Prince of Wales. Sawny, the Scotchman, voices his loathing of James's folly and his admiration for the new sovereigns. The Frenchman vows never to desert James but to win for him a new kingdom in Ireland, while poor Teague shows great trepidation at the thought of fighting William. Thereupon the Dutchman tells of his intention to aid England in its fight against popery, and the delighted Englishman declares that all his fears of France, Ireland, the pope, and Satan have disappeared. See also Nos. 221–227, 229–231.

For the tune see No. 261.

The Protestant Court of England:

OR, THE Joyful Coronation of K. VVilliam III. and Q. Mary II. Setting Forth The *English*, *Welsh*, *Scotts*, and *Dutch-Man's* Defiance of the Common *Enemy*, and Disturber of this *Protestant* Kingdom, The *JESVITE;* with the *Irish-Man's*, and *Monsieur's Romish*[1] Vindication of Him.

The Tune of, *The Pudding.*

English-man.

1 COme Gallants, let's tender
Those Hearts we surrender
At the blest Coronation of our Faiths great Defender,
Now Glory shall Rule:
No more Popish Edge-tool;
Thanks Heav'n, of a knave we've at last made a Fool,
of a Jesuit.

2 Who but they and their Crew
Poor *James* could undo,
And lose him his Honour and Diadem too;
By *Petres* false measure,
Th' unfortunate *Cæsar*,
Turn'd (alas) out a grazing, like *Nebuchadnezzar*,
by the Jesuit.

3 With your Chancellor false Steward,
Romes Scholar so toward,
Your *Castlemain Nuncio* & your Cardinal *Howard*,
You have out-done the shot
Of your Gunpowder Plot,
And blown up the credulous *James;* have ye not?
ye false Jesuit.

[1] Text *mish.*

4 Our Freedoms and Charters
Were the first of your Martyrs,
For *Rome* had begun to take up her head Quarters
Her Vengeance to wreak,
All Faith we must break,
For Law, Oaths, & Gospel are all Bonds too weak
for a Jesuit.

Taffy.

5 A Shesuit, that Sheater,
Rogue, Villain, and Traytor:
By the flesh of her pones, her Welsh plood rises at her;
Very fine, Shentlefolks,
A Welsh Heir, with a pox,
Was her get her a Prince in a Shugglers Box?
Cunning Shesuit.

6 Has her Forehead no blush on
Such Proshects to push on,
As was raise her Welsh Heir to Three Crowns from a Cushion
To who, splutternails,
Does her tell her sham Tales?
Has her none to put trick on but her Nation of *Wales*,
Roguy Shesuit?

7 Oh! to pay her old score,
Had her Son of a Whore
On a Ladder as high as her own *Penmenmour*
Was her once but truss'd up,
Till Her cut the Rope,
Her might hang there till doomsday, her self & her Pope
for a Shesuit.

Sawny.

8 THe Pope that faw Turk,
So sleely at work,
With aw his faw imps to pull down the Kirk,
Now the Mange, our Scotch plague,
On that Scarlet Whore-Hag,
And Deel split the wem, the luggs, and the crag
of the Jesuit.

9 For awd *Jemmy's* sad folly,
With *Juggy* and *Dolly*
Ise dance a Scotch Iig for bonny *WILLY* and *MOLLY;*
With *Jockey* and *Sawny*,
Aw lads teugh and brawny,
Weese drub the faw face, aw black, blew, & tawny,
of the Jesuit.

Monsieur.

10 O De Rogue English trick!
Dat de poor Catolick
Shou'd be kick, knock, & tump, and run down to *Old Nick.*
But Begar, de Vengeance
Of my Ma'ter of *France*
Sall lead *English* Heretick dog a *French* Dance,
for de Jesuit.

11 Sall *Lewis* sit still?
Vat fool, tink he will,
When old *Jame* and he so long piss in a Quill?
No, *Bougre Garsoon*,
With Monsieur *Degroon*,
Begar we come o're, and fight blood and woon
for de Jesuit.

12 Dough *Jemmy Monsier*,
(Pox taka *Myn-heer* [1])
Has losta de Crewn of de damn *Angletere;*
In *Eerland*, brave boy,
With *Vive le Roy*
We crewn him agin a new Monarch dear-joy,
for de Jesuit.

Teague.

13 BVb a boo! Bub! oh hone!
The Broder of the son,
And de Shild of mee Moder de poor Teague undone!

[1] William III and his Dutch troops.

Pull down Mass-house and Altar,
And burn Virgin Psalter,
And make hang upon Priest, and no friend cut de Halter
of poor Jesuit.

14 When Teague first came o're
To de *Engeland* shore,
Wid 6, 7, 8 Tousand Irish Lads, all and more:
Teague was promist good Fashion,
Great Estate in de Nation,
Wid all *London* in his pocket, upon mee shaulwashion
by de Jesuit.

15 But when de Bore Dutch,
Get *Teague* in his clutch,
Stead of make great estate, & Chrees knows what much
Damn'd Heretick Dogue
Made *Teague* a poor Rogue,
Turn'd him home to make starve widout shoe or broge;
for de Jesuit.

16 But I'le beg Captains Plaash
Of de sweet Eyes and Faash
Of mee Dear-joy *Tyrconnel* his Majesties Graash;
And fight like a *Hero*,
By mee shoul a *Mack-Nero*,[1]
Cut Troat for Shaint *Patrick*, and sing *Lilli burlero*
for de Jesuit.

Hym-heer.[2]

17 HOld, cut-weason Skellom,
And let *Myn-heer* tell 'om,
For *Englond's* great *Hogan* & *Mogan* Lord *Willom*
And the dear *English-mons*,
Their Church, Laws, and Londs,
Van Duch-londers fight with all hoarts & honds,
'gainst the Jesuit.

[1] A term often applied to James II (cf. No. 269, stanza 3). In *A Supplement to the Collection of Miscellany Poems against Popery & Slavery*, 1689, pp. 84–87, and in *Poems on Affairs of State*, II (1697), appendix, 17–19, he is called "Jemmy Mack Nero" and "Ninny Mack Nero."

[2] One would expect *Myn-heer*, as in stanzas 12, 17, and 18.

English-man.

18 SAy'st thou so, Friend *Myn-heer?*
Then adieu to all fear,
France, *Ireland*, Pope, Devil, come all if you dare;
Come Lads, let's be jogging,
The *French* Ears want lugging,
And *Teague*, and *Tyrconnel*'s false Hide must have [a] floggin[g.]

Farewel Jesuit.[x]

Licensed and Entred According to Order.

Printed for *A. Milbourn* in *Green-Arbour-Court* in the *Little Old-Baily*.

[x] Text *Jesute*.

229

Popery's downfall

II, 316, black letter, two columns, one woodcut. Reproduced in Sir C. H. Firth's edition of Macaulay's *History*, III, 1393.

Here the coronation of William and Mary is celebrated as meaning not only the decay of popery but also the revival of trade. In much the same tone *Poor Robin, 1694. An Almanack* (sig. A2) dropped into poetry:

> In spight of Pope and Devil joyn'd in one,
> *William* and *Mary* now possess the Throne:
> And may they who in their Allegiance faulter,
> For their deserts be strangled in a Halter.

See also No. 228.

For the tune see No. 211 and Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 425–429.

G. C. are no doubt the initials of George Croom (cf. No. 231).

POPERY'S Downfal, and The Protestants Uprising By the *CROWNING* of King WILLIAM and Queen MARY.

Tune of, *Hey boys up go we.*

1 NOw now the Papists all go down,
and those that take their parts;
The King and Queen will now be Crownd,
the Ioy of all our hearts:
Our lives and liberties are free,
and we shall all be made,
For hey boys down goes poperie,
and now begins our Trade.

2 Our Nation sure will flourish now,
good days are coming on,
The King and Queen are such we know,
the like before were none;
For They'l maintain our liberty,
and we shall all be made,
By rooting out of popery,
that alwayes spoyl'd our Trade.

3 The Citizens look'd pale and wan;
no money they could take,
Their Rents are great, and scarce a man
of Goods could Money make;
Long of this haughty popery,
that made all men afraid:
But now goes down their roguery,
and hey boys up goes Trade.

4 The Country-man held down his Head,
and wondred for to see
That all their Stock so long lay dead,
none could take one penny:
Then Wife and Bearns were like to starve,
'twould make ones heart to bleed;
Long of these Roguish Papishes,
better to hang than feed.

5 But now all heartily rejoice
to see this happy day;
With Bells, with Bonfires, and with voice,
as very well we may;
That we have got a King and Queen
that will encourage Trade,
That by the Papists villany
was very much decay'd.

6 And to conclude, let all rejoice
and give to God the praise,
Vnfeignedly with heart and voice,
for these our happy daies:
Let us unite, and fear no foe
nor Foreign Enemy;
But fight and stand with heart and hand,
to rout out Popery.

Printed for *G. C.* on Ludgate Hill.

230

England's holiday

v, 35, black letter, two columns, one woodcut.

The author directs that his verses be sung to one or all of five tunes: perhaps he wished to make sure that every loyal person who came across his ballad could sing it without hesitation. For the tune of *Let Caesar live long* see No. 134; for *Now, now the fight's done*, No. 113; for *Joy to the bridegroom*, No. 142; for *My life and my death*, No. 107. I have not found *The plowman's health*.

For other ballads on the coronation see Nos. 221–229, 231.

Englands Holiday,
OR, The Nations Joy for the happy Coronation of, King VVILLIAM, and his Royal Consort Queen MARY.

Tune, *Let Cæser live long, Now now the Fights done, The Plow-mans Health, Joy to the Bridegroom* Or, *My Life and my Death.*

1 COme all Loyal Subjects of every sort,
And view the bright splendor of *Englands* brave Court;
See see, the great *William* like *Phœbus* doth Shine,
VVith his Royal Queen *Mary* whose looks are Divine:
In joyful Huzzas let our Gladness be shown,
For to day they are Crown'd & Confirm'd on the Throne.

2 Our Homage with all due obedience let's pay,
In praise and kind wishes let's spin out the day;
May our great Lord and Lady, all blessings obtain,
And enjoy a long happy prosperous [1] Raign:
In joyful Huzzas let our gladness be shown, &c.

3 Our happy King *William* as splendid as *Jove*,
Beneath his rich Canopy Nobly doth move,
His bright Princely glories are all so Divine,
The graces of all the fine Train they out shine.
In joyful Huzzas let our gladness be shown, &c.

4 Let Papists stand by, and with envy behold,
A Protestant Prince all his graces unfold;
Let the Miter and Cross, stand in fear of his Hand,
VVho has Routed Idolatry out of the Land:
In joyful Huzzas let our gladness be shown, &c.

5 Each Noble and Peers, their glory display,
To add to the splendor of this happy day;
Bedect in their Robes, each so Nobly appears,
The King like the Sun, and his Nobles like Stars.
In joyful Huzzas let our gladness be shown, &c.

[1] *Text* properous.

6 And[1] the fair Train good Queen *Mary* doth move,
Far brighter than e're was the Goddess of Love;
Each look does dispose of so happy a grace,
'Tis a blessing for those who can gaize on her Face:
In joyful Huzzas let our Gladness be shown,
Now our Protestant Prince is plac'd on the Throne.

7 How happy and peaceful our Nation will be,
Now we are from Romes evil strategems free;
The Cross shall no more in Old *England* be Rais'd,
Nor Saints nor their Pictures, be pray'd too or prais'd.
In joyful Huzzas let our gladness be shown,
That the Romish Idolatry now is pluckt down.

8 God bless our good King and defend him from care,
His Crown may he e're in prosperity were[2];
His foes to subjection may he speedily bring,
And on the three Natians be obey'd as a King.
In joyful Huzzas let our gladness be shown,
That so gracious a Prince is possest on the Throne.

9 May Heaven preserve from the power of Death,
Queen *Mary* the flower of our Protestant faith,
May she alwaies be Youthful Bright Airy and Gay,
Her Charms ever last and admit no delay[3]:
In joyful Huzzas let our gladness be shown,
That so happy a Consort is plac'd on the throne.

10 May Heaven bestow on this Royal good pair,
A Noble young Prince who the Kingdom may heir;
His Fathers blest Virtues may he alwaies Retain,
And follow the examples and steps of his Reign.
In joyful Huzzas let our gladness be shown,
That so happy a pair, are now plac'd on the Throne.

Printed for J. Conyers *at the* Black Raven *in* Holbourn.

[1] *Read* Amid. [2] *I. e.*, wear. [3] *Read* decay.

231

England's happiness

v, 36, roman and italic type, two columns, stanzas numbered in large roman numerals.

The coronation of William and Mary brings such joy to this ballad-writer that he wishes his "brave boys" to drink a "full gallon" of wine and "ten thousand times more." But possibly he is speaking to the whole country, not merely to his immediate hearers. See also Nos. 221–230.

For the tune see No. 188.

George Croom, official printer to the City of London, is discussed at some length in Plomer's *Dictionary of Printers*, 1668–1725. He had a penchant for printing broadside elegies, many examples of which are to be seen in Ashmole's collections at the Bodleian. See also Nos. 229 and 234.

England's Happiness:

OR, The Subjects Joy for a Protestant King and Queen: Being a SONG Composed for the Divertion of all Loyal Subjects, in remembrance of the CORONATION of King William and Queen Mary, on the 11*th.* of *April*, 1689.

To the Tune of *the Touch of the Times.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 CAst off your Sorrow, disperse all your Fear,
Vouchsafe with a Smile the blest tydings to hear;
Let Mirth without measure for ever abound,
Since *William* and *Mary* of *England are Crown'd.*
None must appear with Watery Eyes,
Our Fortunate Planets begin to arise;
Then let each good Subject unfeignedly sing
Long live Great *William* our Protestant King.

2 The Eleventh of *April* full Brimers went round,
When *William* and *Mary* were Solemnly Crown'd;
With loud Acclamations and Musical noise,
All People were even transported with Joys;
No Face were with Sorrow that day to be seen,
All drank to the Health of the King and the Queen.
All Offerings of Joy that day they did bring,
To wellcome to th' Throne our Protestant King.

3 In the Morning their *Majesties* came from *White-hall*
And straitway receiv'd the loud Huzza's of all;
Great Nobles and Peers, and Barons o'th' Land,
Attended their *Majesties* on ev'ry[1] hand;
The Street it was fill'd with an incredible Crowd,
And as they pass'd, they all Cry'd out aloud,
With Huzza's and Shouts and their Caps up did fling,
Crying long Live great *William* our Protestant King.

[1] *Text* e'ry.

4 At *Westminster-Abby* they were Royally Crown'd,
The Peers of the Nation encompass'd them round;
Each Man was transported with Joy to behold
Their Temples adorned with Crowns of Gold;
The Windows were fill'd, the Balconies were Lin'd
With good Loyal Subjects of every kind;
The Bonfires Blaz'd, and the Bells they did Ring,
To wellcome to th' Crown our Protestant King.

5 The Drums and the Trumpets and Musick did play,
All People rejoyced and blessed the day
Such a Coronation there never was seen,
Since *England* was Bless'd with a *King* and a *Queen*.
Joy to Excess was all over the Town,
For the fit placing the *Scepter* and *Crown*,
And all Peoples Tongues was disposed to sing,
Long Live Great *William* our Protestant King.

6 Then let us be Loyal and true to his Cause,
Let's Fight against those that would take off our Laws.
Let us joyn with great *William* to pull down the Pope
And send his mad Zealots to *Hell* in a Rope.
Let *William* live long and Conquer his Foes;
Be to us a Father, and a Terror to those
That seek our Nation to Ruine to bring,
And that hate our Protestant Kingdom and King.

7 No time shall blot out his Glorious Name;
No changes of Fortune shall stifle his Fame;
No Crosses nor Losses shall make us forsake
Him, who came over our Fetters to break:
He ventur'd his Life to set us all free
From *Romes* Black Designs of Tyranny:
A Protestant Army he did with him bring;
These are the blest Works of our Protestant King.

8 Let *Papists* Lament and vex at their Fates,
Thank *Heaven* and *William*, we fear not their Hate.
We have got them under, O let's keep them down
We scorn the Old *Pope* and Laugh at his Frown;

His *Bulls* have done Roaring, the Drivers are hamper['d,] [1]
Some are in *Newgate*, the rest are all Scamper'd:
Their *Pardons* and *Projects* no Comfort will bring,
They fear to come near a good Protestant King.

9 Let *William* and *Mary* live happy together,
And *Heavens* choice Blessings attend them for ever.
Long may they in Peace rule the *Scepter* and *Crown*
To pull the great Pride of *Pope Anti christ* down;
And let it to *Heaven* be always our Prayer,
That *Mary* a Son to Great *William* may bear,
To Rule this Nation, and in every thing
To imitate *William* our Protestant King.

10 Come here's a full Brimer, brave Boys, let it pass,
For shame do not Boggle to drink a full Glass;
And let us be Merry and cast away Sorrow,
Let's drink it to day, lest we han't it to Morrow;
Come fill a full Gallon and make it run o're,
And fill it, and fill it, ten thousand times more.
Let Liquor run freely as out of a Spring,
To the Health and long Life of our Protestant King.

LONDON, Printed by *G. Croom*, at the *Blue Ball* in *Thames-street* near *Baynard's*, 1689.

[1] Cut off.

232

The lord chancellor's villanies discovered

II, 288, roman and italic type, three columns, one woodcut, slightly torn. Other copies: Bodleian, Wood 417 (179), Harvard (Gay Collection), which are in two columns without a woodcut. The ballad is reprinted in *A Second Collection of the Newest and Most Ingenious Poems . . . against Popery*, 1689, pp. 29–30, and in *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1704, III, 307–309.

This tirade against Jeffreys, the lord chancellor, was written before April 18, 1689, when his death in the Tower of London put him beyond the reach of human vengeance. The ballad-writer confidently looks forward to the day when the chancellor will be publicly hanged, drawn, and quartered. Meanwhile, he catalogues the crimes for which, in his opinion, the captive lord is responsible. Among them are the barbarous sentence passed in May, 1685, upon the perjurer, Titus Oates; the execution on October 23, 1685, of Alderman Henry Cornish for alleged complicity in Monmouth's rebellion — a miscarriage of justice as shown in January, 1689, when his attainder was reversed; the abolition of the Test Act of 1673; the activity of the Ecclesiastical Commission Court in disciplining clergymen who opposed the king's actions; the execution in July, 1683, of Lord William Russell; the Bloody Assizes that followed Monmouth's rebellion; the persecution of Magdalen College, Oxford, in the interests of Obadiah Walker; the imprisonment of the seven bishops and their trial for libel in 1688. Posterity likewise lays most of these blunders and crimes on the head of Jeffreys, and thinks of him with loathing.

When Jeffreys saw that the game was up, he tried, like his royal master, to get away to France. But, as stanza 15 reminds us, on December 12, 1688, he "was taken at Wapping in a seamans habitt, making his escape, and was committed to the Tower by warrant from the lords" (Luttrell, I, 486). See also Nos. 233–236.

With the ballad may be compared the following prose account that was published about the same time on a single sheet:

THE CHANCELLOR'S VILLANIES DISCOVERED

O Rara Show, A Rara Shight!
A Strange Monster,
(the like not in Europe)
To be seen near *Tower-hill*, a few doors beyond
the Lions Den.

It hath the shape of a Man, but in its Nature is a meer Savage Beast; looks as fierce as a Tyger, but has scarce the Courage of a Mouse. It has vast Lungs, but no Heart; has wild gogling Eyes, but they are very short-sighted: It has a huge ravenous Mouth, but that being an *open Sepulchre of Religion and Law*, and having the *Poison of Malice under its Lips*, sends forth a Breath very offensive. It hates all other Creatures, and delights much in their Blood, but is very fearful of seeing its own. It has fed so much for five Years last past upon *Blood* and *Corruption*, that it looks as ghastly as *Envy* and *Despair without*, and is as black as *Hell within*.

An Account of the Birth and Growth of this Monster.

It was whelp'd and bred in *Wales*, where it ate so much Goats Milk, that it has been very subject of late Years to have Horns sprout forth of its Head. It gave early Proofs of a hardy substantial Impudence, and was never known to blush, tho sometimes to look pale. Its peculiar Talent appear'd to be *Yelling* aloud; and that by a wealthy Citizens means, preferr'd it to be the *Common Barker of Guild-hall*, and afterwards to be the *Foul Mouth of the City*, in which place it continued, till having confederated with some *Wolves*, and prey'd upon some *Sheep Skins* that contain'd the *City Charter*, three or four hundred Men from *Westminster* hunted it from thence. But this Vertue of Falshood to its Trust soon advanc'd it to be chief *Inquisitor* of the Nation, and then *it* and its *Confederate Wolves* fell upon the old *Sheep Skins* in the *Tower*, and devour'd *Magna Charta*. And now it rang'd into the *Western Forest*, attended with *Jack-calls* to hunt down its Game, and was so ravenous, that if great quantities of Gold and Silver had not been chuck'd into its Mouth, to blunt the Edg of its Teeth, and fill its Maw, it was thought it would have suck'd up the Blood of the whole Country. At its return, this *Monster* was dignified with a fine *Collar* and a *Pouch*, to the great Dishonour and Scandal of both; and was trusted with the Custody of a certain *large Conscience*, for which it was a proper *Keeper*, and had room enough, having none of its own. It exposed this Conscience to Sale for three Years together, and to such as would give its own lusty Price, it retail'd it pretty civilly; but at such as begg'd any, or offer'd an under-rate, it roar'd hideously, even to the disturbance of the whole Neighbourhood.

The *Great* and *Brave* Monster-Hunter of *Europe* being arriv'd in *England* to hunt here, our Monster drop'd its gay Trappings, and creeping into poor Weeds, resolved (contrary to its fearful Temper) to take the Water, in hope to escape; but Nature recoyling at the danger, it first sneaked into a little Ale-house to fortify it self with a Noggin of *Brandy*, whither it was trac'd by its strong Scent of *Mans Blood*, and of its Posteriors, and deliver'd to the *Masters* of the *Game* to be kept for the Chase.

It is agreed to give this Monster *fair Law*, tho it never gave any to other Creatures; but it is fear'd the weight of its Paunch will disable it for leaping over the Toils, and that it will run its Head into a *Noose*.

The Price is two Pence for each *Spectator;* but they are desired not to delay time, for it will not be to be seen in this place above a Month or six Weeks longer.

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

Printed for *R. Janeway*, 1689.

Beside Janeway's satire the ballad seems a bit tame. It is hard, by the way, to look at Lord Jeffreys's portraits and realize that he is the person attacked for bloodthirstiness. He looks more like a poet, and is as handsome, or almost as handsome, as the Duke of Monmouth himself.

The tune is named from the refrain of "Private Occurrences. . . . To the tune of the Old Ballad *Hey, brave Oliver! Ho, brave Oliver!*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, IX, 760–761). See also my *Cavalier and Puritan*, p. 221, and No. 234.

THE Lord Chancellors Villanies Discovered. Or, His *Rise* and *Fall* in the Four Last Years:

Tune of, *Hey brave Popery*, &c.

1 GOod people, I pray now attend to my Muse,
I'll sing of [a][1] Villain I cannot abuse,
The Halter and Axe no such Men will refuse;
Sing hey brave Chancellor, *O fine* Chancellor,
Delicate Chancellor, *Oh.*

2 Tis he was the cause of the Nations dismay,
He hath e'er been a Knave from his birth to this day
To see the Sot hang'd we will make Holiday.
Sing hey brave Chancellor, *&c.*

3 And first I will shew what he is in grain,
I care not a pin for the Boobee's disdain,
His deeds now in brief unto you I'll proclaim.
[*Sing hey, &c.*][2]

4 He was the Inventer of *Oate*'s Punishment,
From *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, and thither he sent,
To have him well Whipt he gave his consent;
sing hey, &c.

5 The good Mr. *Cornish* did innocent dye,
And all by this Chancellor's Villany;
His blood now from Heaven for vengeance doth cry;
sing hey, &c.

6 He was the first Author that open'd his Jaws
To take off the *Test* and *Priviledge* Laws;
The beheading of *Russel*, 'twas he was the cause
sing hey, &c.

7 Then next to the *West* he hurried with speed,
To murder poor men, a very good deed,
He made many honest mens hearts for to bleed:
sing hey, &c.

[1] Torn.

[2] Trimmed off.

8 The prisoners to plead to his Lordship did cry,
But still did make answer, and thus did reply;
We'l hang you up first, and then after we'l try:
sing hey, &c.

9 Against their petitions then he stopt his Ears,
And still did create all their doubts & their fears,
He left the poor Widows and Children in tears;
sing hey, &c.

10 He was the Inventer that first did promote
That place call'd the *Ecclesiastical Court*,
And thither he made the poor Clergy resort:
sing hey, &c.

11 Of *Màgdalen Colledge* he thought it most fit
To turn out the Fellows, a very fine trick,
And place Father *Walker*, that [c]urst [1] Jesuit;
sing hey, &c.

12 Then next to the *Tower* our Bishops was packt,
And swore he had done a very good act,
But now shall be try'd for the matter of fact:
sing hey, &c.

13 And when that the Bishops were brought to be try'd
To accept a Petition they humbly desir'd;
He swore he would prove it a *Libel* he cry'd,
sing hey, &c.

14 What can he say now the Parliament sits?
Alas! they will Vote him quite out of his Wits,
They'l make him run mad, or fall into Fits:
sing hey, &c.

15 In *Wapping* he thought for to make his es[cape,] [2]
A very good Jest, but I'faith it won't [take] [2]
His Head on the Bridge must be stuck on a stake
sing hey, &c.

[1] Torn. [2] Blurred.

He many Seditious Lines hath penn'd,
And sent them to *P*—— [1] his honest friend;
My Muse she grows weary, and thus she doth end
With pox o' Chancellor, *villanous* Chancellor,
Damnable Chancellor, *oh.*

London, Printed in the Year, 1689.

[1] *Petre* seems to fit the sense and meter, though Wood wrote "pen" (*i. e.*, William Penn, the Quaker) in the margin of his copy.

233

The chancellor's resolution

II, 278, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts. Reproduced in Sir C. H. Firth's edition of Macaulay's *History*, IV, 1669.

At the approach of the revolution George Baron Jeffreys, the lord chancellor, attempted to escape to France disguised as a seaman. On December 12, however, he was seized in Anchor and Hope Alley, Wapping, having been recognized and denounced, says *The London Courant*, December 12–15, by "one Mr. *Gaunt*," the husband of a woman [1] he had sentenced to death after the Monmouth rebellion. He was brought to London "in a Hackney Coach well Guarded by Constables, and accompanied by a vast Crowd and loud Shouts to the Lord Mayor, where the Multitude cry'd out for Justice" (*The Universal Intelligence*, December 11–15). He was sent to the Tower, and there (having hastened his death, according to Nicholas Tindal's *The History of England*, III [1744], 96, "by drinking spirituous liquors") he died on April 18, 1689, to the great disappointment of all his enemies. They had desired to inflict a shameful and cruel death on him, as he remarks in the present ballad; but he is only too glad to die of "the Gout and the Gravel," so that he may disappoint them and cozen the hangman. By order of William III he was privately buried in the chapel of the Tower, but some three years later his body was exhumed and reburied in a vault under the altar in the church of St. Mary-the-Virgin, Aldermanbury. See also Nos. 232, 234–236.

For the tune see Nos. 198 and 199.

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[1] Elizabeth Gaunt was indicted "for harbouring and comforting *John Burton* Out-Lawed for *High-Treason*, endeavouring to provide for his escape and flight from Justice." On October 23, 1685, having been previously convicted of high treason, she was carried to Tyburn, "fastened with a Cord to a Post a midst a Pile of Faggots, which being set on fire after she had been a while strangled, she was thereby reduced to Ashes" (*A True Account, of the Behaviour, and Manner of the Execution of six persons . . . on Friday the 23th. of October 1685*). See also *A Collection of the most Remarkable Trials*, III (1736), 420 ff.

The Chancellors Resolution:
OR, His Last Sayings a little before his Death.

To the Tune of, *Lilli borlero.*

1 I have been long in Custody here,
under strong Bolts a Prisoner fast,
Being possest always with a fear,
that I should live to swing at the last;
Never was Man more tormented,
sorrow and grief my sences does seize;
I never was pitty'd, but faith I have fitted
the Hang-man, and cousen'd him of his Fees.

2 I have been made the scorn of the Town,
who was of late next Man to a Throne;
Every Rascal's running me down,
so that I make most pittiful moan;
There's a thousand deaths invented,
for honest *George*, who them did displease;
But to their vexation, I shall cheat the Nation,
and likewise the Hang-man of all his Fees.

3 I was the whipping Scourge of this age,
causing good Men to suffer with shame,
Therefore the Land is all in a Rage,
wishing I might partake of the same:
Some says scourge me, others hang me,
thus e'ry one condemns as they please;
But my speech does falter, I shall scape the Halter,
and couzen the Hang-man of all his Fees.

4 I wish the rest wou'd murder the Test,
this is a Crime which none wou'd excuse;
And the good Wives that lives in the *West*,
hopes they shall see me dye in my Shooes;
But they will not have their wishes,
conquering Death does Chancellor seize;
O let them not Cavel, the Gout and the Gravel,
will couzen the Hang-man of all his Fees.

5 Ever since I have lain in this Den,
faith I have lost the Purse and the Mace,
And am expos'd abroad amongst Men,
under the terms of shame and disgrace;
Some says hang me, others flee [1] me,
and twenty Deaths more cruel then these;
But here I am lying, upon my Bed dying,
I'll couzen the Hang-man of all his fees.

6 *William* and *Mary* being Proclaim'd,
this like an Arrow went to my heart;
I with a Feavour straight was inflam'd,
fearing I soon should have my desert:
Thousands waited for my Tryal,
a shameful end the Rabble wou'd please,
Tho' they do crave it, they never shall have it,
I'll couzen the Hang-man of all his fees.

7 Now when I heard King *William* was Crown'd,
and that the loud-mouth'd Cannons di[d ro]ar,[2]
Presently I fell into a Swoon'd,
never was man so daunted before;
And my Stony old Distemper,
violently my Body did seize;
'Tis no feigned Story, but in this I glo[ry,] [2]
to couzen the Hang-man of all his fees.

8 Some did declare I must loose my Head,
others said Hanging wou'd be my Doom,
'Cause I for Honour had been misled,
pleading always for Treacherous *Rome;*
But i'faith they're disappointed,
conquering Death my Spirits does seize,
I'll make each a Lyar, and straightways expire,
so couzen the Hang-man of all his fees.

FINIS.

Printed in the Year, 1689.

[1] *I. e.*, flay. [2] Blurred.

II, 284, black letter, three columns, one woodcut. Other copies: Lord Crawford, No. 18; Huth-Harvard, II, 236; Harvard, II, 166v.

Written after Lord Jeffreys's death on April 18, this is a fine example of a testament, which should be read in connection with Nos. 232, 233, 235, 236. With it might be compared "An Elegy, Upon the Death of George Lord Jeffries," a folio broadside (Bodleian, Ashmole G. 15 [36]) printed by G. Croom (cf. No. 231) in 1689 and concluding with the following

EPITAPH.

COme Gentle Reader, whosoe'er thou art,
Against this Tomb vouchsafe to take a part:
Beneath this Stone lies Jefferies *the Great,*
Who was a Sinner both to Church and State,
The Cities Cross, and all the Nations Fate.
A Man who could with ease Dispence with Laws,
Or cut and fit them for the Popish Cause;
If Money, Law, Honour, Persecution, Strife,
Or any Illegal Means could save his Life,
He never had been here, then pray forbear,
Depart from hence, and do not shed a Tear;
He living Triumph'd over ev'ry one,
Then let us Triumph that he now is gone.

The tune, appropriately enough, derives its name from "The Pope's Last Will and Testament. Tune is *O rare popery!*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 726). It is often called *Hey, brave popery; O, brave Arthur; Hey, brave Oliver* (cf. No. 232); and the like.

The States-Man's [1] Last Will and Testament; OR, His worthy Legacies left to his beloved Cronies, for whom he had a particular kindness.

Tune of, *O rare Popery.*

1 ALas! I am taken most monstrous ill,
Sweet Writer bring hither your Paper and Quill,
For here I am ready to make my last Will,
And leave my Legacies, delicate Legacies,
Chancellors Legacies, O.

2 My wonderful portions I here will divide,
According as Merit my reason shall guide,
Let *Lucifer* have my invincible Pride,
Sing O brave Legacy, &c.

3 My Covetous heart now as bitter as Gall,
I leave to old Misers in hopes that they shall,
Like me get in Gold here the Devil and all,
Sing O rare Legacies, &c.

[1] *Text* Statse-Man's.

4 My small Guts let honest Musitioners take,
That they of the same may Fiddle strings make,
And then scrape my Guts till their very hearts ake,
Sing O brave Legacy, Chancellors Legacy,
A delicate Legacy, O.

5 And as for my Nose I will leave that alone
To my dearest Friend that makes pitiful moan,
Because he has never a Nose of his own,
Sing O rare Legacy, &c.

6 My unruly Tongue which run at that rate,
And bantred men out of their reason of late,
I leave it to Fish Women at *Billingsgate*,
Sing O rare Legacy, &c.

7 My Brains I bequeath but I know not to who,
But hold, I remember the Iesuit Crew,
They 'll serve them for plotting more mischief to do;
Sing O rare Legacy, &c.

8 My old empty Skull to the Pope now shall go,
In token of Favours which he did bestow,
'Twill make him a lusty large Punch Bowl I know,
Sing[1] *O rare Legacy*, &c.

9 My honoured Reverend Father the Pope,
He sent his sweet Son here a sanctified Rope,
But I have no need of the same now I hope,
I'll leave that Legacy, delicate Legacy,
to one of the Jesuit Crew.

10 My lusty large Conscience which Bribes did receive,
To some Corrupt Lawyer I freely do leave,
That honest Men he may of Living bereave,
A worthy Legacy, &c.

11 My Body I into the *West* do return,
To satisfie those that with Anger do burn,
Thus for my bad deeds I may do one good turn,
Sing O rare Legacy, &c.

[1] Text *Sin.*

Now sign it and seal it according to Law,
The Major shall ne'er keep the Minor in awe,
Nor wrong them so much as the weight of a straw
Of these my Legacies, Chancellors Legacies,
delicate Legacies, O.

FINIS.

Printed in the Year, 1689.

235

The late lord chancellor's last will

II, 287, roman and black-letter type, four columns, two woodcuts.

By dying in the Tower before he could be brought to trial Lord Jeffreys escaped justice and cheated popular revenge. He was universally execrated. This ballad, expressing the hatred felt by a man of the streets, has an interesting form: it is a testament (cf. No. 234) in which Jeffreys is represented as willing various parts of his body to the pope, Titus Oates, Father Petre, and others. Mary of Modena actually made an "anatomical will" somewhat on this order. Compare "A Young Man's Will" in *Wit and Mirth*, 1707, 1709, IV, 34–38 (1719, V, 266–270). No thorough study of the testament as a type of English literature has yet been made. When it is undertaken, it will have to pay great attention to ballads.

The tune is named from the first line of "The Hunting of the Hare. With her Last Will and Testament. To a pleasant new tune" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 87–90).

A NEW SONG
OF THE Late Lord Chancellors Last Will and Testament.

To the Tune, *Of all Delights the Earth doth yield*, &c.

1 *Great Britain* is agreed, I hear;
It puts me in a slavish Fear,
The *Senators* will be sad to me,
When for my Faults I judg'd will be.
To make my Will, I think it's time,
Before my Breath I do resign.

2 *Imprimis*, To my Country dear,
I do bequeath a *Mark* a Year.
That they may mark and bear in mind,
In every Age what I design'd,
When I had got so near the Throne
I thought the Day was all our own.

3 *Item*, I bequeath my Face,
To he that cares not for Disgrace:
And likewise I do bequeath my Brains,
To Plotters that doth take great pains,
Against the Law by damn'd Sedition,
Defrauding Rights with Politician.

4 My Soul unto the *Pope* I give,
To keep it chary while he lives;
To make himself a Drinking Cup,
And with Confusion fill it up;
And let him drink the Devil's Health,
'Twas Liquor that I lov'd my self.

5 My Ears, I do bequeath 'em free,
To Doctor *Oates*'s Pillory,
For they by right shou'd had the place,
Whilst he, poor Man, bore the Disgrace,
I us'd all my Skill and Art,
To punish him with bitter Smart.

6 And let some faithful Bearer carry,
My Eyes unto our late Queen *Mary*,
She had a Dimness in her Sight,
Or else she had seen old *Petre*'s Spight:
He led her in a Brake of Thorn,
And ere he left her Grace [1] forlorn.

7 The Devil take my accursed Tongue,
Which did my Soul and Body wrong;
'Twas hang'd with Instruments of Deceit,
And at the end a Golden Bait.
My silver Cord had such Delusion,
Drawing the Nation to Confusion.

8 My Heart I do bequeath, with all
My Lights and Liver, and my Gall,
Unto some bloody minded Butcher,
For I delighted much in Slaughter:
Long of my hanious Cruelness,
There's many a Widow and Fatherless.

9 My Skin, I do give strict Command,
That by some *Tannar* may be tann'd:
'Twill serve to make the Devil a Sack
To carry *Petres* on his Back,
That he may ride Hackney to Hell,
The posture will become him well.

[1] *Perhaps read* her Grace's (*for* Grace is *or* was).

10 Unto the Pope of *Italy*,
I do bequeath my Blood to He,
'Twill serve instead of Claret Wine,
Then let him have his fill of mine,
For he loves Blood with all his Heart,
Then let him take it for his part.

11 My Arms and Legs and all the rest,
I do bequeath to savage Beasts;
'Twill serve the Lions [1] in the Tower,
My loathsome Carkess to devour,
Hoping my Soul will mount on high:
So ends my Will, now let me die.

Printed in the Year, 1689.

[1] *Text* Eions.

236

The hangman's lamentation

v, 25, roman and italic type, one column. A copy was reprinted from some unspecified source by E. H. W. Meyerstein in *The Times Literary Supplement* (London), April 4, 1929, p. 276.

Lord Jeffreys, says the ballad, died of a consumption plus a frightened conscience. The ghosts of his victims in the Bloody Assizes of 1685 and of Lord Russell and Alderman Cornish made his terrified soul leave his body and go to Hell, where it is now preparing a place for Father Petre; and the people of Holborn lament that they are cheated out of the pleasure of seeing him ride to the gallows at Tyburn. The language of the ballad is far from admirable: to triumph over a corpse is neither fitting nor courageous; but a student of the lord chancellor's life can hardly blame even the bad taste of the ballad-writer in denouncing him. See also Nos. 232–235, 237.

The tune of *O, brave chancellor* is identical with *Hey, brave popery* and others named in the notes to No. 232.

The HANG-MAN's Lamentation: OR, THE Chancellours Farewel.

To the Tune of, *O Brave Chancellour.*

1 HAve at ye blind *Harpers;* for once let us try
To Sing a poor *Chancellour*'s sad Destiny:
Bewail'd by three Kingdoms, without one wet Eye.
Then Farewel Jeff——s, Old Boy Jeff——s.
Ever and Ever Farewel.

2 With *Popery* and *Slavery*, he thriv'd *Cock-a-hoop:*
But when *Right*, *Law*, and *Gospel*, began to look up,
He got a *Consumption*, and Dy'd of a *Droop.*
Then Farewel, &c.

3 To Die neither *Satan* nor *Beelzebub's* Debtors;
Some say he's but gon to Visit his Betters;
And to take up a Lodging for Old Father *Peters.*
Then Farewel, &c.

4 Yet, the *Chancellour*'s Dead: And would you know why?
His *Boys in the West*, like *Goblins* stood by;
And with Bloody Pitch-forks kill'd him dead in the Eye.
Then Farewel, &c.

5 The *Ghosts* of his *Martyrs*, they made such a stir there,
That Great *Russel*'s *Ghost*, and *Cornish*'s *Murther*,
E'en Frighted his Soul to the Devil, and further.
Then Farewel, &c.

6 The sad thought of *Hemp* pierc'd him thoro' and thoro'
And to tell you the Truth in meer Grief and Sorrow,
He e'en dy'd to day, to scape Hanging to Morrow,
Then Farewel, &c.

7 This *Hector*, that once could Roar, Swagger and Bristle,
Our great *Son of Thunder*'s gon out like a Fizle;
And bids both the Sheriffs and Hang-man go Whistle.
Then Farewel, &c.

8 But to march off so sneaking, in troth was foul play,
For his good Friends of *Holbourn*, as all People say,
Complain he has lost them a whole Holy-day.
Then Farewel, Jeff——s, *Old Boy* Jeff——s,
Ever and Ever Farewel.

LONDON: Printed in the Year, 1689.

237

Rome's doctor

v, 122, roman and italic type, two columns. The musical score is printed on the original sheet.

J. P., a ballad-writer whose initials frequently appear, shortly after Lord Jeffreys's death (April 18) wrote this satirical ballad, in which he prescribes for the health of the imprisoned Jesuits. If all my other remedies fail, says he, I still have one that will cure you — the gallows. I hope you'll commend my efforts to Father Petre.

ROMES DOCTOR

OR, *Rare Receipts*, **prescribed by** *J. P.* **for the use of the late** *Chancellor* **and the Jesuits in Newgate, against they come to their Trial.**

Tune of, *The Two English Travellers*, &c.

Licensed according to Order.

1 THere is a brave Docter come newly a shore,
Who deals with a Conscience, to Rich & to Poor,
He tells them if Cureable, at the first view
Commends these Receipts to the Jesuits crew.

2 Take nine drops of Hony squees'd from a Wild-Oak,
The Eyes of a Phœnix dry'd over the smoak,
Boyl these together in milk from a Bull,
And when Scalding-hot, then apply't to your Scull.

3 This is well approv'd of in France and in Spain
To make the wit active, and strengthen the Brain;
It makes you Couragious not fearing to Die
But daunting all Justice that shall you come nigh.

4 Take 3 pound of Butter that's Chermed from Snow,
With six Pullet's Eggs, new laid by a Crow
Nine Ounces of amber distill'd from the Air,
Made into a Poultis and laid to your Ear.

5 It preserves the hearing, and also doth cause,
The Patient to run down both Judges and Laws;
Strikes Witnesses Dumb that doth them oppose,
And make Friends of them that was lately their Foes.

6 Take three Grains of Powder of St. *Clements* Bones,
With the juice of the Grid-iron found at St. Jones,
Six Ounces of Gun-powder Ashes, likewise,
Spread these on a Plaister, and lay to your Eyes.

7 This is of such excellent virtue, that those
Who look on the Patient, or touch but his Cloaths,
Is straightway dim-sighted, and cannot discern
A man from a woman, a tree from a barn.

8 Take two of the Apples of which *Adam* eat
Six Ounces of Fern-seed that grew in the street;
VVith three Grains of Thunder, stop'd in a Glass long
Bruis'd well in a morter, & touch'd with your Tongue.

9 This is of such excellent virtue that he,
VVho tasteth but of it shall presently be;
Inabled by Eloquent speaking to clear,
Himself of his crimes, he need not to fear.

10 Take three pints of Milk that came from the late Queen
VVith a quart of Sedition-seed steeped therein;
Eight ounces of Oyl from the Tenter-hooks drawn
All beaten to powder and cifted through Lawn.

11 Lay these to your stomach I do you advise,
And bath the part grieved with oyl of disguise;
It causeth mens Judgments to suit to your mind,
Now Patients, I hope you will say I am kind.

12 Take the wool of a Lobster, the Branch the Dove found
And brought unto *Noah* when the VVorld it was drown'd
Tie these in a bundle and steep them in whey
That's hot from the Cow, two nights and a day.

13 Anoint you all over each morning you rise;
It makes you invisible to the Courts Eyes,
And so by that means you may scamper away
And carry the Tydings to France in a day.

14 Now if these should fail, there's one thing I have more,
I confident am, that will perfect the cure;
And that is a Halter, or a good Hempen-Rope
To swing you from Tyburn with news to the Pope.

15 Thus ends my Receipts, which I hope you'll commend
VVhen you come to Rome, unto *Peters* your friend;
And tell him what benefit they were to you
And now all my Patients I bid you adieu.

Printed for, *A. Milbourn* in Green-Arbour Court in the Little-Old-Baily.

238

England's joy

IV, 308, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts. Reproduced in Sir C. H. Firth's edition of Macaulay's *History*, III, 1345.

The tax on chimneys, or hearths, levied in the reign of Charles II, was the most unpopular of all the taxes, especially among the poorer people, on whom it pressed much harder than on the rich. Collectors were empowered to enter every house in the kingdom, and, as Macaulay picturesquely says (III, 36), "to disturb families at meals, to force the doors of bedrooms, and, if the sum demanded were not punctually paid, to sell the trencher on which the barley loaf was divided among the poor children, and the pillow from under the head of the lying-in woman." Various Pepysian ballads, which Macaulay (I, 288-289) quotes, show how the children began to cry when the collectors entered the door, and the old women ran to hide "their pots and pipkins." The annual receipt from the tax was two hundred thousand pounds.

Almost as soon as he landed in England, William of Orange was on all sides importuned by the people to remove the hearth tax. One of his first actions as king was to call the attention of the House of Commons to its evils and to suggest its repeal. In March, 1689 (cf. No. 214), the Commons and (after considerable influence exerted from the Court) the Lords voted to abolish the tax. By royal assent, it was done away with on April 24, 1689 (Luttrell, I, 525). In 1695 there was some talk of reviving it; but instead Montagu, chancellor of the exchequer, devised a window tax which served the same purposes but required no searching of the interiors of houses, and hence did not offend the people.

The ballad was written after April 24. It was rivaled by "An Heroic Poem Upon His Majesties Most Gracious Releasing the Chimney-Money," a broadside printed by Randall Taylor and preserved in the British Museum (C. 20. f. 2 [182]), the Bodleian (Ashmole G. 15 [177]), and the Huntington libraries.

For the tune see No. 211 and Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 425–429.

ENGLAND's JOY,

For the Taking off The Chimney-Money, OR, The NATIONS Hearty Thanks for their MAJESTIES Royal Clemency.

Tune of, *Hey Boys up go*[1] *we.*

Licensed, and Entred according to Order.

1 COme, England, make a joyful Day,
our Gracious King and[2] Queen
Have took the Chimney-Tax away,
has so vexatious been:
Collectors now must all go down,
who were such frightful Evils,
That one would scare a Country-Town,
as much as twenty Devils.

2 The Good old Dames when ever they
the Chimney Man espyed;
Vnto their Nooks they'd hast away,
their Pots, and Pipkins hide:
But now those Bugbears are pluckt down,
you hated thus to see:
You now may use what e're's your own,
from straining you are free.

3 There is not one Old Dame in Ten,
and search the Nation through;
But when you talk of Chimney Men,
shall spare a Curse or two:
Let us unto our Gracious King,
our grateful thanks repay,
For doing such a generous thing,
as take this Tax away.

4 Now happy Times are coming on,
let's pray that they may last;
For now the Chimney Tax is gone,
our cheifest care is past:

[1] Text *gh.* [2] *Text* an.

We'll in our Country Cottage sing,
and push the Iugg about;
We'll drink an Health unto our King,
till all our Liquour's out.

5 No Nation e're could be more blest,
or greater ease enjoy;
We of those Rights are repossest,
which Popery did destroy:
From cares and fears we are set free,
our King such Bounty gives;
Each Man enjoys his Liberty,
and like a Prince he lives.

6 The Chimney-Money, which opprest
the people that are poor;
Such grievances are now redrest,
and will be felt no more:
How blest and happy is our Land,
in such a Gracious King,
Whose Noble Heart and Giving Hand,
doth all these Blessings bring?

7 The Country Wives now need not fear
to bring their Pewter forth;
Or let their shining shelves declare
their Cleanliness and Worth:
For Chimney Men no more will come,
or take your Goods away;
You safely may enjoy your home,
there's no such Tax to pay.

8 Our loving Gracious King and Queen,
may Heaven ever bless;
God give them both a Prosperous Reign,
and Crown their Happiness;
May they those Enemies destroy,
that 'gainst them do Conspire;
And may they here on Earth enjoy,
all Blessings they desire.

Printed for *A. Milbourn*, and sold by *R. Hayhurst*, in *Little-Britain*.

239

A new song of Londonderry

v, 50, roman and italic type, two columns, musical score printed, stanzas numbered in large roman numerals.

"A New Song" is supposed to be that sung by the defenders of Londonderry after they have made a successful sally against James's investing army. It expresses well the sentiments of the heroic defenders, — who for about four months held off their besiegers, — ending with a statement of confidence in George Walker, the minister-governor, who is discussed in the notes to No. 242. In Walker's *A True Account of the Siege of London-Derry*, 1689, p. 23, we are told that on April 21 "our Men Sallied out, as many as pleased, and what Officers were at leasure, not in any commendable Order, yet they killed above 200 of the Enemies Souldiers, besides *Mamow* the *French* General, and several other Officers. . . . A party of Horse came with great Fury upon the Salliers, and forced their retreat, which they made good with the loss of four private Men, and one Lieutenant *Mac. Phedris*, whom our Men brought off."[1] Perhaps the ballad was written when news of this skirmish reached England, though it may just as well refer to the sallies of April 28 or May 6 (pp. 24, 25). On May 6 the Derry boys, Walker declares, killed 200 and wounded 500 of the enemy, while their own losses were but three killed and twenty wounded.

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[1] A broadside called "The *Protestants* Triumph: Or, A particular Description and Prospect of London-derry" (1689) says of the besieged garrison: "taking the opportunity when the Enemy appeared most Supine, they Sallyed with a strong party, surprizing and cutting off a great number of the *Irish* and *French*, putting them in all places to the Rout, pursuing them, and taking much Spoil, especially in Cattel, which caused a great consternation amongst the enemy, and puts me in mind of an old *Irish* prophesie, which says, *That* pennybourn-Mill *shall be watered with the blood of the Natives, when there shall be a certain Man living that has two Heels on one Foot, and after that the* Irish *Nation shall be no more.* This Mill is about a Mile from *Derry*, and 'tis said there is such a sort of Man now living in the same. And in the Action the French Lieutenant-General *Mamau*, Major *Taff*, Captain *Fitzgerald*, Captain *Bourk*, and several other Officers were killed, with a great number of common Soldiers."

A NEW SONG OF LONDONDERRY

A New SONG,

As it is Sung upon the Walls of LONDON-DERRY, By the Courageous *English* **Souldiers, who Day and Night are Defending our Lives and Liberties.** *Made by an Honest* **Protestant Commander,** *and is now Printed for the Encouragement of our* **Protestants** *here, and especially SOLDIERS.*

To an Excellent New Tune, called, *The New Scotch March.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 LEt each Man here Courageously stand
With Musket Charg'd, and Sword in his hand
There is an Express that brings good News,
The minds of *French-men* to amuse:
Now let us Fight, brave Boys, and Dye,
To save our King and Progeny;
We will fight all, bleed all, dye all,
e're we will lose our Liberty.

2 Let no Man fear, we will never part,
But Courage each brave Loyal heart;
Here will we stand, and be ready Arm'd,
When chearful Trumpets us Alarm.
They who brave *Englishmens* Courage would know
Shall find it severely when we go;
For we'll fight all, bleed all, dye all,
e're we will lose our Liberty.

3 We'll Fight and fear God, and Honour the King,
And obey his Will in every thing:
There's nothing so hard but we will observe,
From *English* Laws we'll never swerve:
Though scalding Lead was pour'd on our heads,
And Bullets like Hail-stones on us should play,
Yet we'd fight all, bleed all, dye all,
e're Bloody Papists *should get the day.*

4 Though *Papists* Rejoyce, and fain wou'd see
The Fall of *Englands* Liberty,
Yet we that have God and the King of our side,
The cause of all this will decide:
For we will Fight, and Bleed, and Dye,
To shew our Truth and Loyalty:
We will fight all, bleed all, dye all,
e're we will lose our Liberty.

5 But Hark! our Men comes Shouting amain,
For killing the *Irish* and their Train;
Their Guns do Fire, and Trumpets Sound,
And Drums do beat that shake the Ground:
Huzza, brave Boys, we come, said they,
And since we have had this Happy Day,
We will fight all, bleed all, dye all,
e're Bloody Papists *shall get the day.*

6 We've beat back our Foes and gotten Ground,
We make them quake when e're we Sound;
So great is the Justice of our Cause,
O're those that Rebell against our Laws:
They may think that Rebellion is sweet,
And may a while maintain the Field,
But we will fight all, bleed all, dye all,
till we do make the Rebels yield.

7 In *England* they have done the same,
The *Papists* there are come to shame;
And here with us they look'd like Lambs,
With their Cheats and Popish Shamms:
But now they think by force of Arms,
To fright us with their loud Allarms;
But we'll fight all, bleed all, dye all,
till we free England *from all their Harms.*

8 Come let our brave General lead the way,
We'l follow him by Night and Day;
Until we have our Countries Release,
We will never sleep in Peace:

We'll Fight our selves, and ne'r expect
To be Reliev'd by Strangers help;
But let's fight all, bleed all, dye all,
away, make haste, the Trumpets call.

FINIS.

Printed and Sold by *J. Millet*, next door to the *Flower-de-Luce*, in *Little-Brittain*. 1689.

240

The glory of Londonderry

II, 323, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

James II's troops began the siege of Derry on April 19, 1689. The town was practically abandoned to its fate by the Williamites, but under the government of the clergyman George Walker and Major Henry Baker it put up a heroic defense. "No surrender" was the watchword, and Protestants in England waited for news with the utmost interest. The ballad was apparently written towards the end of May, and tells of the sallies (cf. No. 239) conducted by Walker's officers, in which the besiegers were worsted, and of the relief expedition of Major-general Kirke that was being fitted out.

The tune of *The Leggan water* (often called *Liggan water* but properly *Logan water*) is printed in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 476. *Nanny O*, with which it is interchangeable, is derived from "The Scotch Wooing of Willy and Nanny. To a pleasant new tune; or, *Nany O*" (*ibid.*, pp. 408–410; cf. Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 610).

The Glory of London-Derry:

OR, *The Couragious* **Protestants** *Success on the* **French** *and* **Irish** *Army.*

To the Tune of, *The Leggan Water* Or, *Nanny Oh.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 P*Rotestants* chear up amain,
Never fear the *Popish* Train,
For here I bring you News of Ioy,
How they the *Irish* do destroy.

2 *London-Derry* still holds out,
Putting *Romans* to the Rout;
Valiantly they bravely stand,
And dayly fight with heart and hand.

3 From a spacious Steeple high,
Cannon-Bullets they do flye,
Which will kill two miles and more,
And lays the *Irish Teagues* in Gore.

4 *Killmore-Castle* is regain'd,
And by *Protestants* maintain'd;
For now they've Fortify'd it so,
That they defie the greatest foe.

5 *London-Derry* then with care,
Search'd to find their Substance there,
This being done, they found therefore
Both Food and Amunition store.

6 Of a truth, they do relate,
Guns were plac'd at e'ry Gate,
And many on the City Wall,
By which some thousand *Irish* fall.

7 Many Sallies have they made,
And their Courage so display'd,
That their Enemies declare,
They dare not to the Siege repair.

8 At one Sally, as they say,
On the seventh day of *May*,
Six thousand *Irish Teagues* were slain,
Besides two hundred more was tane.

9 Many chief Commanders then,
Noble Lords and Gentlemen,
Of the *French* and *Irish* too,
Was forc'd to bid the world adieu.

10 Thirteen Coaches which was there,
With dead Bodies loaded were,
Of the Great ones which did fall,
Before Great *London-Derry* Wall.

11 When the *Romish* Army see
This their woful Destiny,
Straight they quit the Siege therefore,
And flew full forty miles and more.

12 Other Forces then were sent,
Who, as on their March they went,
Did straight begin to Mutiny,
And this they often did reply.

13 By our Shalvashion, we'll not go
To de King's Slaughter-house, no, no
Where de *French* Army Routed were,
For we as bad as them shall fare.

14 We'll not bear the *French-men*'s Yoke,
No, by Chreest, nor strike a stroke
Against de *Protestants*, we swear:
Thus they in much Confusion were.

15 *London-Derry* this has done,
Made the *Popish* forces run;
And struck such terror in the rest,
That they are still with fear possest.

16 Now fresh forces does repair,
Vnto *London-Derry*, where
They resolve to take the Field,
And make the *Romish* Army yield.

Printed for *J. Blare*, on *London-Bridge*.

241

The Protestants' misery in Ireland

II, 332, black letter, three columns, three woodcuts.

This is a good sample of the publicity and propaganda that kept up the hearts of King William's supporters, inspiring them with horror and hatred for their Irish foes. Written about May, 1689, during the siege of Londonderry, this report on atrocities proceeds on the theory that the Irish rebels are fiends incarnate, and that to fight against them is to wage a holy war. Such publications on alleged atrocities have been effective in modern times.

The tune of *Londonderry* is evidently identical with *The glory of Londonderry*, on which see No. 240.

The PROTESTANTS Great Misery in IRELAND, Relating the Inhumane Cruelties that are daily committed there by the *French* and *Irish Papists*.

To the Tune of, *London-Derry*.

1 O Lord what Misery there has been
In *Ireland*, it is plainly seen;
Poor *Protestants* are beaten out,
Lose House and Home by the *Irish* Rout.

2 What wicked Murders has been done,
As bad as was in Forty-One;
When they ript up Women to the Breast,
That was big with Child, it is confest.

3 They Ravish Maids and Wives also,
Then murder'd them before they go:
It is a grievous thing to speak,
It would make a stony heart to ake.

4 By hundreds without Remorse,
Into Houses they did drive by force;
Then burn'd their Houses o're their head,
There they lay frying till they were dead.

5 Oh! these bloody *Irish Papist* Crew,
Had no Remorse, I tell to you;
They're as bad agen we understand,
When they do get the upper-hand.

6 Then brave *English* Men stand fast,
The Lord will bless you to the last,
And will strengthen you both great & small,
To overcome those Tyrants all.

7 Your Brethren that in *Ireland* be,
Make haste to relieve them speedily;
Or else *London-Derry* may be lost;
Then *England* will be sorely Crost.

8 And then if such a thing should be,
They'll make a bloody Massacre;
They say the weakest goes to the wall.
But the Lord is strong he can defend us all.

9 Now the *English* Army is on their way,
Let every Man and Woman pray;
To bless them safe by Sea and Land,
That God may give them strength their *foes* t'withstand.

10 Now the *Irish* with their bloody Band,
Are dividing of the *Protestants* Land,
And poor creatures, they are all undone,
They know not which way for to run.

11 But with help of God, our Army may
Reward their Cruelty every way;
And make the *Irish* cry *O Hone*,
To curse the time they murder'd *Englishmen*.

12 It is for the Gospel we do stand,
Religion, Laws and our Native Land;
To defend us from *Rome*'s Slavery,
And that Triple Crown of *Popery*.

13 God defend our *English* Nation still,
And deliver us from the *Papists* Will;
And send the *Irish Protestants* Relief,
To ease them of their Care and Grief.

Which will be done e're it be long,
For we hope the Lord is for us strong;
He will be for us great and small,
Then the Church of *England* cannot fall.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-Corner*.

242

The Protestant exhortation

v, 49, roman and italic type, two columns, stanzas numbered in large roman numerals.

Robert Lundy, the acting governor of Londonderry, determined in April, 1689, to surrender the town to James II, but was practically dismissed from his post by the citizens and suffered to escape to the enemy. George Walker, a minister, was made joint-governor with a soldier, Major Henry Baker, on April 19. Baker was killed during the siege on June 30 (Walker, *A True Account of the Siege of London-Derry*, 1689, p. 34); Walker with great courage and resourcefulness not only held off the besiegers but led various successful sallies against them (cf. No. 240). The ballad, which purports to reproduce an address of his to the defenders of Derry, was probably written in May. At any rate, it was composed before the relief of the city in July and after No. 240 had appeared. Walker was abundantly rewarded for his services by William III, who gave him £5000 on August 29; but he was killed at the battle of the Boyne on July 1, 1690.

For the tune see No. 240.

The Protestant Exhortation,

Or, A Copy of Verses of the Couragious Christian Collonel WALKER, IN LONDON-DERRY, To his Fellow-Besieged Soldiers.

To the Tune of, *The Glory of London-Derry;* Or, *Nanny O.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 MY true Christian hearts of Gold,
Let us Fight with Courage bold;
Fearing not the mightiest Foe,
For we in time shall lay them low.

2 I the Heavens will Implore,
Pure Religion to restore;
Though we are Besieged thus,
The Hand of Heaven Fights for us.

3 I'll be Faithful, Just and True,
First to God, and next to You;
Life and Fortune will expose,
To overcome our *Romish* Foes.

4 'Tis for true Religion sake,
That the Sword in hand I take,
To preserve three Kingdoms free
From *French* and *Popish* Tyranny.

5 Often do I Pray and Preach,
And as earnestly beseech
Powers above, if't be their Will,
To bless our Undertaking still.

6 Now my Hands are taught to Fight,
To maintain King *William*'s right;
And the *Protestant* true Cause,
Our Liberties, nay, Lives and Laws.

7 Many Sallies we have made,
And the wretched *Romans* laid
Wreeking in their purple Gore,
And may in time some thousands more.

8 From King *William* there will come,
The true Pride of Christendom;
And when they're Arrived here,
They will our drooping Spirits chear.

9 Then my hearts, we'll take the Field,
Where our strength shall be reveal'd,
And in your sweet Company,
My Life I'll venter live or dye.

10 Fight and Pray shall be my Task,
Now if any Person ask
Why I so Couragious stand,
'Tis to Redeem my Native Land.

11 Both the *Teagues* and *French* shall see
Walker will Couragious be,
And will venture Life and Breath,
Not fearing of the stroak of Death.

12 Sirs, to Fight I'll ne'er refuse,
Having but a Life to loose;
And in presence of you all,
I'll do my best, Boys, stand or fall.

13 'Tis not *Lewis* the *French* King,
E'er shall these three Kingdoms bring
Into *Popish* Slavery;
Brave Boys, we'll Fight for Liberty.

FINIS.

Printed in the Year, 1689.

243

The Protestants of England's prayer

v, 380, roman and italic type, two columns.

Written probably in May, 1689, when the heroic defense of Londonderry was absorbing the attention of all England, this ballad tells of successful sallies (see Luttrell, I, 531, 535, and No. 240) that the besieged Protestants have made, predicts the relief of the town, and hurls defiance at the French and Irish. Shortly afterwards Major-general Kirke's relief force did, after many delays, raise the siege.

For the tune of *The* [*two*] *English travelers* see No. 237; for *Why are my eyes still flowing*, No. 189.

Jeremiah Wilkins is discussed in the notes to No. 192.

THE Protestants of Englands Prayers FOR THE English and Dutch Good Proceedings against their Enemies by Sea and Land.

To the Tune of, *The English Travellers*, or, *Why are my Eyes still Flowing.*
With Allowance.

1 THe Truble in this Kingdom puts us to a stand,
God Bless King and People from their Enemies hand,
The *French* and the *Irish* may never have power,
That the Lord may be our Defender then every hour,
And the Lord go along with our Army and Fleet,
To Fight us the Battle when their Enemies they meet,
For the Lord gives the Victory every way,
Let's down of our Knees and most heartily Pray.

2 The *French* they are Bloody, and the *Irish* also,
They are most of them Cruel, and a Monstrous Foe,
There is no Mercy in their Cruel Hand,
Let's be true to one another by Sea and by Land,
And Fight them, and Fight them, and Fight them again,
And stand them all out, till they Die, or else Run,
For the Lord gives the Victory every way,
Lets down of our Knees and most heartily Pray.

3 What a number of *Irish* by a small Party was Slain
At *London-Derry*, the Truth is so plain,
The Lord doth stand with us, who need not to fear,
All in good time, who shall Conquer 'em there,
When our Army is Landed, who'l make them to yield,
Who'l make the Proud *Irish* and *French* leave the Field,
For the Lord gives the Victory every way,
Let's down of our Knees and most heartily Pray.

4 For all this long Seige that this People endure,
From the Lord they will have some Relief to be sure,
A Protestant Party got into an Isle,
And Landed some Forces now in the mean while,

And given them a Bang that does make them to stink,
There's One and Twenty Officers has had there last drink,
For the Lord gives the Victory every way,
Let's down of our Knees and most heartily Pray.

5 And Seventeen more Officers ta'n Prisoners that Day,
Which makes it appear 'twas a foul Bloody Fray,
And Twenty One more Wounded of that Popish Crew,
All the Devil's Officers; I tell unto you,
There Army must needs be out of order to be sure,
When the brave Protestants of *England* did give them that Cure,
For the Lord gives the Victory every way,
Let's down of our Knees and most heartily Pray.

6 What can these Cowards now say at this thing,
That puts such great trust now in their *French* King,
What will they do when we have an Army in the Field,
Who'l Beat them out of *Ireland* and make them to yield,
God is our Defender, he will keep us safe still,
Who fear not the *French*, that doth Rob, Fier, and Kill,
For the Lord gives the Victory every way,
Let's down of our Knees and most heartily Pray.

7 Now in the Conclusion of this new Song,
God Bless all true Protestants, both Old and Young,
And defend us from their Bloody Hands,[1]
The Lord Bless the *Church of England*, and for to stand.
For God will Reward them one Day for their pain,
The *French* and the *Irish*, and their Bloody Train;
For the Lord gives the Victory every way,
Let's down of our Knees and most heartily Pray.

LONDON, Printed for, and Sold by *J. Wilkins* in *White-Fryars*, 1689.

[1] *Read* Hand.

244

The joy of Londonderry

11, 322, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

This war-bulletin was issued some six weeks before the events it professes to describe actually happened. Instead of rescuing Londonderry and its stout governor, George Walker, on June 13, Kirke delayed because he feared to risk attacking the boom which the Irish had constructed across the Foyle. Although after making several earlier unsuccessful attempts, he sailed from Liverpool on May 30 (Luttrell, 1, 538–539, 543), it was July 28 before he forced a passage up the river and relieved the city (cf. No. 248).

The ballad-writer was misled by some unauthorized news-sheet. Richard Baldwin, for example, published a single sheet called "An Exact Relation of the Glorious Victory Obtain'd upon the French and Irish Army Before London-Derry, On *Sunday, June* the 2d, 1689. With An Account of Major-General *Kirk*'s Arrival at *London-Derry*." At the same time, from his shop near Fleet Bridge, came J. C.'s publication, "An Exact and Faithful Account Brought To a Person of Quality Of the Raising of the Siege of Londonderry By the Protestants in Garison. With the Particulars of the Cannon and Mortars taken, and Numbers Slain," a single sheet licensed on June 12. It informed readers that the Protestants "have now caused them [that is, the French and Irish] intirely to Raise the Siege, whereby they are now full Masters of the Field for 20 Miles in a Circuit." This happy event was supposed to have happened on June 2, when the garrison drove the besiegers away, "killed above 1500 upon the Spot, and have seized all their Cannon, Baggage, and Ammunition, being Two Brass Culverings for Battery, Five Field-Pieces, and Two Mortars." On June 14 J. C. printed a sheet called "The Substance of Another Speech Of the Reverend and Valiant D^{r}· Walker To His Soldiers in Londonderry, Just before their Last Engagement with the Enemy"; and later in June John Lyford's broadside, "An Account Of Major General Kirck's Safe Arrival At London-dery" (on June 21), appeared.

For the tunes see Nos. 240 and 241.

The Joy of LONDON-DERRY,

In the Happy Arrival of their Majesties Forces, to the Succour of that long besieged City, which was accomplish'd on the 13th of this Instant *June*.

To the Tune of, *London Derry*, Or, *Nanny, O.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 PRotestants rejoyce and sing,
be not in the least cast down,
Chearfull Tydings here I bring,
of famous *London-Derry* Town.

2 May the Heavens still be prais'd,
wretched *Romans* han't their will;
Tho' false Rumours they have rais'd,
yet we have *London-Derry* still.

3 Thrice Renowned Major *Kirk*,
that right valliant Soldier brave,
Having undertook this work,
the *Irish* ne'er shall him out-brave.

4 Nor the *French-men* in that Land,
for they'll fall with the Dear-Ioys,
By the Warlike Armed Band,
when once he takes the Field, brave boys.

5 Since he bid this Land adieu,
for the making Papists bow,
Many troubles he went through,
but th' greater is his Honour now.

6 First when the Renowned Fleet,
had not long been under Sail;
But they with cross winds did meet,
and had not one sweet pleasant Gale.

7 But Heaven their Distress beheld,
so that this mercy they did find,
That soon [1] their swelling sheets was fill'd
with a most prosperous Gale of wind.

8 Now when they arriv'd at last,
to the River of the Town,
They beheld all blockt up fast,
but *Kirk* soon beat their Cannon down.

9 Here in brief I do report,
nothing more than what is true,
He beat down their battering Fort,
and likewise took their Cannon too.

10 Valliant *Kirk* with all his Train,
did behave themselves so well,
That some hundred Teagues were slain,
his Cannons rung their passing Bell.

11 Tho' the *French* and *Teagues* contriv'd,
for to run brave *Walker* down,
Valliant *Kirk* he is arriv'd,
at famous *London-derry* Town.

12 When those poor besieged Souls,
saw the succour and relief,
Then this did straightways expiate,
their dark and dismal Clouds of grief.

13 The brave Major-General,
took stout *Walker* by the hand,
Saying, tho' thy strength be small,
here soon will come an armed band.

14 Sound the Trumpet, beat the Drum,
we this Kingdom will restore:
There's an Army soon will come,
of thirty thousand men and more.

[1] *Text* soen.

15 Gold which he did with him bring,
was gave to the Soldiers free,
As a present from the King,
for their undaunted Loyalty.

16 How their Joys did then abound,
no dejected soul was seen,
But with knees bow'd to the Ground,
each drank a health to King & Queen.

17 And most heartily they pray,
for King *William* whom they own,
That in spight of France he may,
long reign and flourish on the throne.

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guiltspur street*.

245

The death of the old pope

v, 70, roman and italic type, two columns.

This satire represents James II as preparing to abandon the siege of Londonderry and to leave Ireland in order to accept a seat on the papal throne. Pope Innocent XI died on August 12, 1689.[1] During his last illness the conclave of cardinals, according to the ballad-writer, were so eager to see "a crowned king in Peter's chair" that they sent to Ireland a nuncio who urged James to accept the headship of the church. This he is delighted to do, all the more because he is assured that the year-old Prince of Wales will be made a cardinal, Mary of Modena will be canonized, Father Petre, Count d'Adda, and Père la Chaise[2] will be advanced to high places. But the plan fell through! For on October 6, 1689, Alexander VIII became pope.

On the tune see No. 206.

On the publisher T. R. see No. 182.

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[1] In the Bodleian there is a single sheet, "A Full Narrative of the Pope's Death, Between the 12th. and 13th. of *August*, 1689," licensed by J. Fraser on August 30 and published by S. Crouch.

[2] Père la Chaise figures in many English prose satires. One, *A Letter from Father La Chaise . . . to Father Peters*, 1688, has the delightful colophon: "Printed in the City of Philadelphia in the Land of promise by order of Father Penn and are to be sold by Stephen Lob at the signe of Apostacy, in priest-craftlane next door to the Alamode Religion."

A NEVV SONG
On the DEATH of the Old POPE AND ON KING *JAMES*'s ELECTION TO BE Pope of Rome.

Tune of, *Billy and Mally*. With Allowance.

1 GOod People all, I pray give Ear,
unto my real Story,
'Tis News as true as er'e you heard,
and much for *James*'s Glory.
To shew that *Rome* is kind to Him,
as he to *Rome* before,
And that 'tis not Impossible
to make a Man a Whore.

2 Nor think that this a Riddle is,
for 'tis Expounded soon;
Since Popes are Men, and Popes you know,
are Whores of *Babylon*.
And now Attend unto my News,
which came by the last Post;
The Penny that you Spend for this,
be sure will ne're be lost.

3 You then that are so hot for *James*,
your Fond Attempts forbear;
For he has only lost Three Crowns,
to Sit in *Peter*'s Chair.
And won't it be more Honour far,
to be a Pope of *Rome*,
Then Live in Exile all his Days,
which else will be his Doom.

4 Now you must know the Pope lies Sick,
ne're likely to Recover,
And *Jemmy* Transub—— puts in his Claim
by Treaty made at *Dover*.
Where 'twas Agreed, that if the Pope
should Die before his Brother,
That then the Cardinals should Choose
His Highness for another.

5 As Pudding-pat for *Fryars* Mouth,
it luckily falls out
That there's the Holy Throne now void
for *Jemmy* the Devout.
For this the Cardinals did meet,
and Solemnly Agreed,
To send a *Nuntio* to King *James*
to Post to *Rome* with Speed.

6 So great a Thing, the *Conclave* cry'd,
was never seen at *Rome*,
A Crowned King in *Peter*'s Chair,
and Lord of *Christendom*.
Therefore the *Nuntio* him besought
to rise from *London-Derry*,
And leave his Fumbling for a Town
that was not worth a Cherry.

7 Make hast to *Rome*, where you will find
the *Conclave* all your Friends,
For your Great Loss, for their dear Sakes,
to make you full Amends.
Your Princely Babe, *Loretto*'s [1] Blessing,
is Ripe for a Red Hat,[2]
And for your Queens Deserts, you ought
to Cannonize her *Tw——t*.[3]

8 For their good Service then you may,
to Places High Advance,
Your *Peters* and your *Dada* both,
and eke *La Chaise* in *France;*
For well you know you are not able
with *Schomberg* for to deal;
And therefore what you want in Courage
supply in Works of Zeal.

9 King *Jemmy* heard this Grave Proposal,
and lik't it wonderous well,
Cuds life, *quohe*, make me but *Pope*,

[1] *I. e.*, the Holy Virgin's (referring to the Lady of Loreto, Italy).
[2] *Text* Had. [3] *Sic.*

let *Ireland* go to the De'el.
To tell you Truth, I have no Faith
in this same *Irish* Church,
Which makes me fear that in the End,
they'l leave me in the Lurch.

Go *Nuncio* back, and tell my Friends,
I'le come, as soon I may;
As soon as I can Ship my Gold,
and safely get away;
For tell 'em, I shall bring along,
the *Devil* and all in Cash,
As having Glean'd the *Teagues* of all
but a little Copper Trash.

London, Printed for *T. R.* near *Fleet-street:* 1689.

246

The Protestants' satisfaction

II, 264, black letter, three columns, four woodcuts.

The question of maintaining the Protestant succession to the throne was strongly before Parliament in 1689. The crown was offered to William and Mary jointly, but on the condition that it was to devolve at their death on their children, if any, next upon the Princess Anne of Denmark and her descendants, and finally on any children William might have by a second marriage. The birth of a son to George and Anne at Hampton Court on July 24, 1689, was the occasion for heartfelt rejoicing, and the balladist, as soon as the news reached him, promptly prepared his ditty. On July 27 the babe was christened William by the Bishop of London in honor of the king, his godfather, who bestowed on him the title of Duke of Gloucester. On this child (he is the subject of Eva Madden's novel, *The Soldiers of the Duke*, which is based upon a British Museum "Biographical Tract" written by a Welsh gentleman-in-waiting, Jenkyn Lewis) the hopes of the nation were centered; but at the age of eleven, July 29, 1700, he died, and the settlement act which brought the German House of Hanover to the throne in succession to Anne was passed. Anne's married life was made up of one miscarriage or infant-funeral after another — seventeen or eighteen in all. The death of Duke William was to her a crushing blow, and for the remainder of her life she and her attendants observed July 29 as a day of mourning.

The tune is named from the refrain of "The Valiant Soldier's Resolution to Conquer Tyrconnel and his Irish Crew. Tune of, *Lilli burlero*" (for which see No. 198), preserved in *The Protestant Garland of Joy and Delight*, 1689, $A4^{v}$–B^{v}.

THE Protestant's Satisfaction:

OR, The Joy and Glory of HAMPTON-COURT, In the Birth of a young Prince Born of Her Royal Highness the Princess *ANNE* of *DENMARK* on the 24th. of this Instant *July*, to the universal Joy of the whole Kingdom.

To the Tune of, *Protestant Boys shall carry the day.*

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

1 PRotestants now your Glory proclaim,
see what the Hand of Heaven has done,
Valiant Prince *George*, of Honour and Fame,
now do's enjoy a Royal young Son,
Who in time may sway the Scepter,
and like the Prince pull Popery down:
Let Rome *and her Faction be all in distraction,*
while we have an Heir to the Royal Crown.

2 This happy News no sooner was known
but all true hearts was pleasant and free,
From the Great King that sets on the Throne,
to the Protestant Nobility;
All the Commons was well pleased,
nothing but Ioy was seen in the Town:
Let Rome, *&c.*

3 Long may he live to Flourish and Reign
e'ery true Soul do's heartily pray,
Protestant Subjects Rights to maintain,
and the most Royal Scepter to sway,
That the *Romans* may be Rooted
out of the Court, the City and Town,
Let Rome *and her Faction be all in Distraction,*
while we have an Heir to the Royal Crown.

4 Ioy to the Thrice-Renown'd Prince *George*,
and his dear Lady in her sweet Son;
Heaven in them is pleased to enlarge
The Royal Race for Ages to come.

May the Kingdom now be ioyfull,
and all the Papists lowre and frown:
Let them and their, &c.

5 The Four and twentieth day of *July*
it was the day of his Royal Birth;
Nobles of true Integrity
honour'd the same with Triumph and Mirth,
Bells was Ringing, Trumpets sounding,
Protestants laugh'd though Papists did frown:
For they and their Faction, &c.

6 Protestants Peers that day to adorn,
Guinea's let flye in plentifull sort:
The Royal Babe no sooner was Born
but his good Health was drank at the Court;
Then through famous *London* City,
many good Healths went merrily round,
Yet Rome, *&c.*

7 While speedy Fame was Posting on Wing,
for to convey the Tidings all o'er,
Loyal Huzza's through *London* did Ring,
ay, and the loud mouth'd Cannons did roar
From the Wharfs like Claps of Thunder,
the which did eccho through the Town:
But Rome, *&c.*

8 To King and Queen full Bumpers went round,
who do's the Rights of *Britain* maintain;
May he the *Romish* Rebells confound,
that they may have a prosperous Raign;
Then Prince *George* with his sweet Lady,
and the young Babe of Royal Renown:
But Rome, *&c.*

9 God bless Prince *George* with the Princess *Anne*,
and likewise the young sweet Protestant Air;
Every Loyal true hearted man
ever be found to make that his Prayer;

That the Church and State may flourish,
I and in fine pull popery down:
And let Rome *and their Faction be all in distraction,*
while we have an Heir to the Royal Crown.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

247

The Scotch Protestants' courage

II, 346, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts. Reproduced in Sir C. H. Firth's edition of Macaulay's *History*, IV, 1637.

This ballad is a news-story of the battle of Killiecrankie (July 27, 1689), though it fails to tell that "the Protestant great General," Hugh Mackay, was utterly routed by the forces of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee. Instead it depicts the defeat as a grand victory for the loyalists, probably because Dundee himself was killed and because his death was a fatal disaster for the Jacobite cause in Scotland. Towards Dundee the ballad-writer is very hostile, and his comments on a dead but gallant foe are not pleasant to read.

On the tune see No. 206.

THE Scotch Protestants Courage: OR, The Destruction, Death, and Downfall OF DUNDEE.

To the Tune of, *Billy and Molly.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 HEre's Ioyfull Tydings now we bring
from the brave *Scotish* Nation,
The fame of Protestants shall ring,
through Town and Corporation:
The Rebell which did lead the Van,
and o'er the Mountains scouted,
At length brave Boys is dead and gone,
and all his Forces routed.

2 The Protestant great General,
who led his men to Battel;
Although on both sides some did fall,
while Guns and Drums did rattle
The fight they bravely did maintain
and while they were about it;
Dundee in field was fairly slain,
and all his Rebells routed.

3 *Mackay* he did the Rebells face,
that valiant stout Commander;
And for his Courage seem'd to trace
the steps of *Alexander:*
His forces he drew up with speed,
although the Papists flouted;
He made *Dundee* in field to bleed,
and all his forces routed.

4 In noble shining Armour bright,
stout lads both brisk and aiery
March'd with *Mackay* in field to fight
for *William* and Queen *Mary;*
Alas the fray near lasted long,
when once we went about it;
Dundee was slain in all the throng,
likewise his Rebells routed.

5 Though he at first rid up in state,
we soon did blast his Glory;
A Pistol Bullet sent him strait
from hence, to Purgatory:
His Rebells they did likewise run,
and through the Valleys scouted,
So that each man and mothers son
by Protestants were routed.

6 The *Clans* and the *Mackdonells* too,
and all the Heathen faction;
When they was told that this was true
they all were in Distraction;
There hearts were fill'd with fear and dread,
as through the Vails they scouted;
Still crying out, *Dundee* is dead,
and we shall all be routed.

7 Five hundred Rebells, Foot and Horse,
one day a Town did Plunder,
But *Mackay* hearing of that loss,
strait after them did Thunder

He Charg'd and Fir'd in the Rear,
as they before him scouted,
Till he at last the Coast did clear
and they were more than routed.

8 We cut them down as they did fly
and stoutly follow'd after,
The Major smote them Hip and Thigh;
I'faith with a great slaughter:
There some was slain, the rest was tak[en]
who on our Forces glouted,
In this sharp fray, we got the Day
and all the Rebells routed.

9 Some say *Dundee* has flipt his wind,
and fled to Purgatory,
But some are of another mind,
counting the same a story;
They heard him bid his Men reside,
upon the *Scotish* Borders,
While he full Post was forc'd to Ride
away to Hell for Orders.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, *and* J. Back.

248

The relief of Londonderry

II, 324, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts, margins too closely trimmed, as the brackets indicate. Reproduced in Sir C. H. Firth's edition of Macaulay's *History*, III, 1523.

This is a graphic and an extremely interesting account of the relief of Londonderry on July 28, 1689, written by some one who was familiar (probably through reading the official reports in *The London Gazette* for August 1–5, 8–12) with the ships and the commanding personnel of Major-general Kirke's forces. It describes the strategy Kirke employed in engaging the Irish land-forces with the *Dartmouth's* guns while other boats were busied in removing the boom that obstructed the Lough Foyle. The *Mountjoy* and the *Phœnix* volunteered to force their way up the Foyle, writes W. L. Clowes (*The Royal Navy*, II [1898], 331), "and to the *Dartmouth* was assigned the honour of accompanying them. On July 28th, under a heavy fire, the *Mountjoy* led the perilous attempt. Batteries played upon her and her consorts; musketry fire rained upon the ships from both banks: but the *Mountjoy* struck the boom and broke it. The elasticity of the mass of cables, chains, and spars caused her, however, to recoil, and she drifted on to a mudbank, while the *Phœnix* entered through the gap. The *Mountjoy*, nevertheless, was not far behind her consort. As soon as he found himself aground, Browning [her skipper] fired a broadside into the nearest body of the enemy. The concussion of this brought the ship off, and she also passed the boom, though with the loss of her brave master. The *Dartmouth* [Captain John Leake] had rendered valuable aid in covering the merchantmen and in assisting to sweep the banks of the river with her guns, and at ten o'clock that night the three ships, not much the worse for their adventure, reached Derry quay and began to unload their welcome stores."

George Walker wrote (*A True Account of the Siege of London-Derry*, 1689, p. 41): "we only reckon'd upon two days Life, and had only nine lean Horses left, and among us all one Pint of Meal to each Man; Hunger and the Fatigue of War had so prevail'd among us, that of 7500 Men Regimented, we had now alive but about 4300, whereof at least one fourth part were rendered unserviceable." The

relief-ships meant that the siege was definitely at an end, although three more days passed before James II's troops formally gave up the investment, which had lasted for one hundred five days.

In connection with stanza 4 Luttrell's comment (1, 558; cf. also p. 562) for July 13 deserves mention: "Letters from Ireland bring, that colonel Kirk, finding all attempts by water in vain to releive Derry, had ordered colonel Stewart, with 500 men, to land upon the island of Inch in Lough Swilly, and to fortifye himself there, in order to gett a communication with the protestants of Eniskelling."

For the tune, which is equivalent to *The Leggan water* or *Nanny O*, see No. 240.

The Relief of London-Derry;

OR, THE Happy Arrival of the Timely Succours Landed at *London-Derry*, by the Prudent Care and Conduct of Major General Kirk, To the unspeakable Joy of the Besieged.

To the Tune of, *The Glory of London-Derry.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 LET True Subjects bear a part,
with an honest thankfull heart,
[F]or the Tydings which we hear,
[T]he truth thereof we need not fear.

2 [*L*]*ondon-Derry* now at last,
[I]s in hopes the worst is past,
[W]ant of food was all their Grief,
[B]ut now they've succour and relief.

3 [W]hen great Major *Kirk* was told
[T]hey could not much longer hold,
[Li]ke a noble General,
[He] for their sakes would venture all.

4 Then he leaving Captain *Stewart*,
VVho the Isle of *Inch* secur'd,
And strait he did toward *Derry* sail,
Attended with a pleasant Gale.

5 The swift *Swallow* gallantly,
With three Sail in Company,
Freely ventur'd on before,
VVith Food and Ammunition store.

6 Another Captain then straightway
Inform'd him where the *Dartmouth* lay,
For which he presently did send,
The Victuall'd Vessels to defend.

7 Then to *Kilmore* Castle they
Orders had to make their way,
Where the *Dartmouth*'s Guns did roar,
And slew the Irish Teagues on shore.

8 The *Dartmouth*'s valiant Captain *Leake*,
Of whose Courage let us speak,
For he behav'd himself so well,
That few or none could him excell.

9 For while his Bullets they did flye,
The brave *Mountjoy* sail'd safely by;
The Long Boat of the *Swallow* too,
VVell Arm'd, all danger to go through.

10 Mann'd with noble Hearts of Gold,
Couragious valiant Seamen bold,
VVho in the *Swallow* Long Boat they
Past on before to clear the way,

11 To cut the Bomb.[1] This done, at last
They strait to *London-Derry* past,
And likewise sailed after them
The gallant sweet *Jerusalem*.

12 Store of all Provision then
Landed was, for *Derry-men;*
But for Forces they'd have none,
They'd stand it out themselves alone.

[1] *I. e.*, the boom.

13 When those poor Souls this Food beheld,
O they were then with Comfort fill'd;
They through the City did express
Their Ioy with hearty thankfullness.

14 Their Great Guns they let off likewise,
The which did Eccho to the Skies,
That Major *Kirk* might understand
Relief was safe arriv'd at Land.

15 Great King *William*'s Royal Fame
On the Walls they did Proclaim,
VVith Drums, & Trumpets, loud Huzza's,
Defender of our Faith, and Laws.

16 Boys we'll have the tother Bout,
Like brave Hero's Sally out;
For we'll never never yield,
We'll lose our Lives, or win the Field.

Printed for *P. Brooksby. I. Deacon. I. Blare. I. Back.*

249

Major-general Kirke's happy arrival

II, 344, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

Percy Kirke — famous for his regiment of "Kirke's Lambs" at Tangier and for his cruelty to the rebels at Sedgemoor — changed basely from the side of James II to that of William III. His motives were entirely selfish: he profited at once, being made major-general in 1688, lieutenant-general in 1690. His campaign in Ireland was hardly so brilliant as the ballad-writer thought. He showed, for example, a curious reluctance both to sail for Ireland and, when he had sailed, to approach Londonderry. Thus he had been ordered on April 29 to prepare his relief force at Liverpool; but it was almost the end of May before he got a wind that suited him. For several weeks after reaching Lough Foyle he delayed, so that it was not till July 28 that his fleet finally sailed up the Foyle and relieved Londonderry. The siege of the city was formally abandoned on July 31, when the Irish troops withdrew. The skirmish of the Enniskillen men with the Duke of Berwick's troops is summarized by Luttrell (I, 565).

For the tunes see No. 248.

Major General Kirks Happy Arrival, To the Releif of *London-Derry:* with some Particulars, Relating to his Glorious Undertaking.

Tune of, *Liggan Water*, Or, *Glory of London-Derry.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 NOw the joyful day appears,
Which removes our panick fears:
Bringing comfort, joy and light:
Instead of dark and dismal night.

2 VVe have been overcloy'd with tales,
Blown about by factious gales:
Simple people to deceive
And of their courage to bereave.

3 But the truth I here declare,
To all such as loyal are:
And will boldly serve the King,
To them most happy news I bring.

4 *London-derry* is releiv'd,
And from bloody Fate repreiv'd:
If the manner you would know,
The same I will in few words show.

5 *Enniskilling* men most brave:
Arm'd their Country for to save:
Marching were upon the way,
To *Balishanon Town* one day.

6 VVhom the Duke of *Berwick* met,
Having all the Fields beset:
VVith five thousand chosen boys
The flower of mounsieurs & dear-joys.

7 Streight a battel fierce begun,
Streams of blood along did run:
Many hours they held the fight,
And all with equall strength & might.

8 Till the Protestants at last,
Found their powder gan to wast:
Then with But-end they attack
The *Irish* who streight give their back.

9 Hotly they pursue the spoil,
Hunt their game into the Toyl:
Some they took but more they kill'd,
Remaining Masters of the field.

10 This Defeat hath struck a damp,
Into the *French* and *Irish* Camp:
They confused counsels take,
And self destroying Orders make.

11 Fearing they han't force enough,
Draw their men from *Derry-Lough:*
Thus the way they naked give
For *Kirk* the Citty to Releive.

12 He (as prudent Generalls use
No advantage to refuse:)
Streight return'd with wind and tide,
Into the *Lough* again to ride.

13 VVhere the Banks disarm'd he found,
Former Guards had quit their Ground
Only *Killmore* Castle sent
Two Bullets in a Compliment.

14 Thus encourag'd he made on,
Seeing all his foes were gone,
Till to *Derry* VValls he came,
Out-stripping the Career of Fame.

15 Then with Arms he stor'd the Town,
Sent them from the *English* Crown:
And whole Tuns of wholesome Beef,
VVith other meats for their Releif.

16 But for Men they needed none,
They'd enough if half were gone:
All united in this Sence,
To Die in that brave Towns defence.

FINIS.

London, Printed for *A. Milbourn*, at the *Stationers Arms* in *Green-Arbour-Court* in the *Little Old Baily*.

250

The siege of Londonderry

v, 52, roman and italic type, two columns, stanzas numbered in large roman numerals.

Londonderry was relieved by Major-general Kirke's fleet on July 28, 1689, and the investing army of Tyrconnel formally relinquished the siege three days later. The ballad contains what a London poet imagined to be Governor Walker's last speech of encouragement to his soldiers.

For the tune see No. 121.

For Jeremiah Wilkins see No. 192.

An Excellent NEW SONG ENTITULED THE Seige of London-Derry, OR THE CHURCH MILITANT. Containing the Sum of Collonel *Walker*'s Speech, whereby he perswaded his Beseiged Soldiers, to continue Stead-fast, Valiant, and Couragious, a little before they Obtained the last Great Victory over the Enemy.

To the Tune of, *Hark the Thundering*[1] *Cannons Roar*, &c.

Lycensed, and Entered according to Order.

1 WArlike Soldiers now Advance,
Against the *Pope* and *King of France*
With Cannon, Musket, Sword and Lance:
We never will Surrender.
We must either Fight or Dye;
Therefore we will never fly,
Till we get the Victory.
Our *King* is *Faith*'s *Defender.*

2 In Providence we put our Trust,
For never was a Cause more Just;
Since *Adam* was made out of Dust.
And tho' our Men be Wounded,
We'll confidently Fight and Sing,
But ne'r believe a *Popish King*,
Who would us under Slavery bring;
Till *Rome* be quite Confounded.

3 We shall quickly Aid receive,
English Soldiers stout and brave,
Which will *London-Derry* save
From *Irish* Conjuration:
Then we'll take the Field and Fight,
To keep Religion in her Right,
And put Confusion to the flight;
And Rescue this poor Nation.

[1] Text *Thuddering.*

4 Religion and our Liberties,
Our Lives, and all, at Stake now lies;
Then stand your Ground, and play the Prize;
And never be Enslaved.
Let every *English* Man and *Scot*
Rather dye upon the Spot,
Altho' the Fight be ne'r so hot,
Than be by Rogues deceived.

5 Tho' the *French* to make us fall,
Muster Forces great and small,
WILLIAM's One against them all:
He knows both Sea and Land too.
The *Orange* was our Antidote,
'Gainst *Mother Church*, and Popish Plot:
That threaten'd *English* both and *Scot*.
Then be at His Command now.

6 Your Spirits rouse, and Muskets Poise,
Drums and Trumpets, make a noise;
Couragiously we will Rejoyce,
And never fear for Dying.
They'll *Hereticks* no Quarter grant;
Both Faith and Charity they want.
Then Live or Dye, be never Faint;
Nor have a thought of flying.

LONDON, Printed for, and Sold by *Jer. Wilkins*, in *White-Fryars* near *Fleet-street*, 1689.

251

The soldiers' glory

v, 67, roman and italic type, two columns.

The battle of Killiecrankie (cf. No. 247) was fought on July 27, Kirke relieved Londonderry on July 28, and shortly afterwards this ballad appeared, gloating in the triumphs of William III and in the courage of his soldiers, reproving the sluggards who would rather stay at home than fight, and announcing itself as to the tune of *Old Jemmy is a lad of royal birth and breeding*. The tune is extremely ironical: *old* was an ungallant gesture for *young*; for the tune was derived from a ballad on young Jemmy, that is, the Duke of Monmouth.[1] It will be found in Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 523–525. *The Loyal Protestant*, No. 76, November 12, 1681, by the way, reported that "Two Female *Ballad-singers* were in *Bow lane* singing the Ballad called *Young Jemmy*, *&c.* and were highly commended for *True Protestant Ballad-singers*"; but when they began on "Old Jemmy," — since this was in the day of the Exclusion Bill, — an officious "little Zealous prick-ear'd Brother" seized them, and carried them before a justice, by whom they were fined.

On the printer see No. 192.

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[1] Sir Charles Firth has a copy of "Young Jemmy. An Excellent New Ballad. To an Excellent New Tune" dated 1681, as well as a copy, without date, of "Old Jemmy: An Excellent New Ballad. To an Excellent New Tune, called, *Young Jemmy*." The Huntington Library (Bridgewater folios 2, G 14 [56]) has a copy of the latter dated 1681 with a contemporary manuscript date of September 15. See also the "Song. To a New Scotch Tune" of young Jemmy in Mrs. Aphra Behn's *Poems upon Several Occasions*, 1684 (*Works*, ed. Montague Summers, VI, 210–211). The music is printed in Nathaniel Thompson's *A Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, 1694, p. 20, and in Henry Playford's *Apollo's Banquet*, 1690, No. 40, and *The Dancing-master* (16th ed., 1716, p. 101).

THE SOLDIERS GLORY.

Or the HONOUR of a Military LIFE. [A]n[1] Answer to the Country Farmers Happiness, and the *Londoners* Pleasure.

Tune of, *Old Jemmy is a Lad, of Royal Birth and Breeding.* With Allowance.

1 FIE sluggish Country Man,
Forsake your Clownish Breeding;
And you more arch Trepan
Of *London*, leave your Feeding:
You're both conceited silly Fools,
To boast what you shou'd hide,
Insipid, rusty, useless Tools,
Your Edge is turn'd with Pride.

2 Come forth and take up Arms,
Assert your Country's Glory;
Mind neither Shops nor Farms,
But dance the Warlike Bory:
The Drum does Beat, the Trumpet Sounds,
Th' Embattell'd Armies meet;
Their Compliments are Blood and Wounds,
In Fire and Smoak they greet.

3 Our Canons they do Roar,
And our small Shot does Thunder;
Whilst you do sleep and snoar,
Whole Towns we Storm and Plunder:
You snug at home, like Snails in shels,
And dare not show your Horns;
Obscure both *Cit* and *Bumpkin* dwells,
Whilst Fame our Deeds Adorns.

4 The Soldier's Life is Brave,
With Honour still Renowned;[2]
No danger he will wave,
With Laurel to be Crowned:

[1] Trimmed off.

[2] *Text* Lenowned.

He covers Toils and grand Fatigues,
To wade in purple streams,
And scorn the City soft Intrigues,
Of Humdrums Country Dreams.

5 What Battles we have won,
And Countries [1] we did Conquer;
How *France* we did o're run,
Is known to e'ry Younker:
But now our *London-Derry* Boys,
All Stories do surpass,
They Routed have the poor *Dear Joys*,
And made *Monsieur* an Ass.

6 Brave *Protestants* Rejoyce,
Your Foes before you Tumble;
Shout with a Warlike Voice,
Let none be heard to grumble;
K. *James* is fled, his Army slain,
There's none dare keep the Field;
And Valiant *Kirk* comes on amain,
He'll Dye before he'll yield.

7 From *Scotland* there is News,
The Rebels all are Routed;
Tho' some wou'd us Amuse,
As if 'twere to be doubted:
But be assur'd that all is true,
The *Gazett* does Relate;
Or else you'r worse than *Turk* or *Jew*,
And *Infidells* we hate.

8 Now farewel Country Clown,
And City Fop, I leave you;
The Village and the Town,
Of Honour do bereave you:

[1] *Text* Coentries.

Whilst you lie soaking [1] in your Nest,
I Crowns and Septers Guard;
And at the end in Triumph rest,
When Honour's my Reward.

London, Printed for, and Sold by *J. Wilkins*, in *White-Fryars*, 168[9.][2]

[1] *Text* saaking. [2] Trimmed off.

252

The Protestants' prayer

11, 70, black letter, three columns, three woodcuts.

This ballad was written after Major-general Kirke's forces had relieved Londonderry (July 28) and before Heinrich Solms, Count of Solms-Braunfels,[1] and Duke Schomberg had sailed for Ireland on August 12. (*The London Gazette*, July 15–18, notes that the duke left Whitehall for Chester, *en route* to Ireland, on July 17.) It is a prayer for the success of the English army and navy. The army did achieve a moderate success, which culminated in the battle of the Boyne on July 1, 1690. The navy hardly lived up to expectations, and on June 30, 1690, in the battle of Beachy Head it was defeated by the French fleet in what has been called the most complete victory ever before recorded in naval warfare.

For the tune see No. 188.

[1] Richard Bagwell (*Ireland under the Stuarts*, III, 269) remarks that Count Solms "was said to be a father to his men."

The Protestants Prayer:

BEING Their hearty Wishes for the Prosperity of Their Majesties Fleet at Sea, and likewise Their Land-Forces, that our Foes may be put to Flight,[1] and these Three Kingdoms flourish again in Peace.

The Tune is, *The Touch of the Times.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 LET Protestants now with true Courage advance,
In time we shall blast all the Glory of *France*,
And that the proud Tyrant *Lewis* shall see
A common Disturber of *Europe* is he,
But if the kind Heavens will Fight on our side,
In time we shall pull down his insolent Pride:
Then pray that the Lord by a powerfull Hand
Will preserve the Great Fleet and the Army by Land.

2 King *William* and *Mary*, our Sovereigns they
I hope long may flourish the Sceptre to sway,
In spite of the *French* and the *Irish* too,
And all that belongs to the Bloud-sucking Crew,
Who caused those many Commotions of late,
Who strove to overthrow both Church and State:
Then pray that the Lord will for Protestants stand, &c.

3 Our Case it is Righteous, and therefore we hope
We fear not the *French*, the Turk, Devil, or Pope;
For what though their Malice and Envy may burn,
If we from our Sins in this Nation will turn,
The Lord to his People will be a strong Tower,
And keep them from harm by his Heavenly Power:
Let's pray that he will for the Protestants stand, &c.

4 I hope we go forth with the Fear of the Lord,
And therefore a Blessing he will us afford,
And walk in the midst of the Camp while we Fight,
And put all our Enemies to the flight,

[1] *Text* Flighs.

Though we may be weak his Power is strong,
And while he Fights for us none can do us wrong:
Then pray that the Lord will for Protestants stand,
To bless the Great Fleet and Army by Land.

5 The *French* and the *Irish* would fain run us down,
And do their endeavour to Conquer the Crown,
And bring the True Protestants under their Yoke,
But Heavens will send *Rome* so fatal a stroke,
That shall give them cause their hard Fate to bemoan,
While Angels from Heaven will guard the bright Throne:
Then pray that the Lord will for Protestants stand,
To bless the Great Fleet and Army by Land.

6 Though *Lewis* of *France* he may vapour and boast,
We fear not the Strength of his strong Armed Host,
Who threatens this Nation and Land to devour;
They can do no more than the Lord give them power:
Such Protestant Courage I hope they will find,
That shall make them flye like Chaff before the Wind:
Then pray that, &c.

7 The *French*-men no manner of pity afford,
Both Women and Children they put to the Sword,
And Cities with Fires they often do Burn,
And the poor Inhabitants naked they turn,
Starving abroad, while with hunger they dye,
Whose Bloud to this day doth for loud vengeance cry:
This Tyrant much longer I hope will not stand,
If God bless the Fleet and Army by Land.

8 Now when the *Irish* Land do[1] Reduce,
We will set all our Protestant Prisoners loose,
Who now in dark Dungeons, and Prisons do lye,
Expecting each hour by Murder to dye:
But Forces is Landed with brave Major *Kirk*,
And valiant Count *Solmes* who will finish the Work:
Then pray that the Lord will for Protestants stand, &c.

[1] *Read* we do.

9 There is brave *London-Derry* long time has [1] besieged,
Vntill at the length they were forced and oblig'd
To feed upon Horse-flesh, so great was their Grief,
But the gallant Major did send them Relief,
And there is fresh Forces now Landed likewise,
Which will both the *French* and Tories surprize:
Then pray that the Lord will for Protestants stand,
To bless the Great Fleet and Army by Land.

Printed for *P. Brooksby. I. Deacon. I. Blare. I. Back.*

[1] *Read* was.

253

A Protestant soldier and his love

11, 359, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts, margins so closely trimmed that parts of the colophon and of the title were cut off. Probably the latter ran, "A New Song of A Protestant Soldier and His Love."

Judging from the great number of ballads on the subject (see Nos. 90, 265, 330), it was no uncommon thing for a woman to enlist, so that she could accompany her lover or her husband to war. Just how women managed to evade physical inspections and to assume a common soldier's duties without detection is problematical; but even in comparatively recent times cases like this have been reported. In ballads — as in the movies — love was a serious matter, for which any sacrifice was worth making.

The ballad was evidently written about August, 1689, after the government had decided to send Duke Schomberg to subdue Ireland.

For the tune see No. 240.

[A] Protestant SOULDIER, And his LOVE: The Damsels Resolution at length to take up Arms against the *Irish* Rebels for the true Enjoyment of her Dear.

To the Tune of, *Liggan Water:* Or, *Glory of London-Derry.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 LOve I come to take my leave,
Yet I would not have thee grieve;
Tho' we must divided be,
I will be Loyal, Love, to thee.

2 A most Noble Armed Band,
Will away to *Ireland*,
Where the *French* and *Teagues* shall know,
That we have strength to lay them low.

3 Then this fair and vertuous Maid,
To her loving Soldier said,
It will surely break my heart,
If that my Dear and I must part.

4 Prithee stay at home with me,
Where you will in safety be;
Go not to the *Irish* Shore,
For fear I never see thee more.

5 I am Listed, Love, he cry'd,
Therefore now what e're betide,
I will with the Army go,
To prove the Rebels overthrow.

6 Thirty thousand Men, my dear,
Will in shining Arms appear,
Who with speed will march away,
I hope to fare as well as they.

7 Love, I'll to your Collonel go,
He may so much pitty show,
As to discharge you for my sake,
When as he hears the moan I make.

8 Twenty pounds I have in store,
Nay, and had I ten times more,
Every Groat I'de freely give,
So thou at home with me might live.

9 Love, thy Tears are all in vain,
I at home will not remain,
But will to the Wars with speed,
And fight while I have drop to bleed.

10 Can I hear great *Ireland*,
On the brink of Ruin stand,
Protestants for succour call
And yet be not concern'd at all.

11 No, we'll make the *Romans* yield,
Our sharp Swords shall Reap the Field,
Since our Cause is just and right,
My dear, I'll never fear to Fight.

12 If my Tears will not prevail,
But to *Ireland* you'll Sail,
Let me so much favour find,
Not left to languish here behind.

13 Whensoe're you march away,
In this Land I will not stay,
But thy true Comrade will be,
And freely live or dye with thee.

14 My sweet Iewel say not so,
If along with me you go,
In that Land you'll hardship find,
And likewise strangers most unkind.

15 Love, I prize thy presence so,
That I am resolv'd to go,
Being still with thee my dear,
There's nothing in the world I fear.

16 These two Lovers straight agreed,
And she Listed was with speed,
Not a Person knowing there,
That she was then a Damsel fair.

17 With her love in Field she'll fight,
In rich shining Armour bright,
Being for the Wars design'd,
And with a most Couragious mind.

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Blare*, at the Looking-[glass][1] on *London-Bridge*.

[1] Omitted.

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